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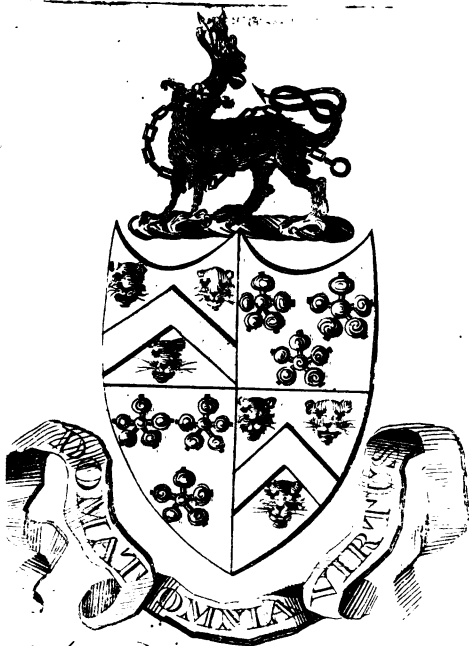
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William H. Harrison Esq.

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The
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VOL 4.



The Otter.

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NOVEMBER, 1832.

[No. 19.

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Fox-Hounds.

<i>Countries.</i>	<i>Names of Masters.</i>	<i>Names of Packs.</i>
Bedfordshire	Hon. G. Berkeley	The Oakley.
	Mr. Sebright	The Hertfordshire.
Berkshire	Hon. H. Moreton	The Vale of White Horse.
	Sir John Cope	
	Mr. T. Smith	The Craven.
Buckinghamshire	The Duke of Grafton .	
	Mr. Harvey Coombe . .	The Old Berkeley.
	Hon. G. Berkeley	The Oakley.
	Mr. Drake, M.P.	
Cambridgeshire . .	Mr. Barnet	The Gransden.
	Earl Fitzwilliam	
Cheshire	Sir H. Mainwaring . .	The Delemere Forest.
	Mr. Wickstead	The Woore.
	Sir R. Puleston	
Cornwall	Mr. Daniel	
	Mr. Phillipps	
Derbyshire	Sir George Sitwell . . .	
	Mr. Meynell	The Sherwood Forest.
Dorsetshire	Mr. Farquharson	
	Mr. Portman, M.P. . . .	The Blackmoor Vale.
	Mr. Grove	The Cranborne Chase.
Devonshire	Sir Walter Carew . . .	The Devon.
	Mr. Bulteel	
Denbighshire	Sir R. Puleston	
Durham	Marquis of Cleveland .	
	Mr. Ralph Lambton . .	
	Mr. Wilkinson	The Hurworth.
Essex	Mr. Conyers	The Essex Hunt.
	Lord Petre	The Puckeridge.
	Mr. G. Mure	The Suffolk.
	Mr. C. Newman	
	Mr. Brewitt	The Essex Union.
Flintshire	Sir R. Puleston	
Gloucestershire . .	Duke of Beaufort	
	Lord Seagrave	
	Hon. H. Moreton	The Vale of White Horse.
Hampshire	Mr. Villebois	The Hampshire.
	Mr. H. Fellowes	The Vine.
	Mr. King	The Hambledon.
	Mr. T. A. Smith, M.P. .	The Tidworth.
	Mr. Wyndham	The New Forest.
	Sir John Cope	
	Mr. Hankey	The Union.
Huntingdonshire . .	Earl Fitzwilliam	
	Hon. G. Berkeley	

<i>Countries.</i>	<i>Names of Masters.</i>	<i>Names of Packs.</i>
Hertfordshire	Mr. Sebright	The Hertfordshire.
	Lord Petre.....	The Puckeridge.
	Mr. Harvey Coombe..	The Old Berkeley.
Herefordshire	Mr. F. H. Thomas ..	The Herefordshire.
	Mr. J. Phillips	
	Mr. J. Griffiths.....	
Kent	Sir B. Brydges	The East Kent.
	Mr. Dyke	The West Kent.
		The Tickham.
	Mr. Haigh.....	The Surrey.
Leicestershire	Lord Forester	The Belvoir.
	The Earl of Lonsdale..	The Cottesmore.
	Sir H. Goodricke	
	Mr. Applewhaite	
	Mr. Osbaldeston	
Lincolnshire	Lord Forester	The Belvoir.
	Earl of Yarborough ..	
	Mr Richard Sutton ...	The Burton.
	Captain Freeman	The South Wold.
Middlesex	Mr. H. Coombe.....	The Old Berkeley.
Monmouthshire ..	Mr. Williams.....	The Langibby.
	Mr. Morgan	
Northamptonshire	The Duke of Grafton .	
	Earl Fitzwilliam	
	Mr. Osbaldeston	
	Mr. Drake, M.P.	
Northumberland ..	Sir M. Ridley, Bt. M.P.	The Northumberland.
	Mr. Bogue.....	The Doxford.
Nottinghamshire ..	Lord Forester	
	Sir H. Goodricke	
	Mr. Dansey	
	Hon. Lumley Saville ..	
Oxfordshire.....	The Duke of Beaufort	
	Sir John Cope	
	Mr. Drake, M.P.	
Pembrokeshire	Colonel Scornfield	
Rutlandshire	The Earl of Lonsdale	The Cottesmore
Radnorshire.....	Mr. Benyon	
Shropshire	Sir E. Smythe	The Shropshire.
	Mr. Lloyd	
	Mr. Smythe Owen ..	
	Mr. Walter Giffard ..	The Albrighton.
Somersetshire	Capt. Luttrell	The West Somerset.
	Mr. Danger	Somerset Subscription, or
	Mr. Horlock	[North Somerset.
Staffordshire	Mr. Meynell	The Sherwood Forest.
	Mr. Applewhaite	The Atherstone.
	Mr. Walter Giffard ...	The Albrighton.
	Mr. Wickstead	The Woore.

<i>Countries.</i>	<i>Names of Masters.</i>	<i>Names of Packs.</i>
Suffolk	Mr. George Mure	The Suffolk. Late the Border Hounds.
Surrey	Mr. Haigh	The Old Surrey.
	Mr. Hankey	The Union.
Sussex	Colonel Wyndham ...	
	Mr. C. Craven	The East Sussex.
	Mr. Blunt	The Horsham.
	Mr. Hankey	The Union.
Warwickshire	Mr. Russell, M.P.	The Warwickshire.
	Mr. Osbaldeston	
Wiltshire	Mr. T. A. Smith, M.P. .	
	Mr. T. Smith	The Craven.
	Mr. Horlock	
	Mr. Codrington	
	Hon. H. Moreton	The Vale of White Horse.
	Mr. Parker	
Worcestershire ...	Mr. C. Brock	The Worcester.
	Mr. Walter Giffard ...	The Albrighton.
Yorkshire	Marquis of Cleveland	
	The Earl of Harewood	
	Lord Hawke	The Badsworth.
	Sir Tatton Sykes	
	Mr. Milbank	
	Mr. Foljambe	
	Mr. Andrews	The Roxby and Cleveland.
		The Bilsdale.
	Mr. Lloyd	The York and Ainsty.
	Mr. Hodgson	The Holderness.
	Mr. Marshall	The Sinnington.
	Mr. Hill	
	Mr. Wilkinson	The Hurworth.
	Mr. Garbutt	The Hambledon.

Across the Tweed.

East Lothian, Mid-	}	Duke of Buccleugh ..	}	Linlithgow and Stir-	
lothian, Rox-					
burgh, and part of Berwickshire					
Berwickshire, Lin-	}	Mr. Ramsay			lingshire.
lithgow, and Stir-					
lingshire					
Lanark, Renfrew,	}	Lord Kilburn.....			Glasgow.
Argyle					
Aberdeenshire and					
Forfarshire	}	Earl of Kintore			}
Dumfries and Gal-			}	Major Colomb	
lowayshire					
Fife, Perth, &c. .					
	}	Captain Weymess	The Fife Hounds.		

COURSING.—No. 1.

Engraved by SCOTT, from a Painting by W. BARBAUD.

WE had hoped to have commenced the hunting season with a picture illustrative of that sport, but the weight of the subject has prevented Scott's executing it in time for this month, we therefore supply its place with one equally seasonable, from the burin of the same artist, and hope to present our subscribers with the hunting piece next month. We have here a sort of gentleman farmer (if indeed such beings can now be said to exist) going out

coursing, on his old white pony, with a nice warm waistcoat and a pair of leather gaiters on; and though the amusement may not be so exhilarating as fox-hunting, still it possesses many charms for its followers, and (as we hope our gentleman will have good sport) mingles the useful with the agreeable. A friend has favoured us with the following history of the greyhound, which we may here subjoin as an appendix to our embellishment.

THE GREYHOUND.

FROM a remote age the Greyhound appears to have been a favourite with the sportsman, and to have been used by the Greeks and Romans, in coursing the hare, in the same manner as with us at the present time. Among the remains of ancient sculpture, the figure of the greyhound is of frequent occurrence, both in the act of running and at rest; and on an Etruscan vase, in the Hamilton collection in the British Museum, is the figure of a female holding a greyhound in a slip. In the forest laws of Canute, as given by Spelman—which contain the most odious of the penalties generally supposed to have been introduced by the Norman kings—greyhounds are expressly mentioned by their present name; and all persons beneath the condition of a franklin, or free landholder—for so I would translate *liberalis* in this instance—are forbidden to possess or keep them. Greyhounds which were kept within ten miles of a royal forest were to be cut in the knee in the presence of the chief forester; but on

the precise mode of performing this operation, which was to prevent their chasing the king's game, antiquaries are not agreed. Persons having greyhounds beyond this limit might keep them without mutilation; but for every mile that an uncut dog was found within this distance, a fine of a shilling was to be levied on the owner. King John, who like his father Henry the Second, was passionately fond of the chase, and who spared no expense to procure good horses and swift hounds, appears frequently to have received greyhounds in lieu of money on the issue or renewal of grants; and in the reign of Edward the First, Bertram de Criol held the manor of Seaton, in Kent, on condition of finding a "fouterer" to lead three greyhounds when the king went into Gascony, so long as a pair of shoes, valued at fourpence, should last him. Edward the Third appears also to have been partial to greyhounds; for we are informed by Froissart, that even when engaged in war with France, he had with him in his army sixty

* Veltrarius.

couple of large hunting dogs, with as many greyhounds, with which he amused himself in the chase. About this period greyhounds for coursing the hare were in great request with ladies and the clergy, who preferred this more quiet style of hunting to the bustle and confusion incident to the grand chase of the deer or wild boar. In the romance of "Sir Eglamore," a princess thus addresses a knight—

"Syr, yf you be on huntynge found,
I shall you gyve a good greyhounde,
That is as dunne as a doe:
For as I am a trewe gentylwoman,
There was never deer that he at ran,
That myght yscape him fro."

The fondness of the clergy at this period for the chase is frequently alluded to by cotemporary poets and annalists; and in the prologue to the *Canterbury Tales*, Chaucer thus describes the jolly monk, who

"gave not of the text a pulled hen
That saith that hunters ben not holy men;"

and who, slighting the rules of St. Maur and St. Benedict, followed the fashion of the time, and took his pleasure in the world:—

"A monk there was, a fayre for the maistrie,
An outrider that loved venerie;
A manly man, to ben an abbot able,
Full many a deinite hors hadde he in stable:

Greihoundes he hadde as swift as fowl of flight:
Of pricking and of hunting for the hare
Was all his lust, for no cost wolde he spare."

In the treatise on hunting, contained in the work usually known as the "Book of St. Albans," written, about the year 1481, by Dame Juliana Barnes, or Berners, prioress of the nunnery of Lopewell, the properties of a good greyhound are thus described;—

"A greyhounde should be heeded like a snake,
and neckyd lyke a drake:
Potyd like a cat—tayllyd lyke a ratte—
Syded lyke a teme—and chyned like a bream.
The fyrste yere he must lerne to fede—
The seconde yere to feld him lede—
The thyrde yere he is felow lyke—
The fourth yere there is none syke—
The fyth yere he is good ynough—
The axth yere he shall hold the plough*—
The seventh yere he woll avayle
Grete bytches for to assaile—
The cyththe yere lyk ladylle—
The ninth yere cart sadyll.

And when he is come to that yere, have him to
the tannere; [ninth yere is full bad."
For the best hounde that ever bytche had, at the

During the sixteenth century the love of greyhound-coursing continued to increase, and in the reign of Queen Elizabeth a code of laws was drawn up for the regulation of coursing, which has, with a few alterations suitable to particular circumstances, continued to be generally observed to the present day.

As the greyhound was frequently used in hunting the deer and the roebuck, a stronger and hardier breed than that now almost exclusively employed in coursing the hare was cultivated for that purpose. Dogs of this description were larger in size, stouter in make, and with longer and more wiry hair than the modern greyhound; and as they bore a considerable likeness to the lurcher, they also resembled him in his qualities, for they were able to follow their game by the scent as well as the view. On the borders of Scotland and in Cumberland greyhounds of this breed are still to be met with. They are mostly of a sandy colour, with a coarse coat like that of a terrier, and are more intelligent than the common greyhound. Those dogs are mostly kept by persons whose object is chiefly to kill hares however they can, without attending to the laws of coursing established for such as chase them for amusement, and as a trial of the comparative merit of a couple of greyhounds. They possess great spirit, and considerable sagacity; and if they cannot run down a hare in the style of regularly trained greyhounds—whose performances at Malton, Swaffham, and Lowth, excite so much interest among the lovers of coursing—their cunning makes amends

* Run last.

for their want of speed, and they will often take hares in less time by lurching, or "waiting to kill," than swifter greyhounds which run true. Greyhounds of a still larger description were formerly common in England and Scotland, and were employed in hunting the wolf and wild boar, and continued to be bred in Ireland—where the last wolf was killed so recently as 1710—long after their services ceased to be required in this island; from which circumstance they have probably acquired the distinctive name of the "Irish Greyhound." They were formerly in great request among the princes and nobles of France and Italy, and the Irish greyhound is mentioned in terms of praise by a Spanish poet, who flourished about the year 1530. In 1615, Sir Thomas Roe presented some of these dogs to the Great Mogul, which were so well received that in return he was loaded with favours; and, in 1623, the Duke of Buckingham wrote to Viscount Falkland, Lord Deputy of Ireland, to procure some large greyhounds which were wanted for the purpose of presenting to "divers princes and other noble persons." The great size of those dogs is spoken of by most writers in terms which seem to border on exaggeration. Campian, who wrote in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, says of them in his *History of Ireland*, "they are bigger of bone and limb than a colt," by "colt" probably meaning, a foal; while some other writers have described them as upwards of three feet high. In 1794, eight of those dogs, belonging to the Earl of Altamont, were considered the only ones of the kind in the kingdom, and the height of the largest was only twenty-eight inches and a half

at the shoulder, thus proving that the breed must either have considerably degenerated in point of size, or that the representations of former writers have been exaggerated. There is probably truth in each of these suppositions; for the last of a breed of animals, kept rather for show than use, and deprived of that exercise and excitement necessary to a perfect development of their powers, may naturally be expected to decline both in size and spirit; and it is well known that when writers guess at number, weight, and size, more especially when they have a leaning to magnify, they generally guess wrong. Even the accurate Captain Cook, with all his mathematical precision in other respects, guessed an assemblage of the inhabitants of one of the South Sea Islands at upwards of 100,000, though actual enumeration afterwards proved the whole population to be less than a fourth of that number; and the sea serpent, which the American captains guessed—brother Jonathan's "*guesses*" are notorious—to be about four leagues long, a mile more or less, turned out at last to be only so many fathoms.

Buffon states that the best greyhounds are brought from the Levant; and it is probable that the smooth-haired breed, for which England is now so celebrated, was thence introduced into this country by the crusaders. The famous hunting dogs which St. Lewis brought with him into France on his return from the Holy Land were most likely of this description; and this superior race of domestic animals, with ranunculuses, hyacinths, and roses, are enumerated by an author*, who has written on the influence of the crusades, among the advantages which

* Lemoine, *Discours sur l'Influence des Croisades*.

Europe derived from these memorable expeditions.

From an occurrence at Doncaster Race Course, in 1800, some persons have inferred that the speed of the greyhound is equal to that of the race-horse. A match was to have been run, but one of the horses not making his appearance, a mare, that was to have been opposed to him, started alone. For three miles she was accompanied by a greyhound bitch, which ran side by side with her, and the mare only arrived first at the winning-post by half a neck. When we consider that the mare only started to "walk over the ground," this fact forms but a slender foundation for forming an opinion on the comparative speed of the race-horse and the greyhound; and more so, from it being highly probable that as this happened in December, and not during the regular races, the mare was not one of the first of her class. Daniel, in the "Rural Sports," relates "that a gentleman, to whom he had put the question, gave it as his opinion that the race-horse was superior to the greyhound on level ground, but that the greyhound had the advantage in a hilly country"—a well-founded, doubtless, but not a remarkably acute, decision. There is scarcely a man-milliner's apprentice, who knew a horse from a dog, who on being asked the question would not have returned the same answer. Until a well-authenticated fact proves a greyhound to have run four miles within eight minutes, I must still retain my opinion in favour of the race-horse. To institute a comparison from the greyhound's advantage on uneven or hilly ground, is about the same as saying "a terrier can outrun a cat in the open field, but puss can show him her tail over the house-

tops." With respect to the comparative speed of the greyhound and the hare, it is extremely difficult to arrive at a precise conclusion. A hare is often chased when out of condition and unable to exert her utmost speed, and is thus quickly overtaken by the greyhound; and again, a stout hare, with no very great law, will sometimes lead the best dogs in a two-mile course and escape after all. Taking into account the law allowed to the hare, and the dogs' slipping and over-running, and comparing them with the doublings of the hare, it does not seem to be an improbable conclusion, that they cover nearly equal spaces in equal times.

The thorough-bred greyhound is essentially distinguished from other varieties of the same species, by the fineness of his skin and hair, in the same manner as the blood horse is distinguished from the thick-hided coarse-maned, draught horses of Suffolk and Clydesdale. A finely tapered muzzle, thin lips, small head, and slender tail, are also considered among the characteristics of a pure descent, uncontaminated, for so I consider it, with bull-dog or lurcher. The greyhound is described by naturalists as acute of sight and hearing, though deficient in the sense of smelling, owing to the small developement in this species of the pituitary membrane, which according to Cuvier, is the seat of that organ. The false or dew claw on the hind leg, is not so frequently met with in the greyhound as in several other dogs, and the skull is of less comparative capacity, they are of limited intelligence, little susceptible of education, are fond of caresses even from strangers, and display but little attachment to their masters, passing from one owner to another with great indifference.

Nim South's Tour.

THE months slip by so rapidly, that I declare we are at the commencement of another season before I have concluded my last year's "Tour." This, however, is "all right," for there is never much to do before November; though I saw the fixture of a pack of hounds in Yorkshire, "the Sinnington," advertised in the *York Herald* of Sept. 29th. What sort of a season this is to be seems difficult to anticipate—last was the openest I ever remember; the only snow I saw in the course of it was on the top of an "exceeding high hill," on Cank or Cannock Heath in Staffordshire, one day in the middle of March, when out with Mr. Meynell's hounds. Christmas-day was more like a Midsummer-day than any thing else; and I remember where I dined at Leamington we sat with the window open. To be sure the room was small, and the fumes of the beef and pudding potent, but it is an unusual circumstance. My last communication left me at this celebrated water-drinking place. I popped into the Birmingham mail on New Year's eve, and rattled off to Bicester in Oxfordshire. The weather always seems to spite me. A sharp frost commenced as soon as I got into the coach, and before I arrived the wheels made that cursed nasty noise that is easier to imagine than describe. Having, as I said, left Leamington on New Year's eve, of course the next day would be New Year's day; Sunday! as the old Warwick Coachman discovered when Jorrock's went out "shooting in Surrey*," but we did not go out hunting, nor did that day give much promise of al-

lowing us to do so on the following one. I strolled along the Buckingham road on the Sunday afternoon, with my hands in my pockets, poking my toe into all the frozen cart-ruts I could come near, by way of trying the strength of the ice, and did not like the looks of the thing at all. The Duke of Beaufort's hounds were in Gloucestershire, and Mr. Drake's fixtures for the week were Islip, Coversfield, and Trafford-bridge—three days, one too few, when the Duke's hounds are not come-at-able. I remember it was desperately cold that night, and I had the warming-pan in requisition. My groom called me at eight o'clock to know about going on with a horse, but I did not fancy skating, so kept to my couch. When I got up the weather looked so determined, that taking all things into consideration—the openness of the previous months, the likelihood of a storm, and the misery of living in an inn in a country town—I determined to be off, horses and all, and got outside Cooper's Leamington coach, in order that I might have the pleasure of witnessing the effects of the frost, and congratulating myself on my sagacity in foretelling a storm. I "was out," however, in my calculations, for the frost gave on the 5th, and Mr. Drake's hounds were even out this very day. Still "It is an ill wind," says the old proverb, "that blows nobody good," and by the arrival of this short frost I had an opportunity of seeing what I shall never do again, viz. Mr. Hanbury's hounds in Hertfordshire. Never having hunted in this country before, at least on his side of it,

* Vide vol. ii. p. 248.

I made a grievous mistake by sending my horses to Hertford instead of Ware, Wades-mill, Puckeridge, or any of the places where they are accustomed to receive hunters. It would not be fair to mention the name of the inn I was at, because they did not profess to know anything about the matter, but I certainly never saw such apologies for stables in my life, and in addition to their miserable structure there were two or three barrow-loads of decomposed filth in each stall. The hostel, too, kept pace with the offices, and the uniform badness of every thing was the only praiseworthy part about it. Another unfortunate wight had got there besides myself, and the waiter doubtless thinking that sportsmen are a species of travelling bagsmen to Diana, was very obligingly about to usher me into his room as soon as he found that I was the "gemman wot owned the osses." However, thinking that this arrangement might not be very agreeable to either, I succeeded in obtaining what they called the "back parlour," where having discussed a wretched supper I retired to a tolerable bed. Mr. Hanbury's hounds met on the following day at a place called Aston Bury, about eight miles from Hertford, on the great North Road, distant from London a little under thirty miles. It was on a Saturday, however, and there was an immense field. I made no memoranda of that day because I then hoped to see several more with him, but that chance was soon out. It was a clear sun-shiny morning, with the wind due north, and a sharpish frost in the night had taken all the "splash boot" out of the yellow road. I overtook the hounds, with George Barwick and two whips mounted on strong use-

ful-looking horses, attended by two grooms, in light grey liveries, riding the huntsman's second horse and Mr. Hanbury's hunter, altogether a very sporting, well-appointed turn out. It might be the extreme brightness of the day, but the hounds certainly appeared in finer condition than any I had seen in the "flying countries" as they call them. The Squire himself, as he appeared on this day, would make an admirable subject for the pen of an Addison or Washington Irving. His low-crowned hat, square-cut coat, flapped waistcoat, big boots and breeches, good-natured smile, and "word for every body," added to his slow and cautious style of riding, and the steady rat-tail, brown horse, that walked in and walked out of his fences, presented the very beau ideal of an old English country gentleman. To be sure there were a few "eyesores" about the turn-out on that day that rather destroyed the idea of rusticity; but such must ever be the case with establishments in the neighbourhood of London. Some sad vulgar-looking fellows came to cover, in a sort of dog-cart, to ride hired hacks, while more than one Bond-street lounge, dressed in the height of the fashion, with massive gold-knotted jockey whips, were to be seen rasping at every fence and rail they could get in the way of. As I said before, the morning was frosty, and there was a good deal of time consumed at the meet. At length the hounds were thrown into a cover close by, on the right hand side of the road going northwards, where they immediately found, and appeared to be running right away to the east end, for which we all made; but somehow or other he headed short back, and breaking cover just where we had

met, crossed the north road, and left two-thirds of the field—me among the number—gaping at the far-end. There was no time to be lost, however, so we set off and rode the line as well as we could, and arrived just in time to see the fox lost in the Berkeley country. We found again, and after much cold hunting and ringing gave him up in Mr. Smith's, the banker's, park towards night-fall. A hard frost succeeded, and I again struck my quarters, with a resolution if ever I went into that country again, not to be caught in the town of Hertford.

The country occupied by these hounds has been hunted without intermission for upwards of a century, consequently it is of rather high standing in the aristocracy of the chase. Indeed, with the exception of Lord Yarborough's, the Raby, and Mr. Foljambe's (late Lord Scarbrough's) pack, I should think they are about the oldest going, and with the noble lord who is now at the head of them stand as good a chance of a long and glorious career as any in England. I was rather surprised, considering the celebrity Mr. Hanbury has acquired as a master of hounds, to find that he had not been at the head of this establishment very many years, having only succeeded Mr. Calvert in 1826; however, he made the most use of his time, for I have often heard him spoken of as the best judge of hounds, and one who knew more about pedigrees than any other master of hounds.

I returned to Bicester about the beginning of February, and took up my quarters at Deakins's again, with every appearance of open weather. The Duke of Beaufort's hounds were still in Gloucestershire, and there being none within

reach on the day after my arrival. I rode down to the seat of learning (Oxford) to learn what Mr. Moreton's and the other packs were about. They could tell me "everything" except that, consequently I returned as wise as I went.

On the 11th of February I met Mr. Drake's hounds at Chipping Warden, in Northamptonshire, whither they had gone the preceding day. It is a small village, without much accommodation for strangers' horses, and none for themselves, consequently the latter must either start from home in the morning, or get to Banbury or some of the neighbouring towns the previous evening. There is nothing like one's "own bed" in my opinion, consequently I started before daylight, and arrived in very good time. I think my horse stood at the Rose and Crown in Chipping Warden, but there is also accommodation for eight or ten at the Hare and Hounds at Wardington, a mile or two on the Banbury side of it. Our field on this day was by no means numerous. In the first place, it is a long way for the Bicester men to come; secondly, there were very few there to come, and thirdly, the Warwickshire hounds met at Shuckborough Park, at about an equal distance. We threw off at Boddington-hill, about three miles from Chipping Warden—a fine gorse cover, on a hill side; overlooking a splendid tract of grass country, with large enclosures, stiff fencing, and nothing but a canal to keep clear of; I know few finer places, in fact, either for a run or a "bird's-eye view" (as Mr. Jorrock has it), and on this day we had a merry thing, with but one drawback. We found almost immediately, and as quickly the fox went away, with his head set right

for the finest line of country he could select. Before, however, the hounds had got well settled to the scene, there was, "Talli-ho, talli-ho!—Hoop, hoop, holloa, hark back!" in half a score places, on the hill and neighbourhood, puzzling both hounds and horsemen most amazingly. The fact was, that a travelling fox was just then making his way to Boddington-hill (doubtless from his friends "the Warwickshire" at Shuckborough-park), and passed within a field of the other, and was mistaken for the hunted one. Ben Foote, however, would not have any thing to say to him, and getting his hounds forward as fast as possible took up the scent of the fresh fox at the corner of a large grass enclosure, and as Nimrod said, *Vires acquirit eundo*, a terrible burst was the result. This part of Northamptonshire is tremendously strong and difficult to get over; and though the line was all grass, the country rode heavy, and the scent was capital—quicker things have been seen, doubtless—but it was a breather, and the quickest I saw last year. To describe a run, however, is no easy matter; they all cover a certain quantity of country, and the variations consist in the gates, brooks, rails, raspers, and yawners that are taken in the course of it, and the falls that are received; suffice it then to say that we run our fox to ground at Farnborough, in the Warwickshire country, and the Warwickshire hounds having drawn their first covers blank, arrived there shortly after, just as Reynard thought the coast was clear and he might be jogging, and after showing them "run the second," his life fell a sacrifice to his temerity. We afterwards found again at Red-hill, and killed a "ringer" after

some hour and a half's work, and the hounds returned to their home-kennel that day.

The characteristic feature of Bicester consists in its propinquity to Oxford, as any man who has been there on a morning when the hounds meet within a few miles would readily discover. The distance I think is twelve miles, and the road tolerably good. I will, however, begin with the evening which precedes the day when the hounds are near—say Fringford-bridge, three miles on the Buckingham road, for instance. About four or five o'clock whole strings of varmint-looking hacks are seen entering the town, in the custody of that peculiar looking breed of men that do the "sly jobs" at the Universities. The fellow's dress generally consists of some old flash costume, the gift of some collegian, interwoven with coarse stable clothes; a superfine green jacket, perhaps, with a calf-skin waistcoat, and military-looking pantaloons, or boots and breeches that seem to have a mutual abhorrence of each other, judging by the distance they keep apart at the knees. There is generally a very peculiar knavish appearance about the countenance of these men—regular "hang gallows" looking dogs in fact, who seem as if they could turn their hands to anything, added to which they generally want an eye, a nose, a hand, or are otherwise disfigured. The horses, too, have a peculiarity about them—they are generally blemished; but as they get plenty of corn, and "lots of work," their condition is far from bad, and but for the absence of their grooms, and the bad saddles, bridles, and hair-girths, &c. (that always bespeak the hack-hunter), many of them might pass muster very well at a cover side. In the

morning, then, there is such a tearing and galloping through the streets of Bicester—such barking of dogs—such hallooing of women and children, and such inquiries after horses! A party will breakfast at Deakins's, perhaps,—champagne, deviled kidneys, and coffee—and their hacks will have a feed of corn in the meantime; then, in the middle of their meal, the tramp of horses is heard going out of the yard, and for fear of being late down they go again, out come the hacks—and such confusion in ascertaining their own! “Why this is not my horse,” says one. “No, sir,” says Joe, “it be Mr. —’s; but it be the one you *cum’d* on.” “Nonsense; this has a rat-tail; mine had not a rat-tail.” “Don’t know wot he ad when you *cum’d* away; he came in here with a rat-tail, that’s all I knows; may be you rode it off coming.” — “Why I thought I was to have the one-eyed horse,” says another whose hunter is just going on. “So you are, sir,” says Dick; “this be him.” “Why, no, he has two eyes about him, how can that be him?” “Oh, but he can only *see* with ven, and that’s vy we calls him the one-eyed horse. He’ll carry you grandly—he’s well figged, I assure you.” Another clattering of hoofs; another volley of shouts, and another party go tearing along, for Oxford men know but one pace, which is “as hard as ever they can go.” The trade of hack letting, however, is not so good as it was formerly at Oxford, and I was told that there were more men keeping their own horses last year than ever were known; but still there were not so many sportsmen as usual in the University. Indeed, I think both Oxford and Cambridge have rather declined in their passion for

field sports, which speaks badly for the rising generation. I sent a couple of horses to Cambridge about this time last year—the second October meeting—thinking to combine a little hunting and racing; but did not see many amateurs of either sport. I used to meet a string of Jordan’s horses at exercise every morning as I went to Newmarket, which did not say much for the work they had to do. Indeed, the very idea of exercising a Cambridge hack seems absurd.

The Duke of Grafton’s celebrated pack of fox hounds, are frequently within reach of Bicester, though at longish distances; the first time I met them was at Drayton cross road, in Buckinghamshire, having sent a horse on the previous day to the neat town of Winslow, about ten miles north of Aylesbury; I make it a rule never to keep hacks in winter, for at inns and livery stables they cost just as much as hunters, without being able to do the work of one; consequently, having to hire them when the distance is too great to ride a hunter to cover, I sometimes get a queerish animal. In villages I always apply to the butcher first, for their nags can “always go,” but at Bicester there was a blacksmith and publican, with a celebrated run away mare that I used to patronize; she was only four years old, I believe, but a most determined goer, and when a man is in a hurry, it is much easier to let the horse run away with him, than for him to have to run away with the horse. The cross road from Bicester to Winslow, however, is the most circumbendibus one I ever travelled, chiefly through by-lanes and across fields, with no end of gates to open, and not by any means adapted for riding a run away in; luckily for me, I

was first on the road that morning, consequently there was nothing to fret her, and I arrived safe at my destination, though she nearly did for me on a subsequent day, crossing Tusmore-park, on my way to Wesley-wood, to meet his Grace again. The Duke of Grafton's hounds present a very curious appearance, the uniform of the hunt being dark green, and a short sighted man might suppose at first sight that he had got among a party of beaglers. There certainly is no colour like scarlet for hunting in, and none that wears so well either, and added to the natural unsightliness of the appearance, there are seldom three green coats in the field of the same hue; of course it is only members of the hunt that sport the coat and button, and strangers are allowed to enliven the scene with their scarlets. The duke's huntsman, Rose, is a very celebrated character in his line, and a civil painstaking fellow into the bargain. There are generally some of the Lord Fitzroy's out, who take an active part in the field, and I believe Lord Southampton has hunted a good deal with them since he resigned the Quorn hounds. I was unfortunate in my first day with the Duke of Grafton's hounds, inasmuch as we had a long trailing blank day; after hanging about a long time to give the owners of some horses that were waiting a chance of coming up, we went away in the direction of Leighton Buzzard, and after a weary round by Lady Lubbock's, we found ourselves in Whaddon-chase, at half-past three, from which place, there being no chance of getting a fox away, and having to ride my hunter home, I left. I have often been surprised at the memories that horses have, though in my last I certainly had cause to complain of

one, that showed me the curiosities of Leamington instead of taking me home to my dinner. On this day I was riding an old horse I bought at Tattersall's, that I believe had been hunted in Surrey all his life, but had certainly never been in Buckinghamshire before, and though he had travelled to Winslow the day before, and I had travelled it that morning, he remembered the road better than I did, and though it was dark in coming home he refused to answer the bit when I wanted to pull him the wrong way, and on giving him his head, I found on inquiry that he was right.

Tusmore-park, which I mentioned before, is one of the "show places" in Mr. Drake's home country, it is about three miles from the town of Bicester, and close to the famous Cottesford-heath; there are plenty of foxes about it, but they are seldom guilty of showing a run; the house is a good stone built one, but has little of the picturesque to recommend it, though a good many pheasants about it. Talking of pheasants, I never saw so many in all my life as I did one day in some small covers close to Wootton, the seat of Lord Chandos; Mr. Drake's hounds had met at the village of Chilton, several miles from there, and drawing round towards home, they took Wootton in the way; now all the world knows that the Duke of Buckingham is not very friendly to foxes, neither used Lord Chandos to have any great partiality for them, however those days are gone by, at least I hope so, and better ones are in store, now that so popular a man as Mr. Drake has got the country. Well we got into the covers, and the pheasants rose about our ears like swarms of flies—to use a common saying "the place was alive with them," and at every step

two or three got up. The covers being very small the hounds were soon through them, and we were riding up the park towards the house, when Ben said something about traps that almost sent a reverend divine, a keen lover of the sport, into a fit. "Traps!" said he, throwing his hands in the air, "my God you don't say so, here's an end to fox hunting!" "No, sir," said an under-keeper, in a plush jacket, "it was only a rabbit trap." Ben, however, dissented from this story, whereupon they were confronted; but Ben stuck to what he said first, and at length it was decided that some of the field should go back and examine and report what they really were. Accordingly a party of us set off with Ben, who soon exposed a couple of traps capable of holding a donkey a piece; a funeral oration followed from the divine, who refused consolation, and declared it was who-whoop to the sport. While all this was going forward without, the servants in the house, who had witnessed our approach, had spread several tables with bread and cheese and ale, in front of the house, and as we had to pass close to the door all those that liked helped themselves; but when the parson came he turned away with disgust, as he would from a cup of poison, and afterwards rated those severely that he saw indulging in the unhallowed meal; "all's well," however, "that ends well," a leash of foxes were found at the other side of the house almost immediately after, and we all agreed that the traps had been left there *unintentionally*, and I hope that this season will prove our conjecture to be right.

I remember seeing some famous fun in Tusmore-park, one "show morning" that the hounds met there, with a man of the name of

Hartley, a sporting miller, well known with the Duke of Beaufort's and Mr. Drake's hounds. In addition to his grinding propensities he is a bit of a horse-dealer, and has always "the best horse in England" under him. If his head was shaved and you were to take a side view of him, you would not know which was the front and which the back of it, so little marked are the features, and his nose is not above the size of a button; in fact, it is more like a barber's block than anything else I know of. He is quite a character in the Bicester country; and last season Lords Norreys, Alresford, and some more of them, rigged him out in a huntsman's cap and scarlet coat, to which he added a pair of white cords and boots with the tops *painted* white. Having no beauty to spoil, a set of good nerves, and a horse to ride for sale, he used to rasp away at a famous pace across a country whenever he got anything like a start, but if the miller was left behind he "shut up" immediately, for he knew it was of no use going when there was no one to look at him. However, this morning in Tusmore-park a party of men got about him, and, by the lure of a half-crown bet each time, persuaded him to charge some considerable flights of rails, on a half-broke grey brute, with switch tail, and a head like a fiddle case, that he was riding; and really he showed great skill in handling his horse, and none of the "three hundred guinea" men would accept his invitation to follow him. It was a most laughable sight to see this queer-looking tiger ramming his horse at the rails, the animal going up into the air as if he would never come down again, the miller's coat-tails flying out at the sides like wings—showing more "the parts

of a man" than "the man of parts"—and to hear his self-satisfied chuckle as he landed on the other side and won his half-crown. The same day, I think, it was that I saw Sir Frederick Johnson riding the once celebrated Glenartney, that made such a noise for the Derby in 1827. The history, as far as it goes, of this horse is a fine sample of the lottery of horse-flesh. Lord Jersey refused 5000 guineas for him before that race, and ultimately sold him to Sir Frederick for either two hundred and fifty or three hundred and fifty guineas; I forget which. He is a queer tempered brute still, but a beautiful animal to look at.

As a hunting quarter Bicester ranks next to Leicester, in my opinion; and if Mr. Drake's bounds only hunted another day each week it would be a considerable acquisition to the place when the Duke of Beaufort is at Bodmington. As to country, independently of the Northamptonshire part, there is a fine, wild, sporting-looking tract in the vale of Aylesbury, that presents a cheering prospect to the eye of a sportsman, and though intersected by brooks is by no means so difficult to get across as the Northamptonshire part. The appearance of Bicester is ugly and sporting, and though formed of long straggling streets I do not think that there are ten yards of flagging in the whole town. The principal inns are Deakin's (the King's Arms) and the Crown, at both of which I believe there is very good accommodation, but at Deakin's I can speak from experience. The stabling (which is the first object a sportsman should look to) is excellent, and has been lately re-

built at a considerable expense, and there is as good port wine in the cellar as in any hotel in England; what more does a sportsman require, except some mutton-broth; a good beefsteak, and an easy chair? Upon the subject of wine I have often intended saying a few words to innkeepers, and perhaps I cannot avail myself of a better opportunity than the present. It is really extraordinary what wretched stuff many of them put before their guests under the name of port wine, sometimes so bad that it is not even drinkable when made into negus; and were it not for the kind consideration most of them evince for the constitutions of the drinkers, by retaining one-third out of each bottle to make a pint for somebody else, the chances are that the coroner's fees would be considerably augmented. It appears to me to be very bad policy, especially when fox-hunters are concerned; for the strong exercise they take generally makes them "good for a bottle," as a friend of mine says, whereas a pint of sloe juice is as much as any man can stomach at once. The George at Melton, the Bell at Leicester, Deakin's at Bicester, the Sun at Lyndhurst, the Albion at Brighton, the Fountain at Canterbury, Johnson's* at Crawley, and the White Horse at Romsey, are the only inns at which I remember ever getting really good wine, and I have been in scores upon scores. As to the inns at Leamington, the outcry against the wines was general. I heard of a good joke at one of them, that took place shortly before I was there. A party of men being tired of paying for bottles and only getting two-thirds, at length

* The late Lord Lisburne used always to stay at Johnson's, where he said he got better claret than any where, either in England or on the Continent.

desired to have their wine decanted in the room, and it was found that the decanter would not hold the bottle. The landlord, however, was "up sides" with them, for he charged them a shilling a bottle extra for having it in that shape. This reminds me of a story of a man who went to a fashionable hair-dresser's in Bond-street, where he had his hair cut and curled, and passing through the shop after the ceremony was performed asked what was to pay. "Two and sixpence, sir, if you please," said the obsequious friseur. "Two and sixpence!" said the gentleman in astonishment, "for cutting and curling." "Oh, curled was it, sir, I beg your pardon—*five shillings*."

Besides the Dukes of Beaufort's and Grafton's and Mr. Drake's foxhounds there is a pack of excellent harriers kept and hunted by Mr. Morrell in the neighbourhood of Oxford, with which a very good day's sport may be had when the others are not within reach. I saw a very good hour and a quarter with them one day in the neighbourhood of Blenheim, when they killed their hare at the outskirts of the park. They are hunted by Mr. Morrell, jun., assisted by one whipper-in, and really it is a very quiet sportsmanlike establishment, and well worthy the attention of a sportsman. There is plenty of greyhound coursing, also; besides all these, Bicester has another great recommendation which most other places are without: if a man lames or overworks his horses he can be supplied with another on the instant out of Deakin's stud, and on very reasonable terms, whereas in other places he might have to "shut up shop" for a time. Sir Frederick Johnson used to ride a

very nice chestnut mare of his last season, and I think Lord Villiers had some at Melton, and several other gentlemen had them by the season. This country would admit of a much longer account than the present, only it having been frequently noticed in your Magazine—once in the "Characters of Hunting Countries," and by your excellent correspondent "Esau," in his amusing letters—anything else I could say would be a mere repetition of what has been already better told than I could do. For the same reason I have said nothing about the riders in any of the hunts; for a local sportsman is much better qualified to do justice to their merits, though I cannot resist the temptation of saying a few words about Mr. Peyton, who certainly surpasses all men I ever saw, for nerve and determination across a country. I remember a sharpish burst we had with the Duke of Grafton's hounds. I was riding along a head-land with the hounds in the next field, and a high ill-conditioned looking hedge between us, when I heard such a crackling to my left, just like the out-bursting of a blazing fire, and looking round I saw Mr. Peyton on a white-legged chestnut horse sticking in the middle, or rather just forcing their way through, by sheer dint of impetus, for nothing could clear it, it was so high. There was another very good rider (though of a different sort) and excellent sportsman in the Duke of Grafton's country part of last season, in the person of Major Wyndham, of the Scots Greys, respecting whom so much noise has lately been made in the papers. I declare I can scarcely write with any degree of patience when I think of the blackguard, rascally attacks

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that were made upon the conduct of this gentleman, than whom, and I will appeal to all men who know him for the truth of this assertion, a milder, kinder, finer specimen of a liberal-minded Englishman does not exist. Major Wyndham, of all men in the army, was the very worst person the instigators of that vile proceeding could have selected to further their mercenary views; for twenty years' service in the army, and many of those years spent in the society of sportsmen and gentlemen in various parts of England, has caused his character to be so universally known and appreciated among all men where character is considered of importance, that he could well afford to brook the insults of a few miserable scoundrels, whose only object is to enrich themselves, by holding up to public scorn and opprobrium all that is respectable and meritorious in the country. It is, however, as a sportsman that I should now speak of him, and here I may say he almost stands unrivalled. The late king, I believe, said that Major Wyndham was the finest man in the British army; and I never saw a finer either in it or out. This, however, is against him as a sportsman, and his height and weight together must tell sadly on a horse. Still to see him go over a country, whether it be with a burning scent over the grass-grounds of Leicestershire, through the deep clay of Sussex, or over the yawning ditches of Essex, he is always in his place, never distressing his horse, never riding for a spurt, or jumping for jumping's sake, but going steadily along, just doing what is necessary and no more, and I will be bound for it that Major Wyndham sees more of hounds, and knows more of the ins

and outs of each run, than two-thirds of the ten stone men that are out. Moreover he is not one of your fine talking men, who, because he has hunted in Leicestershire, d—ns all provincials, and turns up his nose when he comes to the plough. He hunts in every country he is quartered in, and never, I am certain, left one to which the people would not be right glad to see him return, and that is more than can be said for many military men. In fact, he is a fine specimen of a soldier, a sportsman, and a polished gentleman.

I have now for several seasons (in the pages of the *Old* and this *Magazine* together) endeavoured to amuse my brother sportsmen by an account of my proceedings in various "countries," and should my attempts have been attended with any success I perhaps may not be asking too much, if I express a hope that others may be induced to follow my example, and present the public with the result of their observations, either in their own or in other countries. Every sportsman likes to read what his neighbours are doing; and when these accounts are written in a spirit of friendship and liberality—which when proceeding from the pen of a sportsman they are sure to be—they form a pleasing feature at the time, and a sort of sporting beacon to after-comers. Elegance and purity of style are not essential requisites in this species of composition; it is the description which flows naturally from the heart of the sportsman that most easily finds its way to those of its readers; and the flow of a sentence, or the rounding of a paragraph, is nothing when compared to the plain, manly, straight-forward style that consti-

tutes the zest of a sportsman's tale. A great writer of our day says, "if people would only be contented to write as they talk, much good sense would escape strangulation in its birth;" and if my brother sportsmen would bear this in mind, and

write their accounts with the same ease and freedom that they would if they were writing to a friend, I feel assured that much present amusement would be afforded to the world, and much interesting matter preserved for posterity.

HABITS OF THE WOODCOCK, WOODCOCK SHOOTING, &c.

THEY who delight to contemplate the wonders of Nature, and "view her stores unroll'd," will find few things better deserving of their attention than the migration of birds. Who, that should look upon the delicately-formed little nightingale without having read its history, would imagine that it travels some hundreds of miles to visit our groves in the spring, and then retraces its course again upon approach of autumn? It does not wait for the chilly blast to warn it to be gone, and yet, like the stork, it "knoweth its appointed time," and leaveth us as if it would not stay till the summer's rose had faded; but to speak at any length about "lone Philomel" would be rather out of place at this period of the year,

"When the loud breakers dash against the rock,
And sober suns must set at five o'clock;"

and therefore let us look to another migratory bird, that visiteth our shores at a very different time, and sojourneth with us during the winter in order to escape the rigour of that season in its native Scandinavian forests. The woodcock, to which I allude, may be truly called our winter companion, and therefore is it a fit subject for discussion in the present month. I am well aware, however, that no one can

undertake this task, especially for a work that is chiefly perused by sportsmen, without considering that there is a good chance of many of his remarks being deemed like

"A thrice told tale,
Vexing the dull ear of a drowsy man;"

but such, in these days of general knowledge, is the case with most subjects. Still, with experience at my elbow, I will be sanguine enough to hope that the few observations which I may offer will not be altogether worthless.

In the first instance let me say a word or two upon that complaint, which we so frequently hear and see, of the increasing scarcity of woodcocks in this country. As most men are more inclined to lay blame at other people's doors than their own, we often hear this attributed to the fact of the inhabitants of Sweden, Norway, and other northern parts of Europe, being partial to woodcocks' eggs, and taking them in great abundance; but when we examine this assertion more closely it loses much of its probability. Upon this point, however, instead of offering any theories of my own let me turn to the practical remarks of an English gentleman, who made a sporting tour through most parts of Scandinavia. "It is generally said," ob-

serves the author of *Field Sports of the North of Europe*, "that woodcocks are less plentiful in Great Britain than was the case formerly. This I have heard attributed to the Scandinavians eating the eggs of those birds. If, however, persons who entertain this opinion were to see the almost boundless northern forests, they would probably think with me that if the whole of the scanty population of that part of the world were to go out for the purpose, they would not be able to explore the hundredth part of the woods in the course of the year, and consequently they could not take or destroy any considerable number of eggs. If woodcocks are really scarcer than they were, it is doubtless in degree attributable to the greater number of persons who are in the habit of shooting in the present day than was the case formerly." As far as the Scandinavians are concerned this leaves but little room for complaint against them. Indeed, the charge always appeared improbable, as every school-boy knows how much caution a bird, even though less shy than the woodcock, takes to build its nest in a place of safety, and the poor inhabitants of these northern regions have little leisure to search after luxuries. With respect, also, to the decrease of woodcocks in this country being, *in a degree*, attributable to the increase of sportsmen, it is, in the language of the mathematician, too plain to need demonstration; but still I consider that there has been another cause, which has tended to the same result even in still greater degree. Where is Sherwood-forest, within whose deep recesses that bold outlaw, Robin Hood, so long defied the laws of his country—where he and his "merry men" feasted upon

venison—made the bishop dance a hornpipe—plundered the rich—and relieved the poor? We look for it in vain; and where it stood we see "the yellow harvest wave" in luxuriance, or hear the ploughman's song. Then look to Chevy Chase and the New Forest, are they not both "curtailed of their fair proportion?" Undoubtedly they are; and so are many hundred spacious forests besides. Can we wonder then that a bird, like the woodcock, who either cannot or will not sojourn in a corn-field or a meadow, should become more scarce? When the late Mr. Abernethy was consulted by an illustrious *bon vivant*, who complained of indigestion, the eccentric surgeon gave him this advice;—"Do as the Duke of Wellington did in Spain," said he, "stop the supplies, and the enemy will soon desert the citadel." In like manner, when the axe and the plough have done their work amid the haunts of the woodcock, he too must desert his old abode. The secluded wood was his citadel, and if that be cut down can we expect to find him where it used to stand?

Birds and animals wild by nature, as well as those that may be domesticated, are affected by the changes and progress which men may make in the cultivation of the earth. As agriculture is improved and extended, it stands to reason that such of them as chiefly feed upon its products should increase, and that others, whose food was the wild berry or the mountain heather, should decrease. Thus it is that within the last fifty years (during which agricultural improvements in Great Britain have been carried on with greater enterprise and success than they have ever been in other parts of the world or at any other time) such species

of game as hares, pheasants, and partridges have become much more numerous, whilst the black-cock, the common grouse, the snipe, the woodcock, and the various kinds of wild fowl may be concluded to have diminished in numbers. I know that it may be said in contradiction to this that in some places moor-game of all kinds is as plentiful as ever it was, and I acknowledge it; that is the effect of strict preservation upon particular districts; but taking the country generally I fear it must be owned that we have less than formerly. Generally speaking there is a much greater quantity of game in the country than there used to be, and the falling off in some kinds is more than atoned for by the great increase in others. If the bittern, the heron, and the mallard are no longer to be found where the marsh was, the partridge and the pheasant have supplied their place.

I ought to mention, however, that though the clearing of woods throughout the country in many parts has been carried to a great extent, in others young plantations have arisen where they were not formerly met with. I allude of course to the planting of the hill sides in mountainous parts of the country, which system, first introduced by the indefatigable industry of the Scotch, has since been imitated elsewhere. I have myself killed woodcocks in covers in North Wales where men, not very aged either, have told me that they remembered nothing but the fern-bush or the bramble, and where they little thought that anything else would grow. This may not inappropriately be called an acquisition of new territories for the woodcock, and must, in some measure, make up for his losses in

other parts; it is a practice, also, which is upon the increase.

When we unfold the map of Europe, and trace the vast distance, both over land and sea, that woodcocks have to travel ere they arrive upon our shores (I cannot say hospitable shores), it appears evident that casualties may happen to them upon their way; such as a sudden change of wind, which may prevent thousands from ever reaching us. There are many instances upon record that, in their distress, they have been known to alight upon the rigging of a vessel at sea; which is what they would never do, unless in the last extremity of danger, as few birds are more desirous of keeping aloof from man, and, when on shore, nothing can compel them to seek safety upon the branch of that tree under which they may feed. The woodcock certainly appears a delicate bird, and the small blow which will bring him down proves that he is so, and therefore it appears still more extraordinary that he should successfully endure the hardships of such a voyage. That the hardships *are* severe is clearly proved by the impoverished condition in which he frequently arrives amongst us. It seems singular, also, that a bird, which *can* make so long a flight, has a great disinclination to fly far when aroused in our covers. His first flight is generally a very short one, and it is only when shot at once or twice, or much disturbed by wild dogs, that he is apt to show the sportsman what he can do, by bidding him a long farewell.

I am now going to mention a circumstance relating to the woodcock which I have never seen mentioned in any accounts of that bird that have fallen in my way, but for the truth of which I am certain

that I shall be borne out by those who have had much experience in cover-shooting. It is this:—that there are some small coppices, or certain spots in large covers, that are seldom entered without a cock being flushed. We will say that he is killed—be it so; but still the next time we go that way we find another in his place. Let him perish also, and still in another week there will be another there. In this manner I have known twelve or thirteen killed during the season in a plantation (near a house too) which was so small that I never saw it contain a couple of cocks at a time. Thus it seemed that, as soon as one denizen of the woods had been stricken from his envied and solitary haunt, another was ready to take possession of it, though a post of no slight danger; and so on in succession. I account for this fact in the following manner: though the woodcock will, if undisturbed, lie quiet all day, still as soon as the shadows of evening begin to darken around him, it is his custom to take wing and keep flying about for some time. It was during these flights that our ancestors, ere the fowling-piece had been invented, used to take him by setting nets across the glades or avenues along which he generally flies. Now I conjecture that in these peregrinations, as soon as he finds a haunt more favourable than his own, and unoccupied (for whilst here the woodcock is a solitary bird), he quietly takes possession of it.

Another curious circumstance, often observed in woodcock shooting, is the sudden manner in which a large wood, that on one day would afford good sport, becomes deserted upon the morrow. I do not mean from the setting in of a

hard frost, as, of course, under those circumstances woodcocks must seek the heads of the springs, over which it has the least power, but I have frequently known these hasty changes of ground take place in open weather. They generally happened, however, in stormy weather, and in covers of a lofty elevation—such as those upon the side of a hill. In that case the cocks will either seek the lower woods, or shift their quarters to the other side of the hill, should it be wooded all round, and in this manner procure shelter from the tempest, which it appears they do not like. Should there be no wood on the other side of this hill, they will generally seek out another abode, though at some distance off. In Merionethshire, where these large mountain covers (if I may so call them) are very common, it has been no unusual thing for me not to flush a couple of cocks in one of them where a few days before I had left eight or ten. In this part of the country we often see two of these large covers on the opposite sides of a narrow valley or morass, and thus, upon sudden changes in the weather, the woodcocks emigrate from one to the other. At first this used to puzzle me in my sporting excursions, but latterly, having acquired a little more practical knowledge, after beating only a part of one cover without success I used to cross over at once to the other—perchance getting a shot at a widgeon or a partridge on my way, as the valley happened to be marshy or well drained.

Regarding the so-often mooted question as to whether starters, or setters with bells round their necks, are best for woodcock shooting, I shall treat it very lightly, as all who know anything about that

kind of sport would do. If a man starts to beat over a country that is mostly open, but studded here and there with a small cover, let him uncouple his setters; but shooting over such grounds cannot be called woodcock shooting, as he will be almost certain to find more game of other descriptions. But he who really means to bend his way over a district so wooded that the woodcock is likely to be met with more frequently than anything else throughout the day—in a word, who *does* go woodcock shooting, must look to his starters chiefly for sport. Setters with bells round their necks, indeed! I should like to place one of the advocates of such a system by the side of some one of our large Welsh covers, and tell him to beat it; he would then soon find the futility of such a theory. In fact, not only is it necessary, upon such occasions, to have a good brisk starter that will face anything, but it is sometimes even better to have one that runs rather wild. Some of my readers, unaccustomed to woodcock shooting in the wilder parts of Great Britain, may smile at this, but, paradoxical as it may appear to them, I maintain that it is true. A spaniel taught, as they generally are by English keepers, not to roam more than twenty, or at most thirty, yards from their master, would not be the thing to beat woods with, that are in some parts so thickly studded with brambles and underwood that it is almost impossible for the sportsman to make his way through them. All starters should be of course obedient to call, but, under such circumstances, it is best to have those that will beat the ground far or near. It may be said, perhaps, that the sportsman ought not to mind such difficulties,

but to make his way through, *vi et armis*, along with his dogs; the answer is a plain one—if the difficulties should not be heeded, the delay of such a plan must.

For my own part, if I were certain of killing more woodcocks with setters than starters I would still prefer the latter. To beat cover with the former is about the dullest kind of shooting; we are continually listening for the dogs, creeping up to them, or losing them; whereas with starters it is a lively and exhilarating scene. We go then boldly on, beating the cover in much less time, and much more perfectly, and if a bird is now and then flushed out of distance we may surely find it again.

I will now conclude this letter with an observation or two upon shooting in cover, especially whilst woodcock shooting. That accidents are more liable to happen upon such occasions than whilst sporting over open grounds must be apparent to every one, and therefore of course greater precaution ought to be observed. The first thing to be attended to, when two or more are shooting together, is to keep upon a line and shoot fairly. Should the thickness of the cover prevent the sportsmen from beholding each other, they had better, by calling out every now and then, make known their position to their friends, and this would also prevent them from getting out of the right line. Where beaters are used, double caution is required, as there are so many more to be thought of. But upon all occasions let no bird, hare, or rabbit, be fired at in cover where there is the slightest doubt of any one being in the way. If a head or two of game does escape in this manner, what of that?—they may be met with

another time, or if they are never seen again it is of little consequence; whereas, a single incautious shot may be the death of one man, and fling a cloud over the future life of another. If any feeling of honour prompted a man to think lightly of danger, I would be one of the last to advise him to shun it; but, when a few friends go out together for a morning's amusement, there can be nothing of the sort in the case. I remember once hearing the following anecdote of an officer in our army:—Desiring to go a few miles out of town, he got upon the box of one

of the short stages (as they are called) for that purpose, but had not proceeded far ere he perceived that there was a strong opposition on the road, and that his conducteur was going along at the top of his speed, though possessed of as little professional skill as could well be imagined. "Pull up," said the veteran son of Mars, "I have risked my life many times upon the field of battle, but am not going to do so upon your d—d coach." Let all incautious sportsmen attend to the moral of this anecdote.

A HUNTER OF THE HILLS.

November.

BY SYLVANUS SWANQUILL.

NOVEMBER has got a terrible bad character, and every mouth is ready with an anathema against it. It stands "accursed in the calendar." Dreary November—Cut-throat November—no name is bad enough for this unfortunate month. Yet who is there that does not look forward to some pleasure following in its train? The little schoolboy has his Gunpowder-day; Guy Faux, the only name in the whole English history for which he cares twopence—with the bonfires, squibs, crackers, and devil's-thumbs thereunto belonging—these are the things that endear it to him. Then the young miss has a golden dream of Annuals to console her;—the Landscape, the Continental, the Keepsake, the Forget-Me-Not, the Comic—red, green, purple, lilac, all the colours of the rainbow, and many more—a volume from every uncle, aunt, godpa, and grown-up cousin. The student, happy fellow! has the delicious long even-

ings, with the many-voiced winds warbling mysterious music at his casement—not *through* his casement—for he cannot bear to think that all those wild sounds are the result of mere crannies and currents of air, but would fain believe them to be something extraneous of worldly affairs—the tuning of the music of the spheres, perhaps, or the overture to some aerial Der Freischütz. To the sportsman, November is a whole calendar of itself: he has need of ubiquity now; for there are fox-hounds, stag-hounds, harriers, pointers, setters, spaniels, and "long dogs," all wagging their tails at him together, and he would not willingly refuse any of them; but, alas! he cannot be in two places at once, "unless he were a bird," so he pats his pointer on the head, locks up his greyhound in the stable, and hies away to the nearest fox-cover; and if he were asked for a philosophical definition of the human race at this

moment, he would say that man is decidedly a fox-hunting animal. And you, oh lady readers of the *New Sporting Magazine*, can ye deny that November hath bright hours of pleasure among its fogs and blustereous gales? Is there not the quadrille, the contre-danse, the song, the duetto (treble and tenor!), the bouts-rimées, with fifty other delightful employments that belong especially to this season! Old gentlemen, have you not your "shorts and points?"—old ladies, have you not your tea-parties and loo?—Lord Mayors, have you not your civic feasts?—and peasants, have you not the cheery fireside, where you may sit and read penny Magazines, penny Geographies, penny Shakespeares, penny Law Libraries, penny Ancient Histories, penny Universal Biographies, penny Acting Dramas, penny Standard Works of Fiction, penny everythings, in short, to your wondering wives and astonished families?

Psshaw! November is not a dull month; to a man with a mind above that of a barometer there is nothing at all dreary in it; and as to that old joke about hanging and drowning, I confidently appeal to the Humane Society whether it is not a most absurd and unwarrantable falsehood. Neither is the out-of-door world by any means so monotonous and uninteresting as people would make us believe. Let us take a stroll into the country and judge for ourselves.

Why, bless me! it must be spring, for yonder is a whole bank of primroses, looking as bright as if it were May itself. Poor things! they are come to take a last look at the year, and they hardly know it again: the leaves which they saw six months ago shining on the boughs in all the freshness of

youth, are now lying by their side, "sere and yellow," aged, altered, unknown. Poor primroses! you must feel as so many Rip van Winkles in your new existence;—and your guardian genii, the butterflies, where are they? You see that little, brown, seed-like thing lying in the decayed foliage among the old tree-roots?—that is one of them—that is the beautiful, bright, fairy flutterer, that used to fold his wings over your blossoms, and sip the nectar from your golden cups! Strange metamorphosis! Ovid himself could not devise a transformation half so wonderful.

Trees are now leafless; ten thousand little twigs let in the light between them; and every twisting branch and every knotted bough is exhibited to you—the trellis without its deckings. New prospects are opened on every hand;—the old castle, the village spire, the ancient manor-house, are now to be seen from stations where, a little while ago, you could not discover a turret, pinnacle, or chimney-stack, with Herschel's forty-feet telescope. In the hedges, old birds'-nests become visible, which peering schoolboy had never before been able to find; and we now know where that beautiful brood of goldfinches came from, which so long gladdened our ears and eyes with their song and plumage. Evergreens now enjoy a vast accession of importance. First of these, the great Scotch fir asserts its dignity, and is truly so fine a tree that nothing but our exuberant patriotism could prevent us one moment from investing it with the ermine of royalty. For our own part we have loved it with an exceeding affection through all the year, and now that it becomes an object of such general remark, feel a little jealous of its

popularity. But is it not a noble creature? Look at its furrowed trunk, with the rough layers of bark, which we used to cut off when a little boy to make into ships and boats; then its giant arms, twisting wildly in the air, red as gold in the bright sunshine, and surmounted by huge clusters of dark, almost black, foliage! Then what a diversity of forms it is capable of assuming!—it is the mocking-bird of trees. Now it sends forth a thick stem of moderate height, and throws out on every side boughs of the most fantastic contortion—like an oak. Anon, it shoots up to a considerable altitude and then lets fall a multitude of pendulous branches around, that sweep the earth like an ash. A third form it assumes is that of the chestnut—growing in a cluster; in fact, there is scarcely a tree, if we except the family of poplars, whose branches may not find a resemblance of character in one or other of a goodly row of Scotch firs. All the pine tribe, indeed, are beautiful; the cedar, the cypress, the larch, and the spruce; and their curious cones, as they hang in clusters on the branches, or lie expanded at our feet, always objects of interest and admiration. Who can take up one of them without reverting to those happy, or unhappy, days of childhood, when we were puzzled to conceive how, by any means of cultivation, these hard, dry lumps of wood—pine-apples they were called—could be transformed into the soft, delicious fruit of which we got a slice every now and then, when we had been good boys at our lessons?

The yew has always held a respectable rank among the evergreens; but the yew is generally too clumpy, too much a mannerist

for our money. It never, like the fir, copies the graces of another tree: a yew is a yew all the world over; and this, perhaps, is one reason why our ancestors thought proper to diversify its appearance by shearing it into bears and beehives. A churchyard yew, indeed, is venerable and classical; but intrinsically handsome only in its antiquity, when Eurys and Zephyrus, having torn out a branch here and a branch there, break it into a picturesque irregularity; or, ripping open its old trunk, divide it into two trees, so that you are half inclined to discredit the tradition which tells you that “once upon a time” they were united. How do you like yew hedges?—the old-fashioned yew hedges, I mean, cut into the semblance of walls and battlements, four feet thick, with grass walks between, and loop-holes here and there, through which you may obtain glimpses of the church spire, and the hall, and the old chapel, and the summer-house with dovecot a-top, and another fac-simile yew hedge on the opposite side of the garden? I have just such a one in my mind’s eye at this moment, the original of which lies within a morning’s ride from where I write. I like the old-fashioned gardens, for my part, with their beautiful plashing fountains, singing away for ever; not set a-going when visitors come, like a raree-show—sweet water-music! splatter, splatter, splatter, till you almost wish yourself one of the gold fishes glittering in the basin.

Then we have the juniper and arbor vitæ, spiring upward in our lawns and shrubberies like evergreen poplars; glory’s laurel, the arbutus, lauristinus, the “green bay tree,” Spanish broom, &c., not

To forget our ancient favourite the holly, and our trusty and well-beloved ivy, that clings to the old church tower in spite of time and the venerable archdeacon. After all we have no such great loss, and if we like we may so surround our little cottage with evergreen trees and shrubs as to preserve a seeming summer all the year round; if we will persevere in planting deciduous trees, why we must expect their leaves to fall off.

November is a *busyish* month with the farmer. Thrashing is the order of the day; and, as you approach his snug homestead, you may hear the clatter, clatter, clatter of the machine—if he dare use one. When you gain the summit of the hill you get a peep at the busy scene, amid a crowd of barns, and ricks, and stables—the three or four horses, under a straw-thatched shed, pacing round and round—I wonder they an't quite giddy—and the waggoner, perched on one of the beams overhead to keep them in order, who, every now and then, as he cracks the whip in the ear of some sleepy steed, sets the whole into quicker motion, and increases the clatter to a startling degree. The barn-doors are wide open, and men are busy within, supplying the machine and shovelling away the grain—the farmer himself standing, with his hands in his pockets, on the clean barn-floor, giving directions, and maybe calculating the profits of his crop, and building castles in the air with the money. The pigs are come to have a game at play among the bruised straw at the door; and the cocks and hens, and ducks, and geese, and turkeys, and pigeons are overhauling the not-quite-empty ears, and taking care that nothing runs to waste. Ploughing, too, is

an important occupation during this month, and men and horses are very busy “making the most of these short days.” Grass is scanty, and the pastures look very, very brown. Consequently, the sheep are led into a patch of turnips, fenced out from the rest of the field by a row of hurdles; the green tops are soon demolished, and then the happy, little, warm creatures begin to gnaw away at the root itself, which is soon hollowed out, so that you might make a jack-o'-lantern with the rind. The herds, too, are furnished with fodder, either in cratches set up in the fields or in their stalls at home; in which latter case you may see them crowding together about the gate in anxious expectation of the whistling cow-boy. Sometimes they are fed with turnips, and “turnippy butter” is the consequence—the abomination of all well-bred palates, and an article that no neat-handed Phyllis ought ever to send to market.

Now fieldfares and redwings arrive, and every hobbledehoy that can by any means get hold of a gun is chasing them from hedgerow to hedgerow. Now squirrels, bats, dormice, rats, and fieldmice get into their winter quarters to snooze away the time till spring. Hedgehogs and lizards creep into their holes, and frogs bury themselves in the warm, soft mud. Towards the latter end of the month snow comes in, and the first ice is seen by those who get up early in the morning. Muffs and tippets are exhibited at the mercers' windows, and wives and sisters plague us out of our lives for some beautiful and astonishingly cheap Chinchilla. Cloaks, too, are now indispensable, and our own great coat is really so shabby that

we must call on Mr. Shears to get measured for a new one. Now young ladies and floricultural old gentlemen plant hyacinth and narcissus bulbs in water-glasses, and strict injunctions are laid on servant-maids to be careful in removing them from the windows when they put to the shutters of an evening. Now, in London, plays are performed at Old Drury, Covent Garden, the Olympic, Adelphi, and Surrey; lectures are delivered at the Royal Academy, and subjects are wanted at Bartholomew's, St. Thomas's, and Guy's. A country fellow walking in London at this time of year, on one of the finest days, is suddenly surprised by observing a strange appearance in the heavens. It came upon him as he was turning down some narrow street into the Strand, and he describes it as a globe of crimson fire, not so big as the moon, and about half as bright. On inquiry, it is declared to be the sun, but he won't believe it, and concludes it must be the face of an illuminated clock, or something of that sort, and determines to look again when he goes that way, to see whether they have put up the hands and figures.

In November, fox-hunting, properly so called, commences. 'Tis true this fascinating sport has been pursued, under the less ostentatious name of cub-hunting; ever since the crops were off the ground, and now and then a tough old fox has been pushed up, and given his pursuers a good warm gallop. But now the regular season begins, fixtures are advertised, young hounds have served their apprenticeship, and the tits are in first-rate condition. "Monday, at Reynard's-gorse, at half-past ten," says the county paper, though we knew it a

fortnight ago; and John is ordered to keep the young horse short of water and feed him at five o'clock in the morning, and to be sure and look to his shoes, &c. &c.

Reynard's-gorse is only two miles off, and a sure find, so that we dispense with the "neat cover-hack," and quietly walk the young on across the fields to the meet. While yet half a mile from the gorse we can see the whole range of it, covering the southern slope of a gentle eminence—rare warm lying!—and red coats are observed straggling about in all directions, some dismounted, and leading their horses up and down to keep 'em warm; others chatting in merry groups under the hawthorn hedge; and others, again, pepping into the neighbouring farm-house to get a cup of coffee or a glass of ale after their ride of ten or twelve miles to cover. Here and there we may observe a merry wag of a parson, all black and white, like one of his own sermons—its deuced hard he mayn't mount a bit of pink as well as the rest of us; but no doubt, when the Church Reform comes before the House, this matter will be properly looked into. As we descend the hill the bounds, with their attendants, come trotting down the opposite slope, and both parties arrive almost simultaneously at the valley between. Look at the pack; what a bevy of beauties! any one of them might sit for a frontispiece to the New Sporting Magazine. And how bright, clean, and glossy they all are!—how delicately white and jetty black—how finely spotted and curiously mottled! Let's see; how many are there—one, two; three, four, five—hang 'em, they won't stand still a minute, it's impossible to count them! "Tom; how many have you got this morn-

ing?" "Twenty couple, sir;—war' horse, Rallywood!"

After a quarter of an hour's "law" Tom receives the signal to go into cover, and the whole scene changes in a minute. Horsemen are now observed vaulting into their saddles; some are still afoot tightening their girths, buttoning up their coats, slipping on their gloves, or fixing their hats afresh; others, on fifteen-hand hacks, are going mad because their "fellow" hasn't arrived with "the horses;" and the second-breakfast eating gentry come bustling out of the farmhouse to the considerable detriment of a happy digestion.

"*Eu in there, eu in;* my little boys," cries old Tom; and in two minutes the whole pack is buried among the gorse bushes, so that not so much as a single tail (*stern* is the technical word) is anywhere to be seen. It is a very thick cover, and there is a thriving plantation of oaks and firs over the gorse, which prevents you from observing the hounds at work, though it's easy enough for them, on account of the numerous runs, beaten tracks under the bushes that spread about in all directions. Every one must now use his wisdom to get a good place when the fox breaks cover. This man is sure reynard will never face such a wind as is blowing from the west this morning; and accordingly he takes up his position on the eastern side; another is pretty certain pug will make for Hiltop-spiny, consequently he turns his horse's head in that direction; a third party surmise that he will go away for Westbank-wood; while a fourth honestly acknowledge that they know nothing at all about it, and take their chance where they are. These are the men that will tallyho him away, take my word

for it! Now all is silent, except the voice of the huntsman; that is heard now here, now there, as he moves along the almost impassable rides, cheering the hounds in their labour. "Yoick—try for him!—Yoick, push him up! Eu in—eu in there!" Crack goes the whip. A light-tongued hound gives mouth just at the low corner where the brook runs down by the old oak trees. It is repeated—a few hounds look up, but none join chorus. It is a young hound chasing hare, and Bill, the second whip, is dashing over the furze-bushes to get a cut at him, shouting, "Ah, there!—ah (crack), get away—get away, Rummager—get away!"—and down comes the heavy thong upon Rummager's back, who makes a terrible howling, but is more frightened than hurt, and scods away to join his brethren. All now is still again. Presently a gate opens, and old Tom makes his appearance on the soft belt of clear turf that encircles the cover. He gives one or two puffs on his horn—unmusical enough, God knows! but very thrilling—and the hounds come trotting after him at a pace that tells you at once how disappointed they are. He carries them away to a little open space in the adjoining common, out of the way of the horses, that now begin to gather together in this neighbourhood, and there he counts them over.

"There's one missing, Bill," says he; and the assistant, muttering something, which is perhaps a prayer for the safety of the straggler, turns back to look for him. "It's old Hadamant," shouts Tom; as the second whip disappears in the plantation. "Hark!—by G—d Hadamant speaks!"—excuse the old gentleman's vehemence, gentle

reader. The whole pack seem as if they had been galvanized—Adamant peals out afresh—and in an instant they desert old Tom's horse's heels and dash back into the cover to him, for well do they know old Adamant's tongue, and he never yet deceived them. "Hoic forward!" shouts Tom—"Hoic forward!" shouts every gentleman within hearing; and away we all go—some this way, some that—through the ride, and round the cover—wherever a way is to be found. We ourselves are fortunate in the line we have chosen, and get to the opposite side of the gorse just as the hounds are pouring out of the cover. Talliho—Talliho—Talliho!—yonder he goes—yonder he goes—right over the brow of the hill; and see how the sheep are scampering away from his line. Now, Tom, get forward with your leading hounds, the whipper-in will bring on the others after you. Then what music!—what a crash of soul-stirring harmony! You may talk as you will about the Highland pibroch and the Rans de Vaches—by my halidom, they can never wake such feelings in the heart of Swiss or Scot as that magic chorus in the breast of a fox-hunter! We are not joking, gentle reader—this is no hyperbole—we are speaking mere matter of fact. Brother fox-hunters, you know what it is, for you have felt it—soprano, contralto, tenor, baritone, and bass—ye gods, what harmonies! But you who have never seen a fox's brush but in a glass case, or at the end of a bell-rope, can have no conception of the wild gush of delight that electrifies both man and horse at this joyous moment; you never can know without you go boldly forth into the field of chase; and not even then unless you go forth

with the bright feelings of a dauntless hunter.

But away we gallop, over hedge and ditch, hill and dale, through fallow and pasture. Now we are on a huge green carpet of turf, and the gallant steeds think it is a race we are running—they have heard talk of the Doncaster St. Leger and they imagine this is it. There is a stiff wattled hedge in the line of the hounds, and I guess some of those devil-may-care fellows who ride at their sterns will get a roll in yonder fallow. A weak place lies a little way to the right—thanks to our friends, the shooters, for it!—and I perceive the pack are bearing away in that direction. A good excuse, at any rate, and we canter over the weak place just in time to see three or four of the dare-devils scrambling out of the way of their horses, whom they have pulled into their leaps by holding on with the bridle. Another yard or two to the right places us comfortably upon a nice headland; and rising in our stirrups we go gently along on our good little "Bai-clair," taking a glance down the field, where we discover some of our comrades ploughing across the piece, up and down in the sloppy furrows, and take no little credit to ourselves for having saved our brave nag from such a heavy pull. For our own parts we are decidedly schemers in getting across a country; and as for those terrible rasps, which make such a figure in Henry Alken's Sketch Books or Mr. Ackermann's Eclipse Sporting Gallery, and frighten our wives, mothers, and sisters out of their wits, we seldom or never take them; never, indeed, but when the pace is uncommonly good, and our blood up rather beyond its wont; and, having been sworn at

Highgate, we make it a point of honour not to go over a gate that can by any means be opened. A nice slice of turf country succeeds, and we dash across it at a merry pace with a good scent. A wheat piece comes next, and the hounds work slowly over the cold, dry ground, but there is no check.

One has time, however, to look about one a little, and see how our comrades are going on. The pace has been pretty good, and the fences rather difficult, so that the first thing which strikes you is the great falling off in numbers. The next thing is a falling off of a different kind, made evident by the blotched buckskins or sullied cords of some of the young ones. A dapper gentleman from London or Liverpool is conspicuous in the midst, having torn off a coat lap, and adorned his buff waistcoat with a shawl-pattern of marl. He don't care a farthing, however, for all his mishaps, and pushes forward with what he considers a Nimrodian air. "Ware wheat, sir!—ware wheat!" cry half a dozen farmers in bottle-green jackets. The Piccadilly man is very sorry—he didn't know the ground was planted. The fact is, a ploughed field is a ploughed field with him; and you may see him during the rest of the day—if you see him at all—picking his way across a fallow as though he were stepping among peck loaves. Each moment that we spend here serves to recruit our thinned ranks; and at every corner of the field almost you may see horses come rattling over and brushing through the fences, with here and there a family man "leading over" and quietly remounting on the safe side. The tits, poor things, are a good deal blown, and so nervous that you are afraid they will shake

their tails off. Those who have second horses in the field now mount them, while those who have not, make the best of a bad bargain, and alight to ease their panting steeds.

But, see! the gallant pack has traced the cunning fugitive through all his meanderings—across the headland, down the furrow, along the hedge-side, and round by the pool-tail—their voices ring again in the air, and forward we go at a better pace than ever. A gentle slope of grass-land, over which the scent lies breast high, brings us to the banks of a river—a river, too, deep and swift, with no bridge, no ford in view. Now the hounds are working in silence on the "green margent," and many is the silent aspiration that they may not lead us across. Adamant—a famous dog that Adamant—"tells it out" at the water's edge; "Yooi over!" shouts old Tom, and in an instant hounds, horses, and riders are splashing away in the stream. Many, in the hope of finding a shallower passage, gallop up and down the river side; and others, under a similar pretence, take the opportunity of slinking off home altogether. If you meet them on the way, they will tell you they have cast a shoe. Yooi, over they go!—the Piccadilly man has charged the river gallantly, and his steed makes good progress among the plashing waves. See, they gain the opposite shore, Orion be praised!—but where are the young knight's stirrups? Alas, they have slipped off the "patent spring bars," and are left at the bottom of the deep, deep river! "Ah, sir," cries a gallant old gentleman-farmer, scrambling up the bank, "that comes o' not leavin' go o' your stirrups when

your horse takes his swimming position;—you'll know better another time."

"Hold hard, gentlemen, hold hard! we press too close upon the hounds;"—for the meadows on this side the river are cold and bleak, and the scent is almost indistinguishable. But, hark! a hollo from the hill. "Hoic hollo!—Hoic hollo!—For'ard!" is the cry; and away we all go, once again, over the meadows, round the ozierebed, into the park. We pass in front of the hall, but the ladies have not time to get to the windows before we are out of sight—down the smooth slope like a whirlwind—how beautiful it is now!—the pack close alongside, skimming swiftly, silently over the soft green sward—reynard before (we shall see him presently)—and our joyous comrades thundering along at an almost fearful rate, but cheerily confiding in their trusty steeds, one false step of whose swift hoofs might bring them to instant death. Oh! this is a moment for Apelles to look down from heaven!—friend Cooper should be present now to give eternity to the scene, a scene that has not its match on this side Paradise gates! Happy now who can live with the pack, for they fly; nay, the birds that we disturb from their home in the dark hollies as we pass, flutter forward a few yards before us and then hedge off on one side, finding it bootless to compete with us in the race. Our ancient friend Adamant, and another hound or two of great experience, find it impossible to move their old limbs with the celerity of their younger brethren, and, losing ground at every stroke, begin to yelp forth their regrets in the most touching manner. Poor fellows, there's no help for it!

"This is a fresh fox, sir, I'm sure," is the remark of a friend that has had about enough, whom you may happen to meet at a leap. "Well, sir, I can't help it," is your reply—for you haven't time to be civil—and over you go into the adjoining plantation. Gently, now—gently and carefully, and mind your eyes—for it is just as much as you can do to steer clear of the trees, and half-decayed stumps lie in ambush among the yellow fern leaves, ready to trip you up at every heedless step. A little wicket lets you out into the lane, and close before you is the gallant pack skurrying away on to Heathbell-common. Forward you dash—reynard's in view—and not a tail-bound to be seen, for the old ones have made a grand push to be up at the finish. "Hold hard, sir! hold hard!—there's a bag just before you;"—it's too late to pull up, however, and

"Returning were as tedious as go o'er,"

so, slipping off among the thickest of the rushes, you give your merry little nag a thwack across the hind quarters, and somehow or other manage to scramble to terra firma in safety.

The drama is now coming rapidly to a close, though the *dramatis personæ* do not promise to muster very strongly at the fall of the curtain. Reynard is just before, not twenty yards from the leading hound, and becomes more and more feeble at every plunge he makes. Indeed, he has committed an error of judgment in coming here at all; for the heath-bushes and long rush-like grass impede his flight most woefully. The pack gains upon him every moment—his brush is moist with the slaver of their lips—another moment and

he tumbles head over heels into the deep channel of a brawling brook that lies in his path, and before he can gain the opposite bank the teeth of young Melody are red with his gore, and Mountebank, Menacer, Mussulman, Adamant, Labourer, Lecturer, Rarity, Restless, Rachael, and all the little speckled beauties are pouring in one over the other (a perfect Niagara of hounds) to have a snack at him. As I said before, few are up; but "Old Tom" is one of these, and in an instant he is in the middle of the stream with his hounds, splashing, scolding, pulling, hauling away, because they won't let him have the body of the fallen foe. He has got it at last, and mounts the bank in triumph. "WHOO-HOO!" What a whoo-hoop is old Tom's! The uninitiated reader will perhaps suppose that to cry whoo-hoop at the death of a fox is as easy a matter as to hoot "bravo" at the King's Theatre, and that any man with a good pair of lungs may do it; but how different is the fact!—not one person in a thousand has the natural organs requisite for this performance, and not one in a million genius to apply them with the proper modulation. It is not, perhaps, too much to say that an excellent artist of this kind is enough for a single age; there was but one Farinelli—there is but one "Old

Tom!" The *spolia opima*—brush, ears, lips, and pads—are now cut off, though not without some interruption from the thirsty pack, who take every opportunity to have a snatch at the carcase, stealing behind the old man, and endeavouring to filch it away between his legs. It is their's at last; Tom leads them off to a clear spot, away from the horses, and, with another whoo-hoop, whirls it through the air, to be caught, by a whirlpool of gaping mouths, that puts you in mind of old Sicilian Scylla.

In half an hour after this time, a couple of young ladies, taking an airing in their pony carriage, will meet groups and single instances of young gentlemen leading their horses cosily along the soft side of the road, looking very much out of curl, and their faces very red indeed, and their steeds smoking away as if they were suffering under animal combustion. Young ladies!—if you should remark one of these cavaliers more splashed and bemired than the rest, or whose soiled sleeves and crushed hat give you reason to suspect that he has met with a tumble, don't despise him on that account—maybe he has ridden more gallantly than cleaner samples. And, young ladies, a word in your ear!—Be careful how you accept the hand of such a man—he won't break his neck so soon as you imagine!

Racing.

NEWMARKET FIRST OCTOBER MEETING.

SIR,
I presume it is to be attributed to the system adopted by the Central Board of Health that certain cases
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of cholera in the sporting world have not been reported. To supply the deficiency created by their remissness I will initiate you into the

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progress and present state of the complaint, which, if not exactly *Asiatic cholera*, is characterized by many of the recognised symptoms of that popular epidemic—cramps, nervous twitchings, and *blueness*, having been observable in every instance. You must know, then, that it broke out at Doncaster, on the 18th ultimo, with some violence, some of the cases terminating fatally. It is worthy of remark, that although the disorder has been generally understood to affect all parts of the body, its attacks at Doncaster were almost exclusively confined to the *legs*! Mr. Bland was one of the first to feel its baneful influence; fortunately he possesses a robust constitution; this, with the aid of *copious bleeding*, enabled him to offer a successful resistance: he is *slowly* recovering. Messrs. W. and T. also imbibed the contagion, and there were some fears at first that their constitutions, naturally weak, would sink under the violent remedies resorted to; fortunately for themselves they recovered; their friends, however, seem to dread a relapse, which it is apprehended would prove fatal. But the most strongly-marked cases were those of Messrs. Richardson and Wagstaff, for here the disease had to work upon confirmed “bad habits.” *Opening* medicines entirely failed; *laudanum* was tried, but it was discovered that the patients had too often resorted to this subtle narcotic to admit of its usual efficacy; the *blue* stage appeared with extraordinary distinctness, and it was not till they had been *bled* into a state of exhaustion that any hopes of them were entertained: it is still *feared* that their constitutions are so dreadfully shattered that they will never again be able to

participate in an amusement of which they have been such *prominent* and *honourable* supporters. Several of the higher rank were affected, and have taken great care of themselves during the recent changeable weather; it is the earnest wish of their acquaintance that they may be *sufficiently recovered* to attend the next meeting here! Should anything else occur in relation to this awful visitation I shall not fail to apprise you; in the meantime a few words on the races just over, may serve as a postscript to my epistle. I am sorry to say that it was wanting in all the ingredients essential to a good meeting—very few races, and most of them bad—scarcely any gentlemen, and the half score who did come evidently *shy*—plenty of legs and no business; in short, money and spirit appear to have evaporated. To preserve the Stewards from that scourge of high life, *ennui*, several cases (not cholera cases) came before them. One was between a notorious Yorkshire — and Lord Exeter's trainer, respecting certain transactions between them of a questionable nature; of this I may probably be able to communicate particulars in a future letter. Another related to a heavy bet on the Derby between the *Bath Goose* and a gentleman of high character in the ring, which he has recently quitted in disgust at the pitiful shifts and trickery of some of its inferior members; his loss will be severely felt on the Turf. As a matter of course he got the better of his quibbling opponent, inasmuch as the Stewards decided in his favour. I do strongly suspect, however, that he will find this goose a *shy* bird, a kind of *wild* goose, that will only be seen at particular seasons, and then out of range.

The racing commenced on Monday with the Trial Stakes of THREE subscribers! and walked over for by Salute (worse still)!!! The second affair was a match between two youngers, Lord Chesterfield's Weeper and Lord Exeter's Minima, the latter having the vanity to give 6lb.! The question, "Which was worse?" came off in favour of Lord Exeter's mare, who was beaten in a canter. The betting men were as much out of their reckoning as the noble Marquess; for in the teeth of public running they laid 2 to 1 on the loser! The next race was between Crutch and Lochinvar; the former gave 15lb. and won easy. I take it that if confined to the T.Y.C. Mr. Stanley will lean upon this Crutch without fear.

The Grand Duke Michael went into the same pocket as the Great St. Leger; Margrave won it by a neck, Salute running him home in a style that astonished the folks. Galata ran badly, as indeed was the case with Lord Exeter's horses throughout the week—there is such a thing as trying horses too much.

On the Tuesday we had two matches and a Plate, for which two started; it is enough to state that Lucetta won the Plate, Dirce and Alea the matches. In order to keep him fresh for his great match with Emancipation, Priam paid to Camarine for the Cup: he will finish his racing career with the Houghton Meeting.

Three races on Wednesday, and certainly three finer were never seen here or elsewhere. The first was a Handicap for two yr. olds, for which Enchantment did just manage to poke her head in before Tigress, who in her turn was so closely pressed by Ringdove filly and Sister to Terry Alt, that there was not a jockey of the four who

was not prepared to take his "Bible oath" that he had won! Arnall, especially, declared that his mare (Sister to Terry Alt) won by a *length*! Some people will go any *length* in matters of this sort; and Arnall, of all others, has *won* more dead heats and close races than any rider I know. A Handicap for all ages followed, and was not a whit behind it in severity; Captain Arthur won it by a head, or rather, we should say, that his jockey, James Robinson, won it; for where four or five jockeys come to a push at the end, and the horses are upon equal terms, Robinson must have the best of it. The Silvertail colt was second, Theban and Coroner being as well up as Ringdove and Sister to Terry Alt were in the first race. Water Witch, Vestris, and a colt out of Marrowfat, weighed for this race, but through the stupidity of the trainers or the jockeys did not reach the post till the others were half way home; a fine of five pounds was very properly inflicted on each of the jockeys. A remarkable fine day's sport terminated with the St. Leger, and this, too, was won by a head only. Archibald, Margrave, Beiram, and Non Compos started; the race was between the first two, and was won by Archibald by freshness only; Margrave was stale, and with that disadvantage would probably have won, if he had not swerved on getting into the cords. Pavis's riding on Archibald evinced a marked improvement.

Thursday may be dismissed in a few words, for nothing could be worse. The Town Plate was won in a canter by Lord Clarendon's Reveller filly, beating Miss Mary Anne, Ambrosia, and three others, in a canter. Lucetta made a similar example of Whiskey for the King's Plate, which same Whiskey

ought to have been made above proof to run a severe two-mile match, and come out the next race

for a four-mile heat! And all the rest was "leather and prunella."

Yours, &c.

Newmarket, Oct. 6, 1832.

SECOND OCTOBER MEETING.

SIR,

A little *scan. mag.* will probably relieve the unavoidable dullness of racing descriptions, and as the subject has made some stir I shall make no apology for giving a *few last* words, by way of postscript or finale to the letter of your Doncaster correspondent. I happened to be at Doncaster in the race week, and was present at the "*explanations*" on the Ludlow swindle. Your account accurately enough describes the leading particulars, omitting, however, one or two minor points, which, no doubt, your correspondent conceived did not bear upon the question. Mr. Bond's *explanation* described the purchase as having been effected by the payment of £3000 in bank-notes, and a cheque on Herries and Co. for £2250, making the 5000 guineas so modestly demanded by Mr. Beardsworth. During this statement, the latter gentleman was amusing himself in the hazard-room; he was soon brought "to the bar of the house" by Lord Uxbridge, in order that it might be ascertained whether *his* account tallied with Mr. Bond's. There was a manifest hesitation in his answers; he certainly did contrive to recollect the £3000, but boggled terribly about the cheque; and when, by dint of a little prompting, he managed to recal it to his memory, he had quite forgotten the house it was drawn upon! Luckily he had merciful judges, who, placing this suspicious want of memory to the account of agitation, &c., declared

him to be *whitewashed*! To my mind there was nothing like whitewashing in the matter—it remained dirty as ever. I must now change the scene to Newmarket, where Ludlow arrived at the commencement of the last meeting in *the custody of one of Mr. Beardsworth's grooms*! The Bonds were here on the Thursday, and endeavoured to obtain possession, but were resisted; constables were procured, and a battle royal was fought round the horse, who ultimately remained with the Birmingham party.

On the Saturday previous to the present meeting Mr. Beardsworth offered Ludlow for sale to Mr. Isaac Sadler for £1500, with additions contingent upon his winning certain stakes; and at this price he would have been sold if the Doncaster affair had been satisfactorily explained to Mr. Sadler. On Tuesday last Mr. Beardsworth distributed privately some printed catalogues of all his stud, offering them for sale by private contract. Ludlow was amongst them; and Mr. B. accounts for it by "having bought him the day before of Mr. Bond!" And, that the humbug may be complete, he has affixed prices to the others at which no man in his senses could think of buying. I think that enough has been stated to prove that the pretended sale at Doncaster was a barefaced, shameless deception, and that all the parties implicated (they are perfectly well known) ought to be expelled the Turf. I had almost forgotten to mention that Mr.

Beardsworth had the impudence to enter Ludlow for the Oatlands, and that the Stewards put 9st. 2lb. on him—at least a stone more than he would have been handicapped under ordinary circumstances.

In my last you will find a slight allusion to a wrangle between Mr. F. Richardson, of St. Nicholas, York, blacksmith and better, and Marson, Lord Exeter's trainer; the circumstances are shortly these. At the Doncaster Meeting Richardson offered to bet 10 to 1 that Byzantium did not win the St. Leger, and Marson train for Lord Exeter that day six months; from this he proceeded to the most scurrilous abuse and accusation, declaring, point blank, that Marson had made more money by his horses losing than by their winning—that he had made them safe, &c. &c. This reached Marson's ears, and he, very properly cited Richardson before the Stewards of the Jockey Club. When before these noble personages he denied, with an effrontery that none but himself or his confederates could assume, that he had ever made any charge against Mr. Marson—in fact, completely eat his words; so that thus far Marson, to use Lord Uxbridge's phrase, was *whitewashed*. Richardson, however, broke fresh ground; he charged Marson with having employed him to bet against Brother to Zealot for the Derby, some four or five years since, and having pocketed £300 thereby. This Marson at once admitted, stating as his reason for so doing that he had previously backed the horse, who subsequently went lame, and that he did not see any reason why he should not hedge to his bet, and get a little money by the horse as well as the public. The Stewards were of opinion that so far Rich-

ardson had proved his case, and left Lord Exeter, who was present during the examination, to act as he pleased. The accuser made divers assertions, with the intention of creating an unfavourable feeling against Marson, but on the whole effectually proved himself to be utterly worthless and contemptible. This is the substance of the two cases to the best of my knowledge; still my account must be received, "errors excepted," for the dignified silence observed by the Jockey Club Stewards must necessarily leave us in the dark as to the actual evidence collected, or the decisions given upon it—those noble personages will do well to consider whether in matters so essentially compromising the honour and best interests of the Turf they ought not, for the protection of the public, to conduct their examinations with "open doors." Of the parties whose names appear above, it is obvious that some are unfit associates for respectable men, and yet we find *all* are tolerated as if their characters were spotless. I repeat that the Jockey Club owe it to themselves and the public, to be a little more communicative. Nothing else of importance has been before them, unless, indeed, we include some grumbling about their "creature comforts;" as it cannot be of consequence to your readers whether the dinners and wines have been above or below "Par," I shall proceed to the Racing forthwith.

Monday.—The meeting began well; lovely weather, plenty of sport, heavy betting, and a good muster of the aristocrats of the Turf, thanks to the importations from Heaton Park,³ Buckingham, Euston, &c. The first race was a match between Mr. Williamson's filly out of Rivulet, and Mr. Os-

baldeston's filly out of Scheme. The Squire's Scheme failed, and the Rivulet ran home without interruption.

The Garden Stakes. A play or pay race, concocted with a vast deal of mummery, and illegal, forsooth, if the handicaps should omit to go into the garden to settle the weights! Five stood; viz. Archibald, 3 yrs. 7st. 4lb.; Variation, 5 yrs. 8st. 9lb.; Marcus, 4 yrs. 7st. 8lb.; Kean, 6 yrs. 6st. 10lb.; and Sluggard, 3yrs. 6st. 5lb. All were at the Duke's stables and the jockeys had weighed. On a sudden it was announced that Archibald would not start! and this too after he had been in the betting as first favourite, at play or pay, and the market prices regulated by the belief that he would start! This is not the first occurrence of the kind the public have had to complain of—it is a method of getting money not very creditable, and ought to be checked. The race was not run with any truth; a slow pace till near the end, the old mare sneaking behind, till near the finish, when she went up to her horses and beat without difficulty by a length.

Handicap of 50 sovs. each. Oxygen, 8st. 9lb.; Margaret, 7st.; and Naiad, 7st. 13lb. Oxygen weighed beyond her capacity, and Margaret just as much the other way; with all this in her favour she won by a neck only. Naiad second.

Sweepstakes of 100 sovs. each, D. I. A splendid race between Kate, Fedora, and filly out of Stays, Mersey running only as whipper-in. The pace "shocking bad" across the flat, but terrible from the turn of the land, Kate winning with great difficulty by a neck; Fedora beating Stays by not more than a neck. I had nearly forgotten the match between Crutch and Car-

thago, the former 4 years old with 8st. 9lb. and the latter, aged, with 8st. 2lb., and James Robinson on him; the pace severe and the race tolerably close till within two or three strides of home, and then it was all over with Carthago, whose fore legs, thick as mill-posts, could stand it no longer. Crutch won easy.

Tuesday.—The majority of the racing was with two yr. olds, the fields large and bad, the betting heavy. A Plate of £50, for two yr. olds, had filled sufficiently well to admit of two classes; the first was won cleverly by Lord Exeter's Minima, beating Emir c., by Oscar, out of Tippetwitchet, c. by Centaur, out of Problem, f. by Woful, out of Sister to Rob Roy; f. by Truffle, out of Bizarre, f. by Longwaist, out of Lacerta, Mountain Maid, and c. by Dunsinane, out of Sister to Romana.

The Second Class was carried off by the Rivulet filly, who made so successful a *debut* yesterday; she was opposed by Col. Peel's Silly Billy, Sister to Terry Alt, Catalonian, c. by Spinaway, f. by Partisan, out of Fawn, and Enchantment. The winner is now called Deva. The running was pretty close till within the cords, when Rivulet, with the rush of a torrent, shot by her competitors, and won by a length cleverly, Silly Billy running second. Colonel Peel's horses generally run pretty forward, seldom taking a worse place than second; the philosophical indifference with which the gallant Colonel submits to the rebuffs of fortune is highly characteristic. I question if Sir —, or Lord —, could continue to smoke their cigar, with such uninterrupted self-possession. Between these classes a Handicap of 10 sovs. each was decided between Dryad, Herrier;

Emiliana, Little Fanny, Whisker c., Olga, and c. by Truffle; a smart race between the first two, the nimble little Dryad just winning by a head. She was afterwards pitted against Lochinvar in a match, and got beaten to a stand still.

After all these preliminary matters were settled, we came to the Clearwell Stakes, the great event of the day. Strange to say, it was won by Lord Orford, whose good fortune appeared to give general satisfaction; his Lordship is a good sportsman, has stood beating well, but has hitherto had the worst of it.

The following started—

Lord Orford's gr. c. by Jerry, out of Lisette.....	1
Col. Peel's ch. c. Nonsense (brother to Non Compos).....	2
Lord Exeter's c. by Sultan, out of Dahlia's dam	3

Thirteen others not placed, viz.:—Mr. Cooke's ch. f. Tarantella, Lord Chesterfield's Dirce, Duke of Grafton's Sister to Oxygen, Lord Jersey's Janissary, Mr. Dilly's Wonford, Mr. Dilly's Temperance, Mr. Frewen's Solitaire, Mr. Forth's f. by Muley, out of Clare, Sir M. Wood's f. by Muley, out of Miss Wasp, Col. Peel's Malibran, Mr. Ridsdale's Emperor, Mt. Sowerby's Tigress, and Sir S. Graham's Emery. With so large a field, it is not surprising that much time was lost in false starts, in every one of them Lord Orford's colt was first away, and when the race actually commenced, he managed to get a start of nearly two lengths. He was in the front rank throughout, Lord Exeter's nag in company till some thirty yards from the end, by which the bloom was taken off the Dahlia. Col. Peel's then broke from the ruck, and after an extemporaneous run to the left, challenged Lord Orford's; the latter,

however, would stand "no nonsense," and won by a length easy. He is a fine colt, and likely to run a clipper next year. Sir Mark Wood and his filly both appeared as if they had caught cold.

Wednesday.—Three races, two of them of surpassing excellence. First in the list was the Oatlands, for which all that accepted ran. They were Messenger, Lady Fly, Gab, Gondolier, Non Compos, and Mixbury. Although contrary to habit, the Lady Fly made running, Messenger close upon her wings; Gab was also pretty forward for the greater part of the race, without at all disturbing the positions of the other two. About a hundred yards from the chair, Messenger ran alongside the Lady Fly, clipt her wings after some resistance, and was home first by a neck. The rest were beaten shamefully.

Sweepstakes of 200 sovs. each. Four smart looking two yr. olds laid claim to a snug purse of a thousand pounds. Lord Verulam's out of Tredrille resigned at an early part of the race, and Elvaston did not live much longer. The Duke of Grafton's Divan found a worthy opponent in Lord Exeter's Sister to Green Mantle, and only defeated her by a liberal use of the persuaders. All four were by Sultan. Galata beat Salute in a common canter—so much for the third day.

Thursday.—If the first three days were good, those succeeding were bad enough. After a match between two wretches, there was a Handicap of 10 sovs. each, for which the Silvertail colt, Ambrosio, and Pedro started; the former won easy, and has been christened Argent. I recommend Mr. Wilson to translate him into plain English Silver, for horses of this genus are always best in Button Park.

Two races for the Town Plate. Herrier, in order no doubt to make sport, refusing to go; Drover, Bohemian, and three others therefore went by themselves; Drover (improperly christened) making strong play, and winning by nearly a hundred yards. In the second race he did the same, and won in a canter, Herrier being placed. Drover was claimed for 200 sovs., and is worth six. Taurus surprized even his friends by running a *whole mile*, and winning easy, with plenty of weight, and no roaring! Water Witch was second.

Friday.—If the public were gratified by Lord Orford's success on Tuesday, they were still more so by Gen. Grosvenor's to day; the old General is a general favourite, and like Lord Orford, has hitherto had the wrong end of the stick. The prize carried off by him was the Prendergast, a pretty little thing worth nine hundred pounds or thereabouts; and the nag was Glaucus, as promising a two yr. old as you would wish to see. He was in front all the way, his rider, honest John, every now and then turning his head from right to left (like a Mandarin on a chimney piece), for the terror of all jockeys, James Robinson; the latter, however, could not do impossibilities, and Jason was obliged to content himself with a very middling second place. Dirce was third, Sister to Green Mantle, and Brother to Beiram, fourth and fifth, and the Fawn filly last. There was some manœuvring respecting Nonsense, not very creditable to some of the gentlemen. It may be all very well to bet p. p. against horses with a full knowledge that they will not run, but with what grace can these parties cry against the malpractices of their inferiors? and now I may close my despatch, for the Prendergast

was the only race of the day.

Yours, &c.

Newmarket, October 23.

[We have given our correspondent's letter as we received it, though we think it right to state that the reports which have reached us respecting Marson's (Lord Exeter's trainer) conduct, are much more serious than the foregoing account would lead the reader to believe; it is true that the character of his accuser is none of the purest, but still the decision of the Jockey club and conduct of Lord Exeter, afford convincing proofs of very improper proceedings having been resorted to. In fact racing has now arrived at that state which must either work its ruin or reformation, the natural patrons of the Turf, the noble and influential of the country, are jostled off the course by their own trainers, and a set of needy adventurers, who make racing subservient to their own purposes, wholly regardless of the purpose for which it was instituted. Fiction presents no parallel to the stratagems and rascality resorted to by a portion of the fraternity, designated "Turf men." So far from the powers of a horse being regarded, he is made the passive instrument in their hands for every species of robbery and extortion. A class of men, some of them the very out-dregs of society, have risen into an importance on the Turf, that threatens its very existence as a legitimate amusement; for what interest can hawkers, pedlars, blacksmiths, hackney-men, coachmen, upholsterers, and worse than these, the villanous gaming-house keepers, the very scum of the earth, take in encouraging the breed of the horse?

We object to no man on account of the humbleness of his origin. On the contrary, we would say that he who raises himself by fair

and honest means, even on the Turf, from indigence to affluence, and who knows how to conduct himself in the days of his prosperity, is entitled to encouragement from that very circumstance; but we do object to seeing the noble and aristocratic of the land mingling on terms of intimacy with characters from whom those in the middle walks of life would shrink, contaminated by the touch. Things, however, we are happy to think, cannot continue long in their present state; either the natural patrons of the Turf must resume their former sway, and racing be again followed as a diversion, or the Turf must for a time be left in the hands of those who have brought it into its present state of disrepute, until having pigeoned each other to their hearts' content, they betake themselves to other and more suitable occupations. Noblemen and gentlemen can no longer put confidence in trainers, when betting is carried to such a point as to make it worth the while of any man, or set of men, to purchase their good offices for a single race by a comfortable settlement for life; nor will others be inclined to bet their money so long as the favourite is liable to be snapped up at the starting-post, and made subservient to the purposes of unprincipled adventurers. But it is needless for us to occupy our pages by enumerating the evils that attend the present system; the disease is great but the remedy is easy, and we have no doubt it will be applied with that discretion which has ever distinguished the proceedings of the Jockey Club, and that Newmarket at all events will be freed from the presence of persons who must ever throw disrepute upon whatever they are connected with.]—ED.

NO. XIX.—VOL. IV.

THE TERRIER.

Engraved by R. GOLDING, from a Picture by A. COOPER, R.A.

THE wiry-haired gentleman who sat for this elegant portrait (equal we think to any of the *beauties* that have appeared in the *Annuals* of this season) is a scientific vermin destroyer, and an indefatigable enemy to all rats and other live lumber. He is represented in the act of waiting for one of these troublesome wretches, who he will doubtless make a similar example of to the one that already lays dead at his side. We have always been partial to Terriers, which we think the most useful and economical of the canine tribe. They are strong and hardy, possessed of great courage, very sagacious, and exceedingly faithful; added to which their cost (bating the tax) is a mere trifle, for anything is considered good enough for the poor terrier, who has often to tarry a long time for his food. No country-house, we think, ought to be without one or two, more especially in countries often crossed by fox-hounds; for there is always a demand for a spade and a terrier when they get near a gentleman's seat, in consequence of the number of drains generally open. Terriers cannot be bred too small, provided strength is not lost sight of; but they should not be quite thorough-bred, for the jaw is not then sufficiently strong to grapple with a powerful adversary like a full grown fox; but a rough Scotch terrier, with a touch of the bull-dog in the muzzle, will face almost anything in the shape of vermin. A real good one is invaluable.

G

Noctes Nimrodianæ;

OR,

SPORTING CONVERSATIONS WITH NIMROD.—No. I.

WHEN two sportsmen get together it does not require the aid of a conjuror to guess what their conversation will turn upon, and as an Editor of a Sporting—or indeed of any other—Magazine without a retentive memory, would resemble that excellent dish plum-pudding without plums, we brushed up ours expressly for the purpose of spending a long promised week with our friend Nimrod. Indeed, to say the truth, we took a few lessons in stenography before we left home, and when the mighty hunter was looking another way, we every now and then *booked him*, and shall now proceed to place the sporting parts of our conversations before our readers, first premising that the subjects arose incidentally, sometimes over the Bohea at breakfast, sometimes in the course of a stroll along the wide extending beach in the neighbourhood of Calais, at others upon the dusty road, and if none in “academick shade,” still we may safely say in the honey-suckled bowers of the Chateau d’Ami, the present residence of our sporting friend. The most appropriate place for all this sort of thing however is over the bottle, for a little of the old fashioned principle of jollity has a wonderfully fine effect in expanding the heart and drawing out stories; therefore we will continue them, as in reality they commenced, in the evening, and suppose Nimrod and ourself just drawing our easy chairs to the Belgian coal fire, in the middle room on the ground floor of the Chateau d’Ami, with the red curtains drawn, doors closed, old Boreas kicking up a bluster outside, and a bottle of port, another of claret, on the table. Time—The evening of our return from Paris Races.

NIMROD.—(*Stirring the fire*).

Well, Mr. Editor, you have had fine weather for your trip to Paris Races, I hope you have been rewarded for your trouble.

EDITOR.

Oh, excellent fun indeed; I wish you had been with me.

NIMROD.

I wish I had myself. Had you any difficulty in getting information?

EDITOR.

None at all. For a very good reason too—there was none to get. They know no more about racing than they do of flying.—Lord bless you, the French have no pleasure in the thing, they do it as a matter of business, and a fine Sunday in Paris will always draw a crowd. It is a different sort of thing to what we are accustomed to in England, where we can go into the stables, or the stands, or the weighing room, or inside the rails or outside the rails, and the fellows are all civility and hats off. In France, by Jove! they stick you in one place if you go in a carriage, in another if you go on horseback, in a third if you go in the Cale-

donian magnificence of a pair of shoes, and if you attempt to move from where they place you slap goes a bayonet through your ribs! Oh, they are a fine nation—very fine nation indeed—but tell me, Nimrod, how do you like France?

NIMROD.

Faith, were it not for a few particulars, I should scarcely know that was in it.

EDITOR.

But the language, 'eh—how do you manage it?

NIMROD.

Why, the little I know of French, and the little the people I have to do with here know of English, well mixed together, removes all the difficulty, and the best interpreter I have met with is a five franc piece.

EDITOR.

But what are your few particulars, for I know a good many.

NIMROD.

Oh, scarcely worth speaking of.—Beef not so fat, wine confounded sour. No wonder the translators of the Bible mistook *αἶμα* for *οἶνος*, and call wine—vinegar.

EDITOR.

Nothing else?

NIMROD.

Yes; a comical way of spending Sunday. Poor men working, rich men shooting; but one soon gets used to all that. No taxes however, and waggon loads of specie. Then every now and then I hear a strange noise in my stable. "La—la—la—oh, Coquin—oh, mechant—ah, sacre! vous me tuerez."

EDITOR.

Gad, sir, you speak the language like a native, and what does it all mean?

NIMROD.

Why it's my French groom trying to crupper my old cab horse, the quietest old brute on earth. "Charley Dix," as they call him here, took all the kick out of him many years ago, between Paris and Chantilly, on his hunting excursions, and if a lighted cracker were tied to his tail it would not make a bolter of him.

EDITOR.

Charley Dix made a better king than the present man, who is now just as unpopular as ever *he* was. I always liked Charles, he was a true sportsman, and behaved well in that row that Adam, the banker of Boulogne, got the English into for hunting. I remember the French christened him "Robin des Bois," from his partiality to the chase, which you know is chiefly confined to the Forests. Indeed, here lies the great difference between French and English hunting. The French will never let the animal leave the cover if they can help it, while John Bull is

never happy till he sees him clear away. By the way, have you heard any thing more of the wolf hounds.

NIMROD.

Not a word ; I suppose they never came. Indeed I have seen nothing of French sporting, save having been out coursing five times last winter, when we saw *two* hares.

EDITOR.

"*Prodigious, sir !*" as Liston says. Why the farmers will be eaten up with them. But your "*Chasse*" is open about here I see ; do you handle the trigger ?

NIMROD.

No, I don't shoot here ; but I lent my double barreled gun yesterday to a friend, and before night it was—

EDITOR.

Lost !

NIMROD.

Oh no ; *found safe enough*, in the hands of two gendarmes, six feet three inches high.

EDITOR.

I suppose he had been shooting without a port d'armes.

NIMROD.

No ; the *chasse* had not opened—as you would say in England, the first of September had not arrived, but here, you know, the shooting begins according to the state of the crops, and so on. As for their Game Laws, they are all very well for persons like myself who do not shoot, and purchase what little game they want, but the legal sale of game has ruined shooting as a sport. Poaching is also carried on to an unlimited extent in France. Long before the *chasse* opened this year (and I suppose it is always so) the tables of the English, and of course the French families, were well supplied with game. In England I see the commitments have doubled in many counties since the sale of game has been made lawful.

EDITOR.

Very likely ; but that is no criterion, in my opinion, whereby we can judge of the operation of the new Bill. It was sure to be the case at starting ; besides which, the game preservers ought to have glutted the market and so beat the poachers out of it. But France and England bear no analogy towards each other, and it is the subdivision of property, and not the legalization of the sale of game, that has destroyed the shooting in this country in my opinion. But as you don't shoot, do you do any thing in the coaching line ?

NIMROD.

Yes ; I often walk into the *grande route* at the bottom of the avenue, to see a Paris and Lisle Diligence pass by, and that does *astonish* me, for I had always been told that the French were a clever, enlightened people. When I see this, I can't help thinking they have all been asleep since the flood.

EDITOR.

Just describe it according to your idea?

NIMROD.

To be sure I will; but pass the bottle, I know you are a port wine man, and you may want another glass before I get to the end of my story. Well, when I get into the road, I can see a mile and a half each way over a dead flat. And what do I see a mile and a half off? Why something coming like a hay-stack upon wheels. Out upon it, I say, how slow it moves—I could write half a page for the ——— before it will get here. But how is this—the old white mare leader to-day? I never saw her before the bars yet. The leaders are two bays and a black. Oh! I see how it is now—the leaders are on one side the road and the wheelers on the other; so that although there are three of them, they are so kind as to give us a full view of the wheel horses, coach and all. Well, they approach nearer—a stranger would exclaim, “there is a person *thrashing* on the top of your hay-stack.” Oh, no, it is the fellow who drives it, but his pig-whip is never quiet for a moment—hark! how heavy it falls upon them. He first hits one horse, then another, and what is the consequence? Why what with his long pole-pieces and no command over their mouths, having only one pair of reins to five horses, three leaders and two wheelers; no sooner does he hit his near side horse than the coach follows that horse to the off side of the road, and *vice versa*, so that I do not hesitate saying, that over every five mile stage the machine (coach I cannot call it, and I am sure it still less deserves the name of *Diligence*, being five hours travelling twenty-four miles) has to run, it passes over nearly half a mile of extra ground.

EDITOR.

By Jove you're right. I have often made the same remark in the course of my rambles through France.

NIMROD.

But this is nothing to what I saw in another *Diligence* that rolls between Paris and Calais, and if a friend had not been with me at the time to vouch for the truth of it, I should really have been afraid to tell you the story.

EDITOR.

Oh, my dear sir, don't be particular; an Editor can swallow any thing. It is the readers only who are fastidious—out with it.

NIMROD.

Well it was this. The postilion—for this fellow did not drive from the box—had quitted his saddle, and with a pipe in his mouth was sitting on the foot-board, with his jack-boots dangling down (but not reaching the splinter bar) in a most ludicrous position.

EDITOR.

But what brought him there?

NIMROD.

Why you would never guess. It was raining, so he sat there for

shelter, from the soufflet or cabriolet, or whatever you call the place where the conducteur, or guard as we would call him, sits.

EDITOR.

But how did he guide his horses ?

NIMROD.

Why I'll give you your own time to guess that—so help yourself, there's plenty more wine in the house. Well, do you give it up ? Then I'll tell you—*He had a single string to the middle leader, and that was all !!!*

EDITOR.

Capital! I am glad I was not in it; but it is extraordinary how tractable their horses are, though they drive sometimes all stallions, and sometimes stallions and mares together. I'll tell you a good thing that happened to me last night coming from Paris; but help yourself Nimrod, I am drinking all the wine, and I'm sure it's as much yours as mine. I always make a rule of travelling by the mail, most especially from Paris to the Coast, because you are only out a night and a day, and after a five o'clock dinner yesterday afternoon I found myself rattling away out of the French capital with a great lump of mortality, in the shape of an eighteen stone Englishman, at my side. The exertion of talking, except to a devilish pretty girl, in a coach is too much, and my companion being a most unintellectual sort of animal, I made all possible haste to fall asleep. Well, at every change I was disturbed a little, but made it a rule never to waken up lest the monster should have something to say. However, about ten or eleven o'clock, just as we had started after a fresh change, I heard a tremendous w-h-o-o-o-o-o-i-e, w-h-o-o-o-o-o-i-e, proceeding from the leathern-lunged postillion—at such a length, by Jove you might have thought he was a sort of penny-a-line shouter! Having got his horses stopped he dismounted to put some of the tackle right, but the nags being rather fresh, instead of standing still after he dismounted, they walked on a few paces. The conducteur got out and after much haggling they arranged the ropes and trappings; but the postillion in dismounting it seems had thrown his pig-whip, as you call it, on the ground, consequently it was then a few yards behind the malle poste. Well, instead of asking the conducteur to get him it, he set off to plodge (as it were) in those enormous wooden boots, like trunks of trees, that they sometimes put their legs in, and left his horses to themselves, who began to walk off as soon as ever his back was turned. Though it was merely a *walk*, "the pace was too good" for him in his tree-roots, and hearing "W-h-o-o-o-o-i-e," "W-h-o-o-o-o-i-e," behind the coach, and feeling it moving on, I thought there was something wrong, so I put my head out of the window and, by the light of the moon, I beheld an Herculean looking fellow—a regular Jack the Giant Killer—in seven-leagued boots, straddling along like a second Colossus of roads (Rhodes), with his pig-whip in the air, shouting "W-h-o-o-o-a-e," "W-h-o-o-o-a-e," at the top of his voice as I have described. Luckily the conducteur had not got into his nest again, and succeeded in stopping them just as we arrived at a narrow bridge. But tell me, have you ever travelled by a French Diligence ?

NIMROD.

Never, nor do I think I ever shall; young Tattersall frightened me out of that about this time twelvemonth, by telling me that, with the dust flying, he was fifteen hours doing seventy miles—from Paris to Amiens. Some time after this, when perhaps the road may not have been quite so good, a friend of mine was fifty-six hours from Calais to Paris—just three miles an hour.

EDITOR.

That is slow work, however. I have travelled it often, but do not remember, even in winter, being above four hours behind time. I breakfasted at Amiens at five o'clock this morning, and it was half-past six before we passed the Barrier, coming out of Paris. In going from here to Paris you kick your heels at Amiens for two or three hours, waiting for some other mail coming in.

NIMROD.

You would leave Calais at ten o'clock at night, I suppose—what time did you arrive in Paris?

EDITOR.

About five o'clock on the second morning; that is to say, you get to the post-office about that time, but they drive you about the yard a little before they let you out of the concern; and when they do, there are some d—d fellows who must examine your luggage, so that you can't reckon upon reaching your hotel much before six.

NIMROD.

But what have they to do with your luggage there?

EDITOR.

Oh, I suppose they like to see what sort of linen one sports. The ostensible object is to see that you are not bringing wine or provisions into town that ought to pay duty at the Barrier; but they are a queer set of brutes, and what can you do against bayonet law? But I want to hear a little from you, for I have scarcely had a soul to speak to all the time, I have been in Paris. Suppose now you were writing on the French road, how would you describe a French coachman?

NIMROD.

My dear fellow, there's not such a thing in France.

EDITOR.

Eh bien, Monsieur. Then we will say—a driver.

NIMROD.

Aye, *now* you have it; *driver* is the word. Of these there are two kinds—the man on the box, and the postillion in the wooden boots. He on the box wears something like a hunting cap on his head, and on his carcase a blue smock-frock, which, swelling with the wind, renders him a fair specimen of the “*monstrum horrendum*.” His reins—of which, I said before, he has but one pair to five horses—are buckled to the hoop of his box, and he is often to be seen without having them in his

hand, sitting cross-legged in a sort of chair that holds but himself, with a pipe in his mouth, either whipping his horses or crying out *Gee*, he crawls along with his patient load, quite satisfied with himself, and no doubt fancying himself a coachman. As to the *postillion* to a French diligence he is a perfect nondescript—half sailor, half soldier—a touch of the waggoner, and a good deal of the labourer; in short, setting all costume at defiance. He is, however, a civil fellow to his passengers, without expecting to be paid for it; and with a pipe in his mouth and some brandy in his belly, looks healthy and happy. But the old boy on the St. Omer diligence, whom we call *Jack Peer*, diverts me most; I can't describe his drag, but I may convey some idea of himself. He drives a Unicorn team from Calais to St. Omer, twenty-four miles, which his horses are condemned to perform as their daily toil. I feel sorry for them, as one or two of them appear to have seen better days. The old man himself, however, is quite in contrast with his cattle—he looks well fed and happy, and does not appear to abuse his horses; but talk of contrasting chalk with cheese, they are twin brothers—peas out of the same pod—compared with the distant resemblance of this man to an English coachman. His time is six hours; and as he toddles along, his reins tied to his box, he turns round to his passengers to join in any conversation that may be going on, or smokes his pipe in their faces, and thus beguiles the tedious hours.

EDITOR.

And how gets on my friend on the English coach from Calais to Boulogne?

NIMROD.

Why there is not much to be said about it, and for this reason—the fares are too low to do it well. What can five francs, or four shillings and two pence, in and out, do for twenty-four miles of very severe road?

EDITOR.

Decidedly the worst piece of road between Calais and Paris, I thought we should never accomplish it to night; but four shillings and two pence, if he loads well, ought to go a long way in France, where there are no taxes or tolls. A Frenchman is puzzled when he takes a ride out of Dover and is stopped at the Buckland toll-gate for pay; he thinks it is the "Octroy," and pulls out his passport. But I suppose the cholera has been much against people moving this year.

NIMROD.

Oh, yes; it is terribly bad about here now; the French are dying on all sides. But, bless you, they actually court the cholera by their diet. By the way, perhaps you would like to be provided with a deviled turkey's leg, or something, for supper, as you dined so early?

EDITOR.

I should not mind for once encountering the night-mare in indulging in a devil; better do that than run the risk of getting the cholera. By Jove, how it has tickled up the Parisians!

NIMROD.

They say sixty thousand died of it.

EDITOR.

No, no; that's a long way beyond the mark. The physician to the embassy told me he thought from eighteen to twenty thousand, and out of that number not above eight or ten English.

NIMROD.

Ay, that is the *hard meat* system, Mr. Editor—the Quarterly and you are all in favour of that, I see. The Courier of this evening says the people at Boulogne are dying “like sheep of the cholera.”

EDITOR.

I dare say the editor of the Courier is quite right; but if there had no more people died of it than there have sheep they would be all alive, for I have not heard of any of the “muttons” being infected. I passed through Boulogne at four o'clock this afternoon, and never saw the town looking gayer. But about the French coaching, what think you of that?

NIMROD.

Why with regard to the method of driving it can only be practised with the sort of horse they use—one remove from the cart-horse; but of the two systems in use I prefer the postillion to the man on the box; the latter, from the manner of his reins acting, can give no assistance to his horses—whereas, the postillion being nearer to them can help them a little in their work. He drives a good deal after the manner of our English waggoner—*by the voice*; and the sort of whip he uses falls with great severity on his leaders. I have been told that on some parts of the road to Paris, much exposed to wind, neither the diligence or mail could proceed at the pace they do, were the horses—wretchedly as they are put together—driven from the box in reins.

EDITOR.

You must have seen some curious turns out in the way of French carriages since you came here.

NIMROD.

Indeed I have. The French look at a carriage solely as a means of conveyance from one place to another—to substance and not to appearance. Indeed, you may see a gentleman of considerable fortune, at least for France, enter Calais (from the country to spend his morning) in a wretched old cabriolet, with a bundle of green clover, or, indeed, hay, tied to the axle-tree, for his horse.

EDITOR.

And now what think you of the French people?

NIMROD.

As far as I have observed them they are a happy, contented people—very fond of amusement, but very prudent in their pleasures. Where

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H

an Englishman spends five shillings, they spend five sous, but appear equally pleased with their bargain. It is true, that on Sunday evenings I hear the drum beating at the public-house on the great road, and if I walk down to it I find persons dancing; but if I were to remain there six hours, I should neither see a drunken man nor hear an oath uttered. I think the French spend their Sunday evenings amid very innocent recreations.

EDITOR.

I agree with you there; drunkenness is a sad vice in any country, very sad vice, indeed. By the way though, I think you have been taking a "back hand" at the bottle, for this one is empty, and I do not feel as though I had had my allowance.

NIMROD.

Oh, but you shall! I have got three more out here, and you shall have three more after them, if you like.

EDITOR.

No, no; *three* more will be quite sufficient. I'm a moderate man; and have always held that two bottles of port wine after dinner are as good as a dozen. So raise the lamp, stir the fire, and let us spin a yarn upon hunting. Whose hounds do you consider to have been the best you have ever hunted with?

NIMROD.

Egad, that's a poser! You might as well ask me, *Whose wine?* I have hunted with so many packs (more than sixty), and tasted so many bins, that one question would be nearly as easy to answer as the other. Then remember the old saying—Comparisons are odious.

EDITOR.

Poh, poh! You know what passes "*inter nos*, will not be proclaimed at Charing Cross."

NIMROD.

Since I commenced fox-hunter, fox-hunting has undergone a very great change, and—

EDITOR.

Hem!—vide Quarterly Review—Nimrod on Condition of Hunters. But let us have a little of your own experience—something original; I have got "Melton Mowbray" and "Snob" off by heart.

NIMROD.

Then before we go any further we will fill a bumper to the Quarterly.

EDITOR.

No, indeed we won't; we will drink the New Sporting Magazine first: so off with your heel-taps, and let us have no sky-lights. That's right!—now then for the time when you commenced fox-hunter.

NIMROD.

As I was going to say, I came into the world a few years too late for

the drag—that is, finding almost all foxes by dragging on them from their prowl to their kennel; for when I commenced fox-hunter ten o'clock was become the hour of meeting with most hounds in England, when the drag becomes a very uncertain business, if not, indeed, a hopeless case. Nevertheless, it has often been my good fortune to see a fox found by the drag at the vulgar hour of five or six in the morning; and I do not hesitate saying it is one of the finest features in this noble sport. In the first place, it is the surest test of nose—a point, I think, too often overlooked, or rather not *sufficiently* regarded, and now and then sacrificed to other minor considerations. I form my opinion here on this ground—is it not always the case, that in every pack there are a few hounds, and *only a few*, which distinguish themselves greatly beyond their fellows in hitting off a very cold scent? The fact is, there are such a multiplicity of hounds now bred, that the hope of having them all good hunters is a vain one, and doubtless there are many useless hounds in every pack, which at any part of the day would be quite as well at home. Rely on it, likewise, that according to the number of hounds now taken into the field, the number of foxes killed is much smaller in proportion than it used to be in former times. There cannot be a doubt but that when fox-hunting began every hound was a hunter—true to his line as the needle to the pole; and although it might have taken a long time to get hold of Mr. Reynard, he only now and then escaped.

EDITOR.

Dare you tell “the Squire” so?

NIMROD.

Yes; and I am certain he will admit what I say in reference to fox-hunting *in general*; but the non-killing of foxes must not be laid altogether to hounds. In former times ten persons perhaps composed the field, each man highly interested in the well-doing of the pack; the average of late years has been sixty, at least, in all the hunting countries in England, more than half of whom think more of riding than hunting, and of course often do mischief. There is also another chance in the fox's favour;—I will not go so far as to say hounds would be *sure* in proportion as they are *slow*, but it cannot be doubted that the very increased speed of hounds and horsemen is much against blood. As the sporting editor of the Quarterly says, “the emulation of leading, in dogs and their masters, has been the ruin of many a good cry.” And now we will *drink* the Quarterly.

EDITOR.

With all my heart!—here goes—The Old Quarterly!—so called because it comes out five times a year. Now hark forward, Nimrod, to your story.

NIMROD.

I was going to say, that the rapidity with which an animal pursues such minute particles as the effluvia called scent is composed of, must diminish or increase the powers by which he can maintain the possession of it; and the slow heavy-headed hound, unmolested in his hunting, must have enjoyed advantages unknown to the modern fox-hound. I

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have reason to believe all animals in a state of nature hunt their prey slowly, and consequently seldom miss having a taste of it.

EDITOR.

But is not this advantage to the slow hound more than made up by the act of getting nearer to his game in chase, which the modern fox-hound enjoys.

NIMROD.

I think not; it is the nature of all game to fly in proportion as it is pressed in its flight. The fox before the slow hound is, I should say, nine times in ten, not a yard further a-head than he would be before the quick one, having reason to believe, and I here speak from my experience, foxes regulate their speed by the cry of hounds.

EDITOR.

Well, that's a new idea; I'll book it.

NIMROD.

I think we may find the proof of it here. Allowing superiority of nose to the *slow hound*, yet, when a fox makes for distant points—which we know travelling foxes, as they are called, are for ever doing—even *he* would not be able to hunt him if the fox had gone at the top of his speed all the way. Towards the end of the distance, the pack being so far behind, the scent would be too much evaporated to hold on with him with anything like a killing head. No doubt, then, the plodding low-scenting pack would be less likely to lose their fox than a fast one, although they might be considerably longer about catching him. Indeed, I may also add this, in proof of what I have asserted as to the pace of foxes pursued by hounds; namely, that no fox could have maintained the distance that we know foxes did over the country in *slow times*, had they fled from point to point *at the top of their speed*, which they must now do before modern packs with a good scent.

EDITOR.

Are there no other disadvantages, think you, attending this increased speed?

NIMROD.

There are: foxes pressed so hard on first breaking cover get short of wind—*blown*, as we call it—and turn so short as to occasion a check, and often get upon foiled ground.

EDITOR.

But the contrary of this is the case with harriers.

NIMROD.

You are right; it is by pressing a hare alone that you keep her off her foil and make her try fresh ground. She played all kinds of pranks before the old-fashioned southern hound, but he made sure of her at last, to the great delight of the sportsmen coeval with himself. The modern harrier might not be a match for her at *this game*, but by forcing her to fly, he is still more sure of her than the other. In my opinion, harriers

cannot be too fleet to ensure the death of a hare, but not so the fox-hound.

EDITOR.

Then you are not an advocate for *the pace* with fox-hounds.

NIMROD.

Why no; I think the pleasure of fox-hunting is diminished by it. Now-a-days a sportsman's mind is nearly fully occupied in *riding* to hounds, instead of seeing them hunt. No sooner in a field than he must look for the best ground, as he would in riding a race; and then which way to get out of it, for large as it may be he is very soon at the end of it, when going "best pace." In hunting, the whole thing is too fast; and I am quite sure nineteen in twenty of those who follow fox-hounds would admit this if they were to speak their real sentiments. It is true, it is a delightful sensation to be close to hounds among a chosen few, with seven-eighths of the field behind you; but after all it is a selfish feeling, and the necessary means to enable a man to do so considerably adds to the expense of hunting. A horse in the hunting field resembles a horse in a fast coach—an extra price must be paid for him; and the latter wears out in half the time he would in a slow coach. 'Tis the pace that kills every thing, and looking back to former times one would be inclined to think that even the clock goes faster than it used. I have heard some of the well-known good sportsmen of olden times assert, that a fox well found was almost certain to show a good run. We cannot say so much now. Were I asked what I considered the proportion of good to bad, I should say four good runs in ten days' hunting (and no blanks) *quite* the outside.

EDITOR.

There are very few of the real old, enthusiastic, fox-hunting, neighbourly style of English squires now-a-days.

NIMROD.

Very few, indeed, very few, and the more's the pity. There's John Warde, though—and now do *me* a favour; fill your glass, *brimfull*, and drink—"John Warde and Fox-hunting."

EDITOR.

That I will, until my glass and my heart both overflow. No man has done more for fox-hunting than he has done, and he is, as you have said of him somewhere, a fine specimen of the old English gentleman. It was I that selected his portrait to adorn the first number of the New Sporting Magazine, and a more appropriate one, I think, could not have been chosen.

NIMROD.

Have you seen him lately?

EDITOR.

No; he was unwell during the summer, and moreover got trundled out of a pony-chaise, and fell with his head against a wall, which, he says, being "*bien solide*," knocked out three of the bricks. You may suppose how bad he was when I tell you he could not get to Tattersall's Derby dinner.

NIMROD.

He must, indeed; I don't like to hear that of my old friend; it is the first time he has ever missed. He is a great acquisition any where, but more especially when surrounded by brother sportsmen, as he is there. What sort of a party had you then?

EDITOR.

Oh, very pleasant, indeed. Masters of hounds, fox-hunters, racing men—and Matthews, who you know is a host in himself, was in great force. We kept it up very late, what with the flow of wit and wine. There was a lottery for the Derby horses as usual, which I won with St. Giles; so that I made a pretty good day's work of it altogether.

NIMROD.

Indeed you did: I've been in many a lottery there, but never could make any thing of it; but then, to be sure, I was not an editor.

EDITOR.

Aye, that's the thing; it would have been a disgrace to the *book*, you know, if I had let any of them carry off *my* cash. No, no; St. Giles is the horse, said I, as I opened the lot, though the odds were 13 to 1 against him. But to return to the old "English Squire;" where shall we find another thorough-bred one after John Warde?

NIMROD.

Where, indeed, as you say. My late neighbour, Mr. Chute, was a fine sample; but he is gone!

EDITOR.

Mr. Chute—what Mr. Chute of the Vine?

NIMROD.

The same; I dare say you have heard of him; "*Old Chute*," as every body used to call the worthy old gentleman, upwards of thirty years Member for Hampshire. He had a very neat pack of hounds that used to blaze away over the Hampshire hills when they caught a scent, and small as the hounds were it was not a bad nag that could enjoy himself half an hour in their company. It was their fate to be but indifferently appointed: they had to encounter the evil of a very middling huntsman. I could tell you some excellent stories of the old gentleman, who kept hounds between thirty and forty years, but one might perchance touch a wrong cord, and give pain where I would wish to avoid it.

EDITOR.

Oh, no; I'm sure you will say nothing of your old neighbour and brother sportsman but what will raise a smile on the face of his dearest friend. But you are safe to night, for I can seldom remember any thing after the third pint of wine, and I see we have only got one bottle out of our four to discuss, so let us have *old Chute* and it together; and see here come the turkey legs.

NIMROD.

My first acquaintance with Mr. Chute was by accident, for although I had heard of him and his hounds I never crossed him in my path till I went from London, in the spring of 1822, to look at the house I afterwards lived in in Hampshire, and in returning from an inspection of it to a post-chaise that was waiting for me in a lane, I saw a person coming tit-up-ing along on a little brown hackney, in rather a shabby surtout, with saddle, bridle, hat, and boots—all a dead match. Now to tell the real truth, when he approached me I took him for the parish doctor; but the sight of his pig-tail, in addition to a slight bow that he honoured me with "*en passant*," convinced me of the fact. Seeing him then open the gate that led to Beaurepaire-house I ventured to holloa him back, when he instantly pulled up his horse. "Pray, sir," said I, "can you give me any account of this house, for there is no one here but a drunken keeper who can tell me any thing about it?" "What, sir," said he, "have you a mind to take it?" I told him such was my wish. "Are you a sportsman?" said he, looking at my boots and breeches in which I chanced to be clad. "A bit of a one," was my reply. "*Then take it, sir*," said he, emphatically; "*you will be within half a mile of the best pack of fox-hounds in England*." "My God!" said I, "is it Mr. Chute whom I have the honour of addressing, and with whom I have taken this liberty?" "WILLIAM CHUTE IS THE MAN," he replied; "I am going to see two puppies that are at walk, but I will overtake you directly, and you must call and see my hounds." On entering his kennel, a hound called "Larkspur" first attracted my notice, and putting my stick on his back I observed that he was a clever hound. "You are a sportsman," said he, his countenance brightening as he spoke; and now the man appears. "I would not take five hundred guineas for that hound. I've just been telling Mrs. Chute, who is writing to Lady Spenser" (her sister, and a curious message, by-the-by, for a lady to convey), "to say, that if they want the best blood in England, in Northamptonshire, they must send to my Larkspur." In three weeks after this time I became a neighbour to Mr. Chute, but as hunting was concluded I saw nothing of his hounds in the field till the summer was over, and I believe that never passed too quickly for him. Nevertheless I saw a good deal of him, and he certainly was in his way a very singular character—something approaching Sir Roger de Coverley, but without his gravity. He had, however, many of the good qualities of the worthy knight—he was a good landlord and a good master. He conversed with his tenants as if they were his equals, and treated his servants as if they were his friends; indeed, the easy, good-humoured, but rather unfashionable, manner in which he generally spoke to them, gave somewhat a license to their tongues. He told me that one day, as he was sheltering from a storm under one side of a thick hedge on his farm, and some of his labourers were doing the same thing on the other, he overheard a conversation in which the names of his butler, his bailiff, his huntsman, and himself, were every now and then introduced. "There was Mr. Chapman," said he, "my bailiff; there was Mr. Woods, my butler; there was Mr. Nixon, my huntsman; but when my name was introduced, I was *Old Billy*!"

EDITOR.

How good! It is by no means an uncommon thing for servants to talk of their master in this way, particularly London ones. I was travelling on a coach, within twenty miles of town, the other day, on the box of which, beside the coachman, sat one of those plush-breeched, long-legged, lazy rascals, called footmen, between whom every now and then I heard jokes passing about his "old girl, and his old boy," and by chance I discovered he was talking of his master and mistress.

NIMROD.

Yes, but that is a different style again to what Mr. Chute's servants used to speak of him in, for he was beloved by them all, and there was not one but who would have gone any lengths to serve him; but he had such a droll way of looking and speaking to them, that none of them could help smiling in his face, for there was something irresistibly amusing in the cut of his phiz. I remember saying to the huntsman one day as we were riding to cover together, "George, does Mrs. Chute like the hounds?" "To be sure she does," replied George; "they keep master quiet; for he's a terrible noisy man about a house." And in truth he was a very restless man, and you could hear his voice from one end of his immense house to the other. But all these stories lose half their effect from your not having known him. There was a cheerfulness about him that was delightful, and what is more it was catching; for where he was, the joke and laugh were sure to be also. I never beheld such an enviable flow of spirits in any man before; in short, it appeared inexhaustible.

EDITOR.

Just such a man as the poet had in his eye I suppose when he said,

"And sure there seems of human kind
Some born to shun the common strife;
Some for amusive tasks design'd,
To soothe the various ills of life."

NIMROD.

Indeed he was. Mr. Chute appeared not only never to have tasted of sorrow himself, but not to believe that any one else had drunk of the bitter cup. (Help yourself, Mr. Editor, and pass the bottle.) Then his appearance added much to the effect. In the field he was unique. His blue-stained, double-breasted, red coat; his great kerseymere breeches, which seemed to have quarrelled with his boots; added to a well-powdered head and pig-tail, the riband of which generally streamed in the air, rendered the *tout ensemble* complete.

EDITOR.

Could he ride?

NIMROD.

Yes, "a horse's tail off" as the saying is, provided there was no fencing. No man would gallop faster or blow his horse sooner, for such was his zeal when his little pack were in chase, that he forgot all about his horse.

EDITOR.

But not himself eh?

NIMROD.

Oh no, he was very careful of his neck ; I remember the first day I ever was out with him, " We are going cub hunting to morrow," said he to me; " will you come?" " Thank ye," said I, " I am not very fond of cub hunting in September, it is only pastime for you masters of hounds. Rushing through wet nut bushes, without seeing a hound, one's breeches all green, with leaves sticking to the buttons ; one's horse half mad from the flies, and the odds in favour of his being lamed, ' does not suit my taste.' " However I went to the place of meeting, a large cover of his own, and there I found the squire ; " But what are you going to do with the spade," said I, which I saw in his butler's hand, " you are not going to dig a fox are you?" " Why no," he replied, " but to tell you the truth, as the ditches are very blind, and my butler is getting very fat, I thought he might as well walk after us with a spade, and then if we come to an awkward place, he can throw the bank into the ditch in a minute, and we can walk through." He had a mortal aversion to a ditch ; on my once asking him why he did not hunt his woodlands oftener, he answered, he did not like the deep ditches, " *They tell me*" said he, " my horses will not put their feet into them, *but I can't help thinking they will*, and that's the same thing."

EDITOR.

Did any of his field *shine* in the saddle ?

NIMROD.

Very much ; for there were three or four very well fed parsons among them, whose appearance was most sleek and comfortable ; they were likewise sportsmen, but an oaken stile four feet high would have stopped any man in the Vine hunt when I first joined it, indeed on this very day that I was mentioning, the old squire showed me a small fence, and said " There sir, look there, there is not a man in my hunt would ride over that fence."

EDITOR.

Capital ; are the Vine men the same still now.

NIMROD.

By no means ; there have been for some years past several very good riders in the Vine hunt.

EDITOR.

Is it called the Vine hunt because the members are fond of the juice of the grape ?

NIMROD.

No ; the Vine you know was the name of Mr. Chute's seat, a very fine mansion indeed, and he left a sum of money (£400 a year I believe) on condition that the pack should retain its old name ; they do so, but the style of hound is altered, the size being increased.

EDITOR.

How did the old squire mount his men in the field ?

NIMROD.

Wretchedly, with what they call in this country the *embarras* of wealth, more money than he knew what to do with in fact, and neither chick nor child, he could not find in his heart to keep a proper stud of hunters, and it now and then happened that his hounds could not take the field for want of horses for his men, of whom he had never more than two—deeming second whippers-in very useless appendages. I once gave him a hint, I recollect, about getting some nags, as we were trailing along in his carriage to meet Mr. Shard's fox-hounds at Lord Portsmouth's. As we passed through his village, we met the cottagers coming to the Vine for their broth, for he was very good to the poor. "There," said he, "these people are coming to my house for my broth, as we return we shall find them stealing my timber." "All very right," said I, "for you have a great deal too much of it—your farms are ruined by it" (the old boy was very fond of his oak-timber, which he called the weed of Hampshire). "What would you do with it if it were yours?" said he, rather sharply. "What?" I replied, "why I would put legs under a good deal of it, and send it a-hunting."

EDITOR.

What said he to that?

NIMROD.

Nothing; but the condition of the horses was even worse than the nags themselves. I never saw any thing like them in all my life.

EDITOR.

But why did not you try to reform him?

NIMROD.

I did; but I might have saved my breath. All that I could get from him, when I showed him the superiority of condition in my own horse, over his, was, "Aye, aye; but you are such a devil of a fellow for physic." Moreover, he would have it all my horses were clipped. I remember a capital story about his huntsman and him.

EDITOR.

Let us have it.

NIMROD.

I must first tell you that George had lived with the Squire seventeen years, and it was hard to say whether of the twain was master: but this is not a solitary instance. I remember riding one day, in Wales, with the late Mr. Corbet, and we met a very stately looking old gentleman with a servant riding behind him. Mr. Corbet, a man of infinite humour, passed him by, and took off his hat to the servant, saying, *How do you do, George?* then turning to the colonel, "How are you colonel? I always speak to the *master* first," said he.

NIMROD.

Well—but hark back to George.

EDITOR.

I was going to tell you.—It so happened that Mr. Chute took a fancy

to one of George's horses, which also happened to be the best in the stud, and when out on him one day, the hounds had a very quick thing of fifty minutes, and having run their fox in a ring, the Squire was able to get up at a check, just before they killed. "George," exclaimed he, in my hearing, "what hounds have been leading?" George said nothing, but continued casting his hounds over the fallow. The question was repeated. George still mute. "GEORGE," reiterated the old gentleman, in somewhat of an imploring tone, "*why won't you tell me what hounds have been leading?*" "God bliss my soul," said George, looking up, "I can't stop to tell you what hounds have been leading; you have taken my best horse from me; why don't you ride up to 'em and see yourself?"

EDITOR.

How good. Was the Squire angry?

NIMROD.

No, he took it very coolly; but then it was in chase you mind, and we killed our fox directly after, which is a wonderful smother of little asperities, but the whipper-in had worse luck one day when he "opened out" upon the Squire.

EDITOR.

Let us hear it.

NIMROD.

The Squire sent for me one morning as he was often wont to do, and told me he wanted my assistance—sometimes he would say, "I want your advice," but in no one instance did he ever take it; for on such occasions,

"Fully bent and well resolved was he,
As men who ask advice are wont to be."

Well, when I got there, "*I want a whipper-in,*" said he. "Impossible," said I; "you and John can never part." "Why, yes, I think we must," was his reply; "he is got *rather short* in his answers lately." Now it so happened that I knew what *one* of these *short* answers had been, so that I could scarcely keep my countenance. It was this:—A day or two before, the hounds had run their fox up to the palings of a park, which the Squire did not wish them to enter. John, however, being ignorant of this, was on his knees on the ground in the act of pulling out a pale when his worthy old master came up. "Leave it alone, John," said he; "Come away, John; I tell you I don't want them to go in there, John." But as every hound in the pack was at bay close at the said John's back, he might just as well have hallooed to the pale itself; so raising his hunting whip—one of the old-fashioned sort, mind ye—he let the point of it drop on John's right ear, just peeping out from under his old buck cap. Now, on a cold morning in January, or indeed at any time, this was beyond a joke, and it must be admitted to have been a *stinging* reproof to an old and faithful servant, doing what he thought was his duty to the hounds, and I question whether Job himself would not have murmured at it; at all events it was beyond John's endurance, naturally

a most civil fellow, so turning sharp round he exclaimed, "D—n your old eyes, I have a good mind to pull you off your horse!"

EDITOR.

It was, indeed, a *short* answer, as Mr. Chute said. And did John lose his place in consequence?

NIMROD.

Oh, yes; John was chassazed. He afterwards went to live with a noble Duke, who used to declare he could not bear the sight of him, he looked so like a rat-catcher. There used to be a good scene between Mr. Chute and his bailiff occasionally, for he was a large farmer. I heard him one day giving an account of his farming speculations. "That bailiff of mine," said he, "is a devilish clever fellow; do you know that he bought a lot of sheep, and after keeping them six months—eating a large field of turnips, and God knows how much hay—he contrived to get back just the money he gave for them!" One ticklish day in the corn harvest he said to me, "Did you ever see my bailiff in a hurry? I never did," added he, "except when the dinner-bell rings." "How do you cut your beans?" was a question he once put to me. "As all other people do, I suppose," was my reply. "Mine is the best plan," said he. "I saw five-and-twenty pigs in them yesterday; they save a deal of trouble."

EDITOR.

What a character he must have been, to be sure! I would walk fifty miles to see such a man. I suppose he was very popular in Hampshire?

NIMROD.

Exceedingly so, with every description of persons. I once saw him belabour an innkeeper of the neighbourhood with his hunting-whip for bringing us to a false holloa, and the man keep bowing, and bowing, at every whack, as though he were conferring a great favour upon him by licking him. He was a magistrate, of course, but a shocking bad one; in short, there was no getting justice from him, unless in very heinous cases; for such was his natural good nature, that he would try to pass over all trifling ones as a joke. For instance, if a man wanted a warrant against a fowl-stealer, he would answer him thus:—"What! had your hen-roost robbed, eh? Is that all? Pooh, pooh!—mine is robbed once a week, and has been for these forty years. Flog the rascal well if you catch him."

EDITOR.

Was he game preserver.

NIMROD.

He did not care a farthing about game or poacher, but I would not have been the unfortunate wight who had been caught killing a fox, if there had been any law for him; he used to say "spare my foxes, they will be game enough for me."

EDITOR.

Still he was not exactly the man, from your account, to make a pattern master of hounds.

NIMROD.

Certainly not; he was deficient in spirit to do his hounds and country justice, he had a very pretty country, and an exceedingly neat pack of hounds, but he was as well qualified for a bishop as to be master of fox hounds, though mind ye, he would have done no discredit to the mitre, for he did by his neighbour what he wished his neighbour to do by him, and after all herein consists the whole moral law. He was indeed a most excellent man and was much missed and lamented, but it is useless to repine.

"Time thou devourer, and thou envious age,
Who will destroy with keen corroding edge
Beneath your jaws, whate'er have pleas'd or please,
Must sink, consumed by swift or slow degrees."

EDITOR.

By Jove you speak like Cicero; but Nimrod, you get dolorous, you must be drunk, so buzz bottle, and go to bed like a good boy, good night!
—*Exit Editor, singing,*

"A southerly wind and a cloudy sky," &c.

General Monthly Miscellany.

THE CHASE.

"Uprouse ye then, my merry, merry men,
For 'tis our opening day."

THE hunting world is all alive, and well it may, for old November—the finest month in the year except February—has arrived, and next Monday brings the latest of the beginners into the field. At every corner of the street we encounter new scarlet coats, on their way home from the tailor's, and top boots are seen dangling in hand, or acting the part of baits in the shop windows, while saddlers and spur makers are up to their eyes in orders. If we take a ride into the country, we meet well clothed, hooded horses on the road, or see others taking the brushing gallop up some nice headland, to get them a little reduced in the girth, while the owner looks on with his hands in his pocket reckoning the sport each horse is likely to afford him. Every thing in fact speaks the note of

preparation, and we pity the man who welcomes not in the glad month of November. For our own part we have been waiting its arrival to take the creases out of our last year's scarlet, for the natural blindness of the ditches holds out little inducement to stir from home before that time; nevertheless the frosty nights we have lately had have done much towards preparing the country for the approaching campaign, and we are happy to say that appearances at present are highly satisfactory. See what our friend at head quarters says.

Melton Mowbray, Oct. 21.

DEAR SIR,

WITH regard to the approaching season at Melton, I should say the prospect is most cheering, as there appears to be every facility afforded by the inha-

bitants to induce sportsmen to attend, which seems to be acknowledged by the various studs of horses already here, and the active preparations making in the different gentlemen's houses who honour Melton with their presence.

We have some brilliant studs in the town, and many others are expected in the course of next week. Amongst the foremost, are Lords Wilton's, Kinnaid's, E. Thynne's, Gardiner's, Alvanley's, Count Matouchevitz, Messrs. Maher's, Moore's, Stanley's, Errington's, Gilmore's, White's, Ewart's, Craven's, &c. &c. Sir Harry Goodricke's establishment, &c. at Thrusington, is worthy the notice of a Meynell, as the horses, hounds, men, &c. &c. are of the first rate description, and are showing excellent sport, considering the dryness of the season, and there are abundance of foxes.

The worthy Baronet has been here a short time during the cub-hunting season. Mountford, the huntsman (who, I am happy to say, is again in the field and well), has been most indefatigable in disturbing the foxes, especially in the well-known Widmerpool country, where they almost fly at the sound of his voice.

Lords Forester and Lonsdale have a good show of foxes, and are doing the thing in good style; the former has been making arrangements at Ropsley, which is situate about six miles west from Grantham, for the hounds and horses occasionally, in order that he may be able to hunt that part of the Lincolnshire country with more facility, having part of his horses there, and the remainder at Croxton-park; by which arrangement Lords Charles and Robert Manners' horses are removed from the latter place to Belvoir and Knipton, which will be much more convenient from the contiguity of those places to Belvoir-castle. I hope to send you some account of our sport before long. Your's, &c.

OXFORDSHIRE.

DEAR EDITOR,

In this country "the cry is still *more fun*," for notwithstanding the absence

of the liberal Sir Frederick, who for a time had left this neighbourhood to pay a visit to his patrimonial estates in Eskdale and Annandale, and although the facetious premier Marquess of Ireland, had gone to the county in the sister kingdom from which he derives the title, second only to a dukedom, and their happy mirth-making friend Sir William, the young conservative candidate for the representation of East Kent, had taken himself off to canvass his anticipated constituents, there was still a *locum tenens* to keep the game alive, and the people in good humour, in the absence of these genuine descendants of Nimrod. And in consequence of a Silver Cup being given by that thorough-bred sportsman, Viscount Chetwynd, to be run for over the Ambrosden Course by horses the property of the non-commissioned officers and privates of the Bicester Troop of Yeomanry, in which his Lordship holds the rank of lieutenant, and is by every man in the corps held in the highest estimation, the Ambrosden Races this year produced a sensation in the vicinity fully equal to the races in the spring at Cottesford-heath. The sports took place on the 26th of September, and the Course was honoured by the presence of the Earl and Countess of Jersey, Viscounts Chetwynd and Villiers, Lord Burghersh, Sir Henry Peyton, John Harrison, Esq. (with his slap up four-in-hand), John Slater, Esq., Wm. Davis, Esq., Lady Knatchbull, Dr. and Mrs. Browne, &c. &c. The Races were numerous, and the sport very good. That for the Cup excited much interest from the number and goodness of the horses entered to contend for the honour of possessing it, and never were three heats more strongly run, or more closely contested.

The Galloway Stakes were first disposed of, and the races came off in the following order:

Capt. Hopkins's b.m. Louisa.—		
Gough	1	1
Mr. Maley's b.g. Erin-go-bragh ..	2	2
Mr. Aplin's b.m. Magic	3	3
Mr. Jones's br.m. Gypsy	0	0
Mr. Maley's g.g. Crom-a-boo ..	bolt.	

Match for 50 sovs.—Half a mile.—
7st. each.

Mr. Maley's b. p. Jessy.—Heritage 1
Mr. Davis's bl. p. Forester 2

The Cup for horses of all ages, the property of the Non-Commissioned Officers and Privates in the Bicester Troop, 12st. each; a winner once, to carry 6lb.; twice, 12lb. extra.—
Mile heats—five to start, or no race.

Mr. Perridge's c. g. Middleton, 12lb. extra.—Ransom 2 1 1
Mr. R. Painter's b. g. Catterick.—Shepherd 1 2 2
Five others started, but were not placed.

A beautiful race—the first heat was won by a neck, the second by half a length, and the third, with the greatest difficulty, by a head, the other horses well up.

Match for 50 sovs.—Once round and a distance.

Mr. Maley's br. g. Bottrell, aged, 13st. 4lb.—Owner 1
Mr. Davis's bl. m. Tadpole, 5 yrs. old, 12st. 4lb.—Ransom 2

The Stakes for Ponies not exceeding 13 hands, 8st. each, half mile heats, was won in three heats by Mr. Maley's b. p. Jessy, beating Mr. King's bl. p. Vampire, Mr. Bonner's b. p. Margrave, and Mr. Williams's bl. p. Vulcan.

The Stakes for Ponies not exceeding 12 hands, 6st. each.—Half mile heats.

Mr. King's b. p. Jack of Trumps 3 1 1
Mr. Hall's bl. p. Colonel 1 2 2
Two others started, but were not placed.

Three very severe heats—the second heat won by a head.

Match for 50 sovs.—Once round the Course and a distance, 9st. each, p. p.

Mr. Maley's b. g. Erin-go-bragh.—Chinaway 1
Mr. Taylor's b. g. Velocipede.—Herring 2

The Hack Sweepstakes, added to a bonus given out of the Racing Fund, for horses of all ages, 12st. 6lb. each, mile heats, was won in two heats by Mr. Maley's br. g. Bottrell (owner), beating Mr. Shepherd's br. g. Rattler, and Mr. Painter's bl. g. Tandem.

The sport gave great satisfaction, and the company separated highly gratified. The day was most propitious, and the racing was not concluded till night began to spread her gloomy wing of sable over the festive scene.

From the sport afforded at Ambrosden, and the numerous attendance of fashionables, it is seriously contemplated by the sporting inhabitants of the "gude town" of Bicester to establish Races in the vicinity of that place, to be held in the autumn; which if not at present likely to eclipse Ascot, or rival Goodwood, will, there is little question, if a suitable course can be provided, realise as much sport, and contribute to the amusement of the unsophisticated, honest, and hospitable Yeomanry of this extremity of the county (who are all sportsmen, and consequently frequenters of the spirit-stirring Turf), in the same ratio as the sport of racing conduces to the happiness of the Corinthian pillars of the State, who dance attendance and exhibit their splendid equipages on the more aristocratic velvet of Ascot Heath. And if a cock-tail race pleases the people, who has to do with it? and as satisfaction in "*Affairs of Folly*," is all that may be requested, so gratification in this life is all that can be required.

Tally-ho! the scene is changed. November has commenced, the season is advancing gloriously. The hounds in rare trim—the music of many mouths is heard rattling through the gorse and woods, acting as an astonisher upon the nerves of the sagacious wide-awake "old varmint,"—kicking up a bobby in the precincts of the birth-place of his offspring, dispersing his hopeful family in all directions to seek resting places in lands unknown to shelter them from the stern pursuit of their persevering and inveterate enemies. Bustle is the order of the day—business has commenced. The acute and experienced master of reynard's persecutors is arrived from his splendid mansion at Shardeles. That enthusiastic lover of fox-hunting, Mr. Griffith Lloyd, has bid adieu to his patriotic brother, Lord Mostyn, and Flintshire, and is safely domiciled at his box at

Bignell, in readiness to partake of his favourite amusement, and make the woods ring with his well-known "Tally-ho" and "*Away*," and Sir Frederick Johnstone is returned from Scotland, and taken up his abode at his old comfortable quarters, the King's Arms, at Bicester. Rare sport is anticipated; the clipping run from Oddington-spiny is still fresh in the memory of those who were so fortunate as to witness that *ne plus ultra* of a fox chase; many fresh faces are expected. The cubs at Goddington, Reeves's Bucknell, Bletchington, Middleton, Ardley, &c., are strong and numerous. And what is equally satisfactory, the foxes are preserved, and the covers in the extensive domains of Lord Chandos, at Wootten and Oven-hill, are still thrown open to excite the hopes and gladden the hearts of all true sons of the Chase. And independent of the appearances in our own country, good accounts have been received from Whaddon-chase, Billesden, Whiskey-wood, and Winslow, in the hunt of his Grace of Grafton, as also from the covers at Rousham, Barton, Hosier, Beds, and Sandford, in the Duke of Beaufort's country, all which places are come-at-able, and only an easy ride from Bicester. Sir Frederick Johnstone has in his hunting stables at Bicester, eight horses of a very superior description, which are all in rare hunting order. And I have heard that that *out and out* sportsman, and magnificent rider, Mr. Peyton, has also a numerous and fine stud. It is said that he has taken a fancy to thorough-bred ones, and discarded the old fashioned *wear-and-tear* cocktails; and although it would be presumptuous for one moment to call in question the judgment of so experienced a general in hunting tactics, yet it has been hinted that ere the season be concluded, he may find that he has relied upon too much *blood*, without the other equally essential requisite *bone*, to carry him a long day over a heavy country; and he must bear in mind that *speed*, without its sturdy brother *strength*, whatever it may do on the Turf, will avail little with twelve stone against deep fallows, and formidable fences.

Mr. Peyton has, however, a rare sporting nag, Shugborough, by Fitzwalton, jun., the winner of the Farmer's Cup at Cottisford last year, purchased of Mr. Sirett of Stratton Audley, the owner of Fitzwalton (the sire of one of the best cocktails in England, Swing); but although one of the most promising hunters in consequence of being but a four year old, it would be indiscreet to press him much into the service this year; but Old Winkey is still in the land of the living, and therefore there can be no fear of his intrepid master being this season, where he is seen every season, first of the foremost; Tusmore-house, late the residence of one of the best of the old school, Sir Henry Peyton, is now occupied by Mr. Storey, at whose house Lord Dillon is sojourning. It has been stated that Mr. Storey is a sportsman, and I have seen him with the fox-hounds, but in very *questionable garb* for a thorough bred one, *trousers and straps* are poor apologies for the *dread-nought buck-skins* and neat *top calves-skins*; I have recently been informed, that when he does enjoy sport, that *hare-hunting* is his forte. Lord Dillon has every appearance of a sportsman, a dashing fearless rider, master of a good horse, and never backward at a bull-finch, he has however within the last fortnight (doubtless through inadvertence), brought a pack of harriers to Tusmore-house, with which he has scoured the country round, sending the foxes to the right about with a vengeance, and when it is considered that the cubs have but just been disturbed, and have as yet no *fixed residence*, or *well known haunt*, the continual baying of dogs, and hallooing of men, in pursuit of the timid, twisting, twing-ringing, heartless hare, must drive all the cubs to the extremity of shifting for themselves, and providing more quiet quarters in a less noisy neighbourhood. There is no doubt his Lordship, who appears very fond of fox-hunting, will at once see the pernicious effects of the system of hare-hunting, in a country abounding with foxes and fox-covers, and that his better judgment will point out to him the propriety of discontinuing a pastime so inimical to the best

interests of the most manly and invigorating of all the sports of the field.

It is not so much my wish to gain proselytes, as to lend my humble endeavours to extinguish the dying embers of the already expiring flame of prejudice, every man may ride his own hobby, so long that he annoys no other people, and lets others ride theirs; if he will pursue his own game so be it, but he ought not to cross the scent of ours. Fox-hunting adds strength to the body and vigour to the mind, even the mental avocations of the senator, and the sedentary lamp-smelling lawyer, tired of the "pert dispute and dull debate," are relieved by it, and that intellectual feeling of delight is imbibed, known only to those who have courage to mount a bit of blood, and try it on at the cover's side. It has been said that fox-hunting is at variance with the polished taste of the courtier, and the fine feeling of the philanthropist, that the mind is enervated and the faculties absorbed; listen to a plain strait forward unvarnished matter of fact statement, and hear the feelings of humanity, the manly conduct and heroic self-devotion, evinced by a fox-hunter.

When the dreadful malady which has more or less affected every town in the kingdom, was raging with uncontrollable fury in Bicester, when poverty and disease were sweeping away the pauper population, when trade was at a stand still, and the respectable part of the community were paralysed in contemplating the dreadful scourge; and men instead of adopting vigorous and efficient measures, looked into each other's eyes for information, at a time when,

"Shrank the timid and stood still the brave."

A fox-hunter of the truest stamp came forward in the person of Viscount Chetwynd, to tender advice and assistance, he was elected a member of the Board of Health, and was appointed chairman of the committee; things assumed a different aspect, precautionary measures of the most efficient nature were adopted and carried into effect under his lordship's personal inspection, confined and close cottages were ven-

tilated, infected houses fumigated, noisome drains and kennels cleansed and scoured, the abode of distress was visited by him, the wants of the wretched inmates relieved, the comforts of the sick were attended to, he crossed the thresholds of the pestilential cottage, and endeavoured to instill hopes of ultimate recovery into the mind of the expiring sufferer, he roused the lethargic, cheered the dispirited, and taught the despairing to hope.

He dared all the dangers, and braved all the horrors of the foul-desolating atmosphere of the pest-house and hospital, and finally, after the disappearance of the Cholera from the place, liberally subscribed with his own purse, and that of his mother and lady, to alleviate the burthens so unexpectedly imposed upon the parishioners, and by his exertions stimulated others to follow so bright an example. The town of Bicester owes to his lordship an everlasting debt of gratitude, and the people are grateful; in the town he is almost idolized, his urbanity, condescension, and generosity, are the theme of general conversation. When his lordship departs from this sublunary world, he will not require the splendid marble to recount his titles and dignities, or the storied urn to record his virtues, he will have raised up an imperishable monument in the human heart; when the calamity which threatened destruction to Bicester shall become history, the name of his lordship will be identified with the disease, they will go down to posterity together, and when the descendants of the present generation shall contemplate the disinterested conduct, the Howard-like benevolence, and truly British feeling, evinced by him at a time when such services were most required, they will with one voice emphatically exclaim, "this was indeed a man."

ESAU.

October, 1832.

The late Sanderstead Harriers are now in the possession of some gentlemen at Sydenham, and hunt the country about there. The Derby stag-hounds have gone to Hungary.

K

THE TURF.

CONSOL AND CONTEST.

SIR,

I am induced to take up my pen in consequence of a letter I have just read in the last number of your Magazine, on the subject of the race between "Consol and Contest," which I confess has astonished me not a little, and I do hope, for the interest of the Turf, that your correspondent may be mistaken as to the authorship of the papers signed Alfred Highflyer. I conceive it to be wholly unnecessary for me to point out the paramount importance of the Judge of a race, as well as the Judge on the bench, being a totally disinterested party, which no man can be said to be, who has either money or credit (which is money's worth) depending on the result. At first sight it may appear immaterial, whether a judge interferes beyond the mere decision of the race or not, but I conceive it to be a matter of considerable moment, as I shall now proceed to show, first assuming, as I think I may fairly do, that Alfred Highflyer is paid for his contributions. Now the value of these accounts depends very materially upon the knowledge and judgment possessed by the writer, a character for which, is in no slight degree obtained by the lucky prognostication of events; I will illustrate this position by a reference to Alfred Highflyer's own letters. In the "Colonel's" year, he speculated largely in his account of the York Spring meeting on Velocipede's (which he described as a *second Eclipse* and a *second Childers* in the same sentence) winning the Leger, and when he came to describe that race four months after, he referred triumphantly to his former opinion, adding that he thought there was little doubt but that Velocipede was the best horse in the race, and that he was sacrificed to the Colonel. Now without adverting to the result of his prophecy, I would ask if he might not have expressed an opinion as to the relative merits of Consol and Contest, and might not the loser (no matter which) fairly object to the decision, on the ground of the Judge being an interested

party? I think he might, and it is just one of those points that a captious loser would avail himself of—I by no means insinuate that such was the case in the present instance, but really in these days of Turf roguery, every thing that by the remotest possibility can be construed into underhand work, ought to be avoided, and if the Judge of York Races has been acting in the capacity your correspondent ascribes to him, and felt that his conduct in the race between Consol and Contest required the lengthy vindication you have quoted, I must say that it is a point which deserves the consideration of future Stewards, and ought not to be permitted.

Your obedient servant,

X. Y. Z.

HORSES SENT ABROAD SINCE OUR LAST.

To his Serene Highness the Duke of Holstein Augustenburg:

1. Bay horse, seven yrs. old, by Walton, dam by Election (the dam of Margrave, winner of the St. Leger, &c.). This horse won the Tradesmen's and Stand Cup at Liverpool.
2. Cloudealey, 3 yrs. old, by Emilius, out of Sister to Sailor.
3. The Barber, 4 yrs. old, by Shaver, dam by Topsy-turvy (Pet's dam), out of Agrus, by Shuttle.
4. Egbert, 4 yrs. old, by Morisco, out of Ina, by Smolensko.
5. Bay colt, 2 yrs. old, by Camel, out of Vittelina, by Comus.
6. Custard, by Soothsayer, with a colt by Rasping, and covered by Royal Oak.
7. Grey mare by Comus, out of Flora, Sister to Oiseau, with a filly foal by Tramp, and covered by Brutandorf.
8. Brenda, by Minos, out of Miss Lilia Teazle, covered by Brutandorf.
9. Bay filly, 2 yrs. old, by Whisker.
10. Adelaide, by Moses, out of Euphrasia, with a filly foal by Robin Adair, and covered by Pyramus.

The above were all sent by Mr. Tattersall.

Baron Biel.

1. Phantom, by Walton, out of Julia, Sister to Eleanor.
2. Roundwaist, Brother to Longwaist, by Whalebone, out of Nancy.
3. Flame, 3 yrs. old, by Master Robert, out of Steam.

Baron Hertefeldt.

1. Woful, by Waxy.
2. Euphrasia, by Rubens, out of Witch of Endor, in foal to Camel.
3. Bracelet, by Filho da Puta, covered by Monarch.
4. Chestnut filly, 3 yrs. old, by Rubens, out of Reality, by Anticipation.
5. Lafitte, 2 yrs. old, by Chateau Margaux, out of Sister to Sailor.

Mr. Litchwald.

1. Riddlesworth, by Emilius, out of Fillagree (winner of the Riddlesworth).
2. Brown colt, 5 yrs. old, by Morisoo, out of Glumdalclitch, by Paynator.
3. Peter Pindar, 3 yrs. old, by Middleton, dam by Partisan, out of Jessy (one of the horses ridden by Mr. Osbaldeston in his great match).
4. Miss Littleton, by Reveller, out of Legacy, by Beningsbrough.
5. May-fly, by Middleton, out of Codicil.
6. Gabina, by Middleton, out of Lamas, by Gohanna.
7. Chestnut filly, 2 yrs. old, by Reveller, out of Masseroni's dam.

8. Bay filly, 3 yrs. old, by Camel, dam by Selim, out of Holbein's dam, covered by Zinganee.

9. Chestnut mare, 5 yrs. old, by Middleton, out of Pranks.

10. Brown colt, 2 yrs. old, by Waterloo, out of Gavotte.

DECISIONS OF THE JOCKEY CLUB.

The Stewards of the Jockey Club have decided that Guildford ought to have carried 10lb. in addition to all other extra weights for the Cup at Canterbury.

The following is the decision respecting the Members' Plate at Southampton:—If Florine is proved to be four years old, Mr. Stanley is entitled to the Plate; if she is ascertained to be three years old only, he is entitled to the mare. The age of the mare is a question of fact, which the Stewards of the Jockey Club declined to take into consideration.

The Filly Stake at Ascot has been adjudged to Mr. Batson.

CHELTEMHAM RACES.—*Rubbish Stakes.*—The Jockey Club have given the following decision on a case submitted to them by the Stewards of our late Races, relative to the above Stakes:—"It does not appear to us that a sufficient case was made out for declaring the bets void."

A LIST OF ROYAL PLATES, &c. OF 100 gs.,

Run for in Great Britain in 1832, with the Names, &c. of the Winners.

NEWMARKET, May 8.

Oxygen, by Emilius, 3 yrs. old, 8st. 4lb.
—R. C.—J. Day.

NEWMARKET, May 10.

Prism, by Emilius, 4 yrs. old, 11st.—
R. C.—Conolly.

CHESTER, May 8.

Speculator, by Lottery, 4 yrs. old, 8st. 2lb.—Thrice round.—Lear.

MANCHESTER, June 13.

Tetotum, by Lottery, 4 yrs. old, 10st. 2lb.
—Heats, three miles and a distance.
—W. Lear.

NEWCASTLE, June 18.

Stotforth, by Octavian, 6 yrs. old, 11st. 12lb.—Four miles.—T. Lye.

ASCOT HEATH, June 19.

Conscript (late May-boy), by Whale-

bone, 4 yrs. old, 10st. 7lb.—Four miles.—Pavia.

ASCOT HEATH, June 22.

Lawn sleeves, by Doctor Syntax, 6 yrs. old, 11st. 12lb.—Two miles and a distance.—J. Day

HAMPTON, June 27.

Mistletoe, by Emilius, 4 yrs. old, 8st. 7lb.—Heats, twice round and a distance.—S. Mann.

LIVERPOOL, July 3.

Speculator, by Lottery, 4 yrs. old, 8st. 7lb.—Heats, two miles.—Lear.

IPSWICH, July 3.

Ringleader, by Merlin, 6 yrs. old, 11st. 7lb.—Four mile heats.

GUILDFORD, July 11.

Timekeeper, by Smolensko, 4 yrs. old,

10st. 7lb. — Dockeray. — Four mile heats.

CHELMSFORD, July 17.

Lucetta, by Reveller, 6 yrs. old, 9st. 2lb. — Two mile heats. — J. Robinson.

SALISBURY, July 26.

Jocko, by Filho, aged, 12st. — Four mile heats. — Mr. Peyton.

YORK, August 7.

Stotforth, by Octavian, 6 yrs. old, 11st. 12lb. — Four miles. — T. Lye.

YORK, August 10.

Maria, 5 yrs. old, 10st. — Three miles. — Lye.

LEWES, August 8.

Donegani, by Tramp, 5 yrs. old, 11st. 7lb. — Four mile heats. — Arnall.

GOODWOOD, August 17.

Jocko, by Filho, aged, 9st. 8lb. — Three miles. — Chapple.

CANTERBURY, August 22.

Conscript, by Whalebone, 4 yrs. old, 10st. 7lb. — Heats, nearly two miles.

WINCHESTER, August 23.

Jocko, by Filho, aged, 12st. — Four mile heats.

WARWICK, September 6.

Jocko, by Filho, aged, 12st. — Two mile heats.

WEYMOUTH, September 6.

Little Red Rover, 5 yrs. old, 11st. 1lb. — John Day. — Heats, about two miles.

BEDFORD, September 6.

Lucetta, by Reveller, 6 yrs. old, 9st. 7lb. — Robinson. — Three miles.

LICHFIELD, September 12.

Clarion, Brother to Tarrare, by Catton, 4 yrs. old, 10st. 7lb. — Calloway. — Two mile heats.

LEICESTER, September 12.

The Cardinal, by Waxy Pope, 5 yrs. old. 9st. 3lb. — Wright. — Thrice round and a distance.

DONCASTER, September 17.

Contest, by Catton, 4 yrs. old, 10st. 7lb. — Four miles. — Darling.

SHREWSBURY, September 18.

Jocko, by Filho, aged, 12st. — Whitehouse. — Twice round and a distance.

LINCOLN, September 26.

Volage, by Waverley, 5 yrs. old, 9st. — Two mile heats.

NEWMARKET, October 4.

Lucetta, 6 yrs. old, 11st. 12lb. — Robinson. — R. C.

NOTTINGHAM, October 12.

Vanish, by Phantom, aged, 12st. — Four mile heats.

FIFE MEETING, October 19.

Tenor, by Magistrate, aged, 10st. — Edwards. — Four miles.

WORCESTER HUNT RACES are fixed for Tuesday, the 6th of November when in addition to the usual Stakes the Earl of Plymouth will give a plate of 50l. to be run for by horses that have been regularly rode in the Cavalry.

Calloway, the jockey, after riding Birdcatcher, which ran second for the Great St. Leger at Doncaster, on the Tuesday, set off post for Shrewsbury, and rode Clarion, which ran third for the Gold Cup, on Wednesday. The moment he dismounted and passed muster at the scales, he set off again on his return to Doncaster, where he was engaged to ride on Thursday! The distance from Doncaster to Shrewsbury is 160 miles.

The Stewards appointed for Oswestry Races, 1833, are Viscount Avonmore, and the Hon. E. Lloyd Mostyn.

ACKERMANN'S PICTURE OF SULTAN.

THAT indefatigable caterer for the Sporting World, Mr. Eclipse Ackermann, of Regent-street, has just published an admirable Portrait of that celebrated horse Sultan, from a painting by Ferneley, of Melton, being a continuation of his series of illustrious horses, and one of the most celebrated that has yet appeared. It is an excellent likeness of the horse, and what with its own symmetry, and the taste displayed in the surrounding scenery — Burleigh-house, the seat of his noble owner being introduced — we think it one of the best of the series.

HERRING'S PORTRAIT OF THE FATHER OF THE TURF.

AN admirable Portrait of the venerable Father of the Turf, Christopher Wilson, Esq., on his favourite black pony, has recently been completed by Herring — it is confessedly one of the most finished performances of this popular artist. The Sporting World will be happy to hear that the painting is put into the hands of a first-rate engraver, and that the print will be published by the next Craven Meeting.

Capt. Lyon of the 8th Hussars, backed himself for 300 guineas to ride twenty-eight miles in one hour, having an unlimited number of horses, on the

Newcastle-upon-Tyne race course, before the 26th ult. He made the attempt on the 17th ult., when, having performed nine miles and 165 yards in twenty minutes and thirty-one seconds, it was found that he had lost thirty-one seconds upon the twenty-eight miles, and that it was therefore useless to proceed.

OBITUARY.

WE regret to record the demise of Capt. Lock, who was drowned by the up-

setting of his boat on the Lake of Como, on the 15th of September, under very heart-rending circumstances, his young and amiable wife being a witness of his melancholy fate from the balcony of a window overlooking the spot. He was a remarkably handsome man, and was well known both on the Turf and in the hunting field, in which latter place he was more distinguished for dauntless intrepidity, and extraordinary nerve, than judicious riding.

CRICKET.

Score in the match between eleven of the Sheffield Cricket Club and twenty-two chosen from the County of York, for 100 sovs.; played at Thirsk. Betting, 3 to 1 in favour of Sheffield.

<i>First Innings.</i>		COUNTY.	<i>Second Innings.</i>	
Pybus (Bedale), stumped by J. Dearman	3	..	bowled by Marsden ..	0
Ray (Wetherby), caught by Woolhouse	2	..	run out	0
Rymer (Thirsk), caught by Smith	6	..	hit wicket	0
J. Little (Bedale), caught by Marsden	0	..	bowled by Dearman ..	4
S. Little (Bedale), bowled by Marsden	1	..	bowled by Marsden ..	9
Raper (Ripon), caught by Rawlins	0	..	run out	0
Scott (Knaresbrough), stumped by Dearman	0	..	stumped by Dearman ..	3
Wright (Bedale), bowled by Marsden	2	..	bowled by Dearman ..	0
J. Dawson (Wetherby), bowled by Rawlins	5	..	bowled by Dearman ..	0
Colley (Thirsk), touching ball in play	8	..	bowled by Dearman ..	3
Boston (Bedale), stumped by Dearman	3	..	bowled by Marsden ..	3
Thackeray (Wetherby), caught by Woolhouse ..	3	..	bowled by Marsden ..	0
Dowker (Thirsk), caught by Woolhouse	1	..	bowled by Dearman ..	16
Bowman (Bedale), bowled by Rawlins	1	..	run out	2
Allison (Ripon), run out	19	..	bowled by Dearman ..	10
Strickland (Thirsk), bowled by Dearman	6	..	run out	4
Turnbull (Knaresbrough), bowled by Dearman ..	0	..	bowled by Marsden ..	0
Jennings (Knaresbrough), caught by Woolhouse	6	..	bowled by Marsden ..	8
Ridsdale (Ripon), caught by Dearman	4	..	bowled by Dearman ..	0
T. Dawson (Wetherby), not out	3	..	bowled by Marsden ..	8
Moss (Thirsk), caught by Marsden	1	..	not out	0
Pratt (Melberby), bowled by Rawlins	8	..	caught by Marsden ..	1
Byes	4		Byes	16
Wide balls ..	3		Wide ball ..	1

Total.... 81

Total.. 88

<i>First Innings.</i>		SHEFFIELD.	<i>Second Innings.</i>	
Woolhouse, caught by Little	9	..	caught by Boston ..	6
Wilson, bowled by Jennings	4	..	bowled by Thackeray ..	0
Smith, caught by Colley	13	..	caught by Colley	3
J. Dearman, caught by Strickland	1	..	caught by J. Dawson ..	3
Marsden, bowled by Boston	24	..	caught by Thackeray ..	38
Hall, caught by Boston	0	..	bowled by Rymer	5
Dawson, bowled by Boston	2	..	bowled by Moss	13
Rawlins run out	0	..	caught by Jennings ...	1
C. Dearman, caught by Bowman	0	..	not out	2
Mallinson, caught by S. Little	5	..	run out	2
Riley, not out	7	..	bowled by Moss	0
Byes	1		Byes	2
Wide balls ..	0		No balls ..	3

Total.... 66

Total.. 78

The Comic Offering.—Edited by
LOUISA HENRIETTA SHERIDAN.—
Smith, Elder, and Co., Cornhill.

Louisa is a pretty name, so is Henrietta, and "Sheridan" recalls to our mind all that is sprightly, lively, and gay. How then does it happen that Miss Louisa Henrietta Sheridan comes before us for the third time as Louisa Henrietta Sheridan? It cannot be the fault of our sex we are sure, for if three pretty names, and a witty mind, united in a pretty maid, are not irresistible attractions, we may well despair of finding any that are.

Well, if the dame is cold it can't be helped, and we must e'en console ourselves by admiring the talent she displays in her ever welcome *Comic Offering*. The present volume is the best she has produced, and the illustrations are happy and droll in the extreme. Our limits will not permit of our indulging in other than general praise, but so high is our opinion of the gallantry of the British Sportsmen, that we are quite sure the mere mention of an elegant present of this description, edited by a fair lady, will obtain their patronage when they come to select their Christmas gifts, while the "esprit de corps" will also secure Miss Sheridan a fair portion of the patronage of the fair portion of the community.

THE COMIC ANNUAL.

THE Author of the above amusing publication, has addressed the following humorous letter to his publisher, Mr. TILT, of Fleet Street.

MY DEAR SIR,

The report of my death, I can assure you, is premature, but I am equally obliged to you for your tribute of putting up shutters and wearing a crape hatband. I suspect your friend and informant, Mr. Livingstone—(it should be Gravestone)—drew his inference from a dark passage in Miss SHERIDAN'S Preface, which states that, "of the three *Comic Annuals* which started at the same time, the *Comic Offering* alone remains." The two defuncts therein referred to, are the "*Falstaff*" and "*The Humourist*," which I understand have put an end to themselves.

If you should still entertain any doubts, you will shortly have ten thousand impressions to the contrary; for I intend to contradict my *demys* by fresh *octavos*. THE COMIC ANNUAL for 1833, with its usual complement of Plates,—mind, not coffin-plates,—to appear, as heretofore, in November, will give the lie, I trust not merely to my departure, but even to any thing like a *serious* illness; and a Novel, about the same thing, will help to prove that I am not in a state of de-composition.

Have the goodness to forward a copy of this letter to the Morning Post, which announces the arrivals and departures, and also to the actuary of the Norwich Union, which insures my biography. I should have relieved your joint anxieties some days earlier, but till I met Mr. Livingstone, at Bury, I was really not alive to my death.

I am, my Dear Sir,

Yours very truly,

THOMAS HOOD.

Lake House, Wanstead,
October 16, 1832.

"SHOOTING MATCH AND GANDER PULLING."

There will be a Shooting Match and Gander Pulling at the house of 'Travis George,' on Thursday next, the 26th inst."

On reading the above in a Mobile paper—what the d—l is a *gander pulling* thought we? The difficulty was soon nullified by the following explanation of a bystander. It means that an old gander is tied on the top of a post, with his head *slushed* until it is made as slippery as an eel. Those who compete for the prize ride by at full speed, making, *en passant*, a *grab* at the said head, whereupon said gander, if he has the sense of a goose, *dodges*, like some politicians, at the calling of the yeas and nays. It is well calculated to exhibit the dexterity and agility of the equestrian. He must be careful in stooping to "*clutch*" the gander's head that he "*sees before*" him; not to stoop past recovery, as some men do from the line of principle, in search of office. Should he

seize the goose's knowledge-box, has he strength of gripe to hold on, or of arm to tear off the poor goose's

"dome of thought, the palace of the soul," or will he *let go*? At all events this is gander pulling; of which it may at least be affirmed, that though it may be fun for Mr. Travis George, by George it can be *no fun for the gander*! Wonder if Mrs. Trollope was present at one of Mr. George's gander pullings!—*American Sporting Magazine*.

A NICE DISTINCTION.

An Irish dealer warranted a horse as faultless to a purchaser, who afterwards discovered he was blind of an eye, and on trying to return him, Paddy undertook to prove that he answered the warranty, for sure said he, "his blindness is his *misfortune* and not his *fault*."

"I want a horse to knock my buggy about town with," said an exquisites to a Yorkshire dealer the other day.—"Why then, sir, I've just got one that will answer your purpose," said the dealer, whereupon the bargain was struck, and the money paid. About a week after they met again, when the following dialogue ensued—

Exquisite.—"What an infamous scoundrel you must be to sell me such an animal, he broke my huggy all to shivers the first time I put him in."

Dealer.—"Why didn't ye ax for a horse to *knock* it about, and I'm sure he is the one for that work, for he knocked Tommy Hogger's cart all to bits the week afore last!"

GAME.

Henry the 8th issued a proclamation in 1536, stating "his great desire to preserve the partridges, pheasants, and hares, from his palace at Westminster to St. Gyles's in the field, from thence to Islington, Hampstead, Highgate, and Hornsey Park." If it is true that the game in the Regent's Park has been destroyed, it behoves the present government to issue a similar order.

IRISH IMPUDENCE.

A gentleman travelling to Brighton the other day, was accosted by an Irish-

man on the road, who begged to be allowed to put his coat into the carriage, as he found it very heavy, when the former asked how he would get it again, if they should not be travelling to the same place, "Sure sir," answered the man, "*I shall be in it.*"

FOX-HUNTING OR HARE-HUNTING.

Mr. Hare, formerly the envoy to Poland, had apartments in the same house with Mr. Fox, and like his friend Charles, had frequent dealings with the Israelites; one morning seeing several of the tribe assembling at the door, he put his head out of the window, and said, *Pray gentlemen, are you fox-hunting or hare-hunting this morning.*

An Auctioneer ought to be by nature strong; for though only one man, he is often called upon to *knock down a lot*.—COMIC OFFERING.

Those damsels who admire mustachios, must be insincere in saying they dislike *hare-lips*.—IBID.

TATTERSALL'S.

DURING the last month the betting on the Derby has been brisker than the general dullness of business had led us to anticipate. The first favourite, Revenge, has been backed occasionally, and still remains at the head of the poll, a station to which he is not entitled by his running at Ascot, for we see nothing in that equal to the racing-like style in which Forester, Lord Cleveland's colt, and Glaucus, beat larger and better fields of horses. Forester and Lord Cleveland's colt kept at about 13 to 1 each till the Second October Meeting, when both were backed, and, par consequence, rose a point; they again declined on the following Monday, owing, no doubt, to Glaucus's success on the last day of the meeting. This naturally brought Glaucus into better favour, and we find him backed at 12 to 1,—but not with any spirit, for the General seems determined to get all he can out of him *before* the Derby, and at a time when work will tell with double effect; for instance, he has three engagements

in the Houghton Meeting first in the Criterion Stakes, carrying, 7lb. extra, over the most trying two yr. old course at Newmarket; in a match on the Wednesday, giving 9lb. to Lord Tavistock's bl. c. by Jerry, and again in a match on Saturday with the winner of the Clearwell, Ancaster mile, which comprehends the *whole* of the Criterion Course, with an introductory quarter of a mile tacked to it as a clincher—if he can do all this, and win the Derby, Priam is not fit to hold a candle to him. At one time Ishmael was in force at 17 to 1, but fell back to 20 to 1, from the same cause that affected Forester. and Lord Cleveland's colt, he is one of the finest colts of Sultan's get, but is stated to be somewhat restive. The colt out of Moses's dam also had a strongish party, who booked 20 and 25 to 1 freely—he is now at 30 to 1, and almost out of the market. A new favourite has appeared in Mr. Mostyn's Prince Llewellyn, winner of the Two yr. old Stakes at Holywell Hunt, he belongs to an unfashionable stable, and will do very well to bet against. As the Criterion Stakes (which will be decided too late for our present number) will have some considerable effect on the betting, we shall merely give

the odds up to the close of the month, and omit the index altogether.

- 10 to 1 agst. Mr. Rawlinson's Revenge, by Fungus.
- 13 to 1 agst. Gen. Grosvenor's Glaucus, by Partisan.
- 14 to 1 agst. Mr. Hunter's Forester, by Gustavus.
- 14 to 1 agst. Lord Cleveland's c. out of Longwaist's dam.
- 20 to 1 agst. Lord Jersey's Ishmael.
- 20 to 1 agst. Mr. Mostyn's Prince Llewellyn, by Waxy Pope.
- 25 to 1 agst. Sir M. Wood's Brother to Margrave, by Muley.
- 30 to 1 agst. Col. Peel's Nonsense, by Bedlamite.
- 30 to 1 agst. Lord Exeter's c, by Sultan, out of Dahlia's dam.
- 33 to 1 agst. Duke of Grafton's Divan, by Sultan.
- 30 to 1 agst. Duke of Rutland's c. by Waterloo, out of Moses's dam.
- The Field agst. nine.
- 8 to 1 agst. Lord Exeter's lot.
- 8 to 1 agst. Lord Jersey's lot.
- 10 to 1 agst. Cooper's lot.
- 13 to 1 agst. Duke of Grafton's lot.

Priam has closed his racing career, after having, in a variety of races, proved himself to be the best horse of our modern times. The subscription list is full, and he will cover at Bradby.

TO SUBSCRIBERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

D who requests us to write a "very strong protest" against the practice lately introduced in Surrey, of keeping the hunting appointments secret, ought to have informed us of the names of the packs that do so. We see none omitted in the advertisements that used to be there, nevertheless we are decided enemies to hole and corner work with hounds, thinking it much better that a country should not be hunted at all, than a selfish feeling introduced into a sport which has ever been distinguished for sociality. "All we want is light," as Jonathan says.

"Joe Trapp" should take a trip to Scandinavia next summer, and learn to measure his metres.

Our friend "Harrovian's" letter should have appeared, only it would have entailed upon us the necessity of copying the one he so properly censures, and contempt is the best treatment for such absurdity.

Now that the hunting season has commenced in good earnest, we hope to hear from our friends in different parts; and we may here observe, that letters intended for insertion in the current month, ought to reach town on the 22d at latest.

Works received.

"Useful and Ornamental Gardening, published under the superintendence of the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge."

"Wild Sports of the West, by the Author of Stories of Waterloo." This will be reviewed in our next.

New Sporting Magazine.

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HUNTING.—No. 2. "THE MEET."

Engraved by SCOTT, from a Painting by A. COOPER, R.A.

THE united efforts of Cooper and Scott, have so happily illustrated our "Meet," as almost to preclude the necessity of explanation or observation. Our old friends Tom, the huntsman, and Joe, the whip, have just arrived in sight with the hounds, and will soon be joined by the party in the foreground, who have been awaiting their arrival.

LETTER FROM A HANTS FOX-HUNTER.

To the Editor of the New Sporting Magazine.

SIR,

Although men of sense have universally admitted that standing jokes are but the rude exertions of inanity struggling for a reputation of wit, how many are there whose strength lies only in such chartered drolleries; who build their humour solely on these ancient dogmas—that all ministers are deceitful, all lawyers dishonest, all aldermen cuckolds, and all fox-hunters fools!

Leaving the ministers, lawyers, and aldermen for the present to shift for themselves, I shall only now venture a few remarks on the remaining class, that of fox-hunters. That there are fools among fox-hunters I have too much reason to believe, and too little enthusiasm to deny; but that a man is a fool simply *because* he is a fox-hunter, seems to me rather the complaint of peevish impotence than the conviction of a manly mind. The greatest, and, let me add, some of the best men of all ages have distinguished themselves in the chase. Buonaparte followed the hounds; and our Wellington is a staunch fox-hunter at the present day. History and romance are full of

scenes which hinge upon field-sports. Does a king entertain a neighbouring potentate, and endeavour to furnish him with a royal and invigorating recreation—he carries him out into the plains to hunt. Is a hero of romance to fall in love with a beautiful princess—he is made to lose his companions in the chase, and stumble upon the charming solitary at some sudden turn of the forest.

At the same time, it must be admitted that hunting has fallen into sad disrepute, by the absurdities of some of its members; but if the facts be unprejudicially inquired into, I believe it will generally be found that such members are not those who follow the chase for the pleasure they really derive from it, but for some extraneous cause, which is as unworthy to represent it, as they themselves to enjoy the name of sportsmen; thus the monied aspirant to gentility, finds it necessary to go hunting, because they whose manners and society he affects, do the same. The fox hunts solely because it gives him an opportunity to exhibit himself in a scarlet coat; and the most pleasing part of the sport to him is the ride to and from cover, where he can receive the admira-

tion of such as are walking abroad or gazing from their windows. The most fortunate circumstance in the run is the passing through some village where the people are all out to see the hunters pass; and the most unlucky disaster that can occur, such a prolongation of the chase as leaves him too little light on his way home to exhibit how manfully he has been splashed. Some men make hunting a sort of trade, desiring only to sell their horses by it, and will gladly risk their necks in a leap if they think they can put a few pounds in their pocket. There are others, too, really lovers of the pursuit, though mere bores in their manners and conversation;—but what of that? does the rudeness of a man's mind infect the sport to which he attaches himself? Why, even *Virtue* is admired by such a man, and surely *Virtue* does not suffer!

But there is one point in which fox-hunters greatly err, and this I would gladly see rectified, as speedily as possible—the want of sociality; I do not here mean their want of sociality as men, but their want of sociality as fox-hunters. How often have I seen people of good parts and respectability looked upon with as much suspicion as if they were highwaymen, simply because they were not personally known to any one in the field! I recollect particularly, on one occasion, an officer of the army, whose regiment was quartered for a few days in the neighbouring town, being out with a pack of hounds during a long blank day, when, to my certain knowledge, he never exchanged a syllable with any soul in the hunt from first to last, save a few sentences with your very humble servant. Every person who has hunted out of his own country

must have experienced the same thing; and is it then to be wondered at that a man goes for the first time to participate in the diversions of the field, not previously acquainted with the individuals he shall meet, comes back with a disgust at his reception, which his offended pride soon converts into a contempt of the sport itself. It is amusing, too, to see some of these jealous personages, who are so fearful of compromising their dignity by speaking to a gentleman who comes into the field without a letter of introduction in his pocket—how they will enter cordially into conversation with a huntsman or whipper-in, and crack jokes familiarly with a groom or gamekeeper. A surly master of hounds I take to be as unpleasant a character as an uncivil landlord or a glumpish host; nay, I consider that every master of hounds ought to regard himself in the light of a host, and view every person in the field as his guest for the time being. In such case it will become his duty to entertain all with a marked civility; at least not to exhibit that inflated pride which is too often seen to arise from the foolish presumption of a temporary importance.

If I have said anything harsh in this letter, Mr. Editor, believe me it proceeds only from a desire to see the fraternity of fox-hunters a fraternity indeed. I could not be more gentle, for the smooth file obliterates no rust; and it is only from a desire to get rid of some of the acerbities of fox-hunting that you have been troubled with this letter from

Your sincere well-wisher,

FOXGLOVE.

Hants, November, 1832.

HAWKING.

THE king, who has taken in our Magazine from the beginning, was so delighted with our Swanquill's account of Hawking in the September number, that he took it into his most gracious head that he should like a little sport of the same kind himself. Accordingly, he sent off, without beat of drum, to his Grand Falconer, who, with his tassel gentle, was taking the waters at Cheltenham. Poor St. Albans, however, found himself in a very *hawkward* predicament, for devil a feather could he muster; and after searching in vain in all the pump-rooms, he and his charming Falconeress "raked off" to the Metropolis. Cumberland-lodge, we are told, has been, or is to be, fitted up for the worthy pair, and Windsor-park will again exhibit some of those pretty groups of

sporting ladies and gentlemen which we have so often admired in old pictures and tapestry.

Really and seriously, we are glad to see that His Majesty has resolved to revive this beautiful sport, and wish him every success in his project. As for the Grand Falconer, we warn him to be diligent at his post; for we have "entered into arrangements" with a certain pretty little maid (of honour, of course,) who is to forward us a report of all particulars; and we shall not hesitate to show up his grace if he should dis-grace his situation.

The Duke, we understand, is to enjoy, as a perquisite of his office, all the game killed by the falcons. If so, what *hawking and spitting* there will be at the Lodge!

REVIEW OF THE RACING SEASON, 1832.

THE Racing Season being now brought to a close, we will turn to its proceedings and briefly pass them in review. The general gloom that marked the opening of the year could not fail of extending its influence to the Turf; and accordingly we find that at every Racing Meeting throughout the season there was a common complaint of the falling off in sport and company. The prospect was certainly of brilliant promise, but was soon neutralised by disease, commercial distress, and political dissension, the effects of which were apparent almost at the commencement of the season. In its pro-

gress, the character of the Turf suffered from a spirit of chicanery, observable amongst a class of needy and unprincipled adventurers, whose disgusting manners and underhand dealings, have long been felt as a public nuisance; and what is still worse, a laxity, hitherto unknown, appeared to have crept into the system altogether, and amongst men, too, of a higher grade. We allude to the practice of getting horses backed P. P., bringing them to the post, and then, without previous notice, drawing them! Unfortunately there is no express law against trickery of this description, and probably there will be none, as

long as gentlemen condescend to it; but with what face can they cry out against such men as those to whom we have already alluded, when some of their own order are compromising themselves by conduct, which, to say the least of it, is very unquestionable. Something has been done towards exposing the parties implicated in the Doncaster affair, on which subject we have already expressed our opinion at some length, and in very plain language, and we do hope, that for the protection of the public and their own honour, the Jockey Club will adopt some plan to prevent the recurrence of these systematic schemes of plunder. Before entering upon our review, we will dispose of two or three features connected with the Turf: the sale of His Majesty's horses in training, took place in the Craven Meeting, a heavy expense having been incurred (it was reported) by the singular ill luck or bad management of the late Gentleman of the Horse; the withdrawal of the Royal Stud was, however, compensated, by the granting of additional King's Plates, and by his Majesty's present to the Jockey Club of the most splendid challenge prize ever run for in this country—the Eclipse Foot.

The season was opened by a host of Hunt Meetings, in which there were the usual variety of cock-tail horses, and gentlemen jockeys; among the latter, Messrs. Kent, White, Griffiths, and Peyton, stood pre-eminent. The Bath Spring Races claim exclusive notice, simply from the fact of the principal stake having been won by Miss Badstey, an Oaks' mare, who was never mentioned at Epsom, either in the betting or the race; at this

meeting, Thorngrove, a good favourite for the Derby, in Spaniel's year, and a much better nag, came out in good form. The Spring Meetings turned out, on the whole, tolerably good. At Catterick, Emancipation supported the high reputation he had acquired as a four year old, by beating five decent horses for the Craven Stakes. The two years old winners only served to lead their parties into false calculations on subsequent events of higher importance; Remember, proved herself a rank jade in after races; and All-Max, beating a large field, was made a favourite at Doncaster, where he was found to be terribly under proof; at Malton, the plates, stakes, and horses, were alike indifferent; and at the Hoo, the last of the meetings that precede Newmarket, there was only *one* race; the extinction of this club, may be attributed to the rapid progress of St. Albans as a sporting town; to this place, all the patronage formerly bestowed on the Hoo, is now transferred with great effect.

The Craven Meeting at Newmarket was remarkable for the inferior quality of the horses that carried off all the best stakes, and for the unexpected defeat of others looked upon as safe. For instance, Priam was beaten for the Craven stakes in a canter, by Chapman, a third rater, Captain Arthur second—to either of whom he can give from a stone to a stone and a half. How it was contrived to let him lose the race no one could imagine. The Riddlesworth was won by a good man with a bad mare—the Duke of Richmond's Somnambule—the noble Duke could as little have *dreamt* of winning with such a beast, as did the Duke of

Portland think of pocketing the Column Stakes with Amphitrite—it would be a prostitution of the word to call them races. Kate and Messenger, beating bad horses, were at once brought into the betting for Epsom; the *knowing* ones laid it on pretty thick on them and had a nice nibble. Perion, Olga, and St. Giles, made their first appearance this season, and came off with flying colours; the latter at the time supposed to be disqualified. In the course of the meeting three or four matches of some interest were run; Zany beat the three thousand, guinea nag, Riddlesworth, to his heart's content, and sufficiently proved thereby that the Derby horses of 1831 were a bad lot—the winner of it was sold for 200 guineas, and the second, after the Port Stakes, for 400! Crutch came out in great force over the T.Y.C., and the Saddler in a match for 500, with Protocol, surprised his party by *winning*! they thought him safe as if *under lock and key*; but they had forgotten to make the *jockey* safe too; he happened to be honest, so was the horse, and Protocol being as feeble an opponent as could have been selected, the public pulled through, while the astonished party burnt their fingers to the bone. It was fortunate for Conolly that he was able to win the race; had he lost, the public would naturally have implicated him in the transaction, and he must inevitably have been ruined.

We had almost forgotten the Port and Claret stakes. The former was carried off by Liverpool, who was then transferred to Lord Cleveland's stable for 1500 guineas, being about 70 per cent above his real value. In this race the Black

by Chifney for 1500 guineas, to win the Derby last year, ran very indifferently; this was another *bar-gain*. A list of the prices given for Derby, Oaks, and Leger horses, during the last eighteen months, may, perhaps, be both instructive and interesting. Riddlesworth sold for 3000 guineas, after running second for the Derby—has never won since!—Black Daphne for 1500 guineas, has never won at all! Trustee, third for the Derby, sold for 2000 guineas—has won *one* match! Non Compos won a two-year old Plate, sold for 2000 guineas, and has never won since! Fang sold at two years old for 3300 guineas, and has never won since! Ludlow for 5000 guineas (qq.) and has not won since! Lady Fly for 1000 guineas, has won 25 sovs.! and Gratis for 1000 guineas, has not won since! nearly twenty thousand pounds in all!!! To return to Newmarket; the Claret was won in a canter by Camarine, who is confessedly the stoutest mare since Violante.—Although disappointed in the horses, it was gratifying to find the rich stakes divided amongst those who have hitherto been signally unfortunate, those, too, whose personal characters are universally admired. In its influence on the Derby betting the first Spring Meeting was more decisive than the Craven. Beiram, Messenger, Non Compos, Spencer, Perion, and Mixbury severally appeared, and by the anomalous nature of their running threw the books into inextricable confusion. First, Messenger received his quietus from Flora; on the same day Perion and Mixbury met, 5 to 1 on Perion, who, with a bad cough, was thought good enough to beat a horse that had been ridden as a hack, and had ran second to Amphitrite. Perion,

however, was beaten, and fell back 20 to 1 for the Derby. A punishing race for the 2000 guineas, between Archibald and Posthumous, was won by the former; Count Robinson, Spencer, Mirabeau and Rotterdam Colt, proved themselves utterly worthless. On the same day Beiram gave Non Compos such a drubbing that the Derby was at once pronounced to be over; and great, therefore, was the surprise to see him play second to Mixbury for the Newmarket Stakes! Very little sport with the Oaks' mares beyond the 1000 guinea stakes, which were won in a hand canter by Galata, concluding Olga, Salute and Rosanne for that and the Oaks. Priam won one King's-plate and Oxygen the other; this served to show that Priam could carry weight and go a distance, two points the Chifneys always affected to doubt. There was no lack of sport this meeting, albeit the quality was poor enough. In

the course of the meeting St. Giles was declared to be qualified, and he at once took a prominent place in the odds; Beiram, Perion, and Mixbury the favourites, and the public at fault. For the Oaks Galata was only *second* favourite, the first being Whimsey, without any thing whatever to justify it. In short, the betting altogether at this time was completely at variance with public running. In the second Spring Meeting the racing was not calculated to affect the great events at Epsom, but it brought out a couple of two-year-olds who made some figure in the course of the season. Weeper won a match in fine racing-like style, and young Rapid (a plant from the Bildeston nursery) beat a good field of well bred horses. Posthumous won a plate, Lady Fly second. Zany won a Handicap, and old Lucetta beat Oxygen and the odds for a £50 Plate.

(To be continued).

MURTY MACRORY.

BY SYLVANUS SWANQUILL.

Poor Murty Macrory!—I shall never forget him! He was a wild Irish boy, neat as imported from the City of Cork, and many years a servant in my father's family. I was very young when Murty first came to our house, and Murty himself wasn't very old, as the sequel will show. He was a fine boy of his age, however, and the devil o' one fellow to get into mischief.

I'll tell you an adventure Murty and I had one New Year's-day

morning. Murty, you must know, had saved money enough to buy an old gun, which he kept under the rose, secure from all eyes except his own and those of the reader's very humble servant. Well, one evening Murty comes to me, and says he, "Misther Sylvanus, I've buyed some powther and shots, and, plaze the pigs, we'll thry the ould gun to-morrow morning, iv ye'll get up whin I comes and pinches your big toe." Of course I gladly assented; and at peep o'

day next morning Murty and I were clambering over the garden-wall to get out of earshot of the family, and try our fortune in the open country.

"I knows where the feldyfares 'll be found the day," says Murty, "and, plaze the pigs, we'll have a baker's dozen of 'em, dead or alive, afore breakfast, any how."

"Is the gun loaded, Murty?" asked I.

"You may say that, dear," replied the young sportsman, "and so it has this three days ago, and I've niver bin able to let it off yet, bad luck to it! There's the feldyfares, avich! Be quiet, now, and I'll kill 'em all at a shoot."

I looked, and, three fields off discovered the fieldfares pecking away at the hips and haws in an old hedge. I knew nothing about killing distance then, and of course made no remarks upon Murty's long range. He cocked his piece, and put it to his shoulder, but, on account of its exceeding weight, could not get a correct aim.

"Misther Sylvanus, lend me your showlther, be so good," says Murty, "the gun's rather top-heavy, I persave." To this, however, I objected; and, after much altercation, Murty was obliged to stick up the ramrod, and balance his piece as well as he could upon that. At last, after having selected a bush in which he calculated the birds to be thickest, he pulled the trigger. There were no percussions in those days, and Murty's flint missed fire.

"Blur an'ouns," says he, "that's bad!" and proceeded to load the old musket again. The second trial was equally unsuccessful, and a third charge was put in. "The

third time pays for all," said Murty; but the third time *didn't* pay for all; and Murty's faith in the adage was shaken. A fourth charge was inserted—and a fifth—but still without success.

"Deathalive!" exclaimed Murty, ramming down his last dose of powder, "iv id don't go off this time we're ruined quite intirely." It *did* go off—and you may guess with what force! By a miracle, however, the barrel did not burst; but the stock was a good deal shattered, and a splinter from it tore away a slice of Murty's face. I was very much alarmed, though I had taken care to get a good way behind the poor fellow every time he took aim. This last time I had retired, I should think, six or eight yards, and now he was within a foot or two of where I stood, roaring away in a bed of nettles. I went to his assistance, and helped him out of the ditch.

"How's the gun?" inquired Murty.

"Oh, hang the gun!" I replied; "let us go home directly."

"Go home, is it!—why, then, that's what I won't this time, any way."

"But you are bleeding, Murty."

"Blur an'ouns, that's my concern!—and iv I don't grumble, I'd say nobry else has a right—barrin' the gun, bad luck to it!"

"But the gun's broke."

"It's niver the worse for it."

"But you have no more powder and shot."

"Bother! Plaze God, the gun's got to go off five times more yet, and Murty Macrory isn't the b'y to lay down his arms when there's game to the fore, any way! Come along, darling!"

WILD SPORTS OF THE WEST.

By the Author of "*Stories of Waterloo*."—BENTLEY.

"WILD Sports of the West?" said we, taking up the first of these volumes, "some account, most probably, of our trans-Atlantic friends, or, perhaps, adventures in the west of Africa—the lion in the desert, the tiger in the jungle, or the elephant on the plain." Judge then of our astonishment on finding that the "West" meant the West of Ireland—the "Wild Sports," fishing and other lady-like amusements—and the author, by his own account, a gentleman little qualified to engage in sports of any kind, either wild or tame. Hear him in his auto-biography, dated London, July 1st, 1829, with which the work commences:—

"I breakfasted this morning at the club-house. My air and attitude, as I caught a glimpse of them in a concave mirror, looked exquisitely disconsolate. Never was mortal more *ennuied* than I; town has become a desert—the world has abandoned it by general consent—the streets feel as if they had been recently fanned by a sirocco; and of divers unhappy beings whom I encountered in my walk from Grafton Street to St. James's, none seemed at ease but a bilious gentleman from Bombay, and the French fellow who exhibits in the oven. The thermometer, in a shaded corner of the room, is stationary at 82°. To remain longer here would be suicidal; but where to go—whither to fly—alas, I know not!"

Mark the absurdity and inconsistency of the man. Here is a disconsolate exquisite, a fine club-house sort of a gentleman, who can hardly be at the trouble of living, and yet undertakes to write on "*Wild Sports*"! For whom, let us ask, did he write? For the sportsman, or the sighing, languish-

ing novel reader? If for the former, we must inform him, should he not already have found it out, that to them this species of maudlin, foppish affectation is very unpalatable, and if his exertions were made on behalf of, and his narrative written to captivate, the fair sex, he did wrong to affix a title to his work that will act as a barrier against its admission into the boudoir. What his commission in the Blues, his uncle's castle, his £12,000 a-year, and £50,000 in the funds—the young and titled widow, "who almost wooed him to desperation"—and Lord Leatherby's sandy-haired fright of a daughter, who "haunted him in Rotten-row," have to do with "Wild Sports" we, as sportsmen, are at a loss to conjecture. Nor is his account of his turf speculation written with the air of a man who knows any thing about the subject. It seems, "the widow and the sandy-haired girl" being too much for him, he took *refuge* on the Turf, and engaged himself deeply in the Derby. Like Jemmy Green, or Mr. Bond, he bought a horse, "a *dead bargain*, quite a dark one," with which he meant to carry off the stakes, but the dark one turned a roarer, and he was obliged to *hedge* (poor man!); but when settling day arrived he found the gentlemen to whom he had to pay, but the others, from whom he had to receive, were absent, and being thus cut off in his last retreat, he crosses the channel to the land of potatoes.

The first few chapters after his arrival are filled with descriptions of towns, Bible meetings, reform meetings, inns, country balls,

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finishes, some very old "Joes" about a mad Major, and a few incidents on the road to his "kinsman's," as he calls his cousin, who lives on the western coast of Ireland. At chapter six, our author waxeth valiant, and takes the bull by the horns with a vengeance, by attacking Hawker, Daniel, Sir Humphrey Davy, and the whole class of sporting writers. This, to say the least of it, is imprudent on his part, for even if he felt conscious of superiority a generous spirit would not descend to the exposure of inferior writers; while, on the other hand, unless he was prepared to produce something more instructive and amusing than the works of the authors he so unhesitatingly condemns, his policy would have been to have remained silent on the subject. But as he has been the first to break a lance with sporting writers, we see no reason why we should keep terms with one who has evidently not only a very excellent opinion of himself, but is unwilling to admit the possibility of talent in another.

Proceeding through the work, we find many hits at "Cockneys," whom he appears to regard with a loathing so much akin to the "two of a trade" feeling, that, without the unfortunate locale from which his preface is dated—a village we believe literally within the sound of Bow bells—we should have little hesitation in determining his genus. In truth, we have always looked upon the pretended sneer of a certain description of writers at the sports of the Londoner, as the effervescence of a petty, discontented mind. For though we pretend not to say that "wild sports" are to be enjoyed within "reach" of London, as it is called, with

the same excellence that they are at a greater distance, yet we do say, that looking at the size of the place, its population, and the consequent want of opportunities, the wonder consists in a man's being able to obtain, between sunrise and sun-set, such a day's sport from it as shall induce him to repeat it when opportunity occurs. We regard sporting from London very much in the same light that we look upon hunting in a provincial compared with Leicestershire. We know very well that it is much pleasanter to ride over a fine grass country than to be up to the hocks in dirt in a plough one; but if we cannot get into Leicestershire, sooner than not hunt at all we will have the provincial, let it be ever so heavy. But we are running away from our author, who does not appear to be a hunter, whatever he may know of the "gentle art." After talking of the inconvenience the "Cockney artist" submits to for the sake of fishing—contrasting the "Cockney" bustle of the Londoner with his cousin's simple preparation, and the "loose-looking mountaineer" who accompanied them with the "bacon-fed knaves who are the attendants of the unhappy Cockney"—he informs us that his London flies, &c. were pronounced not to be worth a farthing, and would not catch the Irish fish; and that somewhat disheartened, he had involved himself in a most amusing article in the *New Monthly*, when old Anthony, the otter killer, with a beautiful fish, fully ten pounds weight, passed by. "That short and deep-shouldered briddawn*," said he, "is worth all the lubberly roach, dace, perch, and gudgeons that the Thames contains from its

* Salmon.

source to its debouchement." Liberal-minded man! But hear him on, he can't let his poor brethren alone yet, and takes another fling at them in the very next paragraph. "I looked after the otter-hunter," says he (p. 51), "with envy; how lowly would he be estimated in the eyes of a 'Cheapside' fisherman," &c. Our author then discards his "gaudy flies" with "a malediction upon the knave who tied them," while his cousin affixes two of his upon the casting-line—our hero never adverting to the fact that they were probably as ill-adapted for English streams as his English flies were for Irish rivers—but *n'importe*. "The tail-fly was a plain black and orange mohair body, with a long and pointed turkey-feather wing; the dropper was formed of blue and scarlet wool, ribbed with silver; a pheasant sprit for legs, and mixed wings of the turkey and mallard." And now for the sport, which, we must do him the justice to say, is by no means badly described.

"I made several unsuccessful casts. 'A bad look out, friend Julius; Heaven forfend that the cook has placed any dependance on the angle!' Again I tried the pool, and like all disappointed fishermen began to prognosticate a change of weather. 'I had remarked mares' tails in the sky yesterday evening, and there was rain over-head, for a hundred.' My cousin smiled; when suddenly my nebulous speculations were interrupted by a deep, sluggish roll at the dropper. 'Monamondiaoul!' exclaimed Mortien Beg, as he caught a momentary glance at the broad and fan-like tail; 'he is fifteen pound weight!' Obedient to the directions of my Mentor, I left the spot the salmon leaped in, and commenced casting a dozen yards below it. Gradually I came over him again. 'A light cast, Frank, and you have him.' I tried, and succeeded gallantly. I

sent the fly across the water with the lightness of the thistle's down; at the same moment the breeze eddied up the stream, and curled the surface deliciously. A long dull ruffle succeeded. Whish span the wheel—whish-h-h-h-h, whish-h-h, whish—I have him!—P. 52.

This, with the exception of casting *below* instead of *above*, as we have always understood the rule to be, is described in a free and pleasant style; but then he mars all shortly after, by his strictures on Colonel Hawker, and the manner in which he speaks of the author of *Salmonia*. The following, on fly and salmon-fishing, is also good:—

"About March, fly-fishing commences, and a strong and active spring fish will then frequently be killed, if the river is sufficiently supplied with water, and the wind brisk and westerly. As the season advances the fishing materially improves; and from the month of April salmon in the highest condition, with red and white trout, will rise here freely at the fly.

"In June, however, the regular fishing with nets commences. The wear is raised to stop the passage of the fish, and the river water vented through a small aperture provided with a trap, or, as it is technically called, a box. By these traps and artificial canals, in other fisheries, the salmon are principally taken; but here, except some straggling fish, the box produces little.

"The fishing is confined to the estuary, where the river meets the sea. Here, according to naturalists, the salmon undergo a probationary course, before they exchange the salt for the fresh water, as a sudden change from either would be fatal to the fish, and a temporary sojourn in water of an intermediate quality (brackish) is supposed to be requisite before they can leave either the ocean or the river.

"The draughting is carried on at the last quarter of the ebb and during the first of flood; five or six boats, with as many men in each, are neces-

sary. When the salmon are seen the nearest boat starts off, leaving a man on shore with a rope attached to one extremity of the net, which is rapidly thrown over as the boat makes an extensive circle round the place where the fish are supposed to lie. Returning to the shore the curve of the net is gradually decreased. Stones are flung in at each extremity to prevent the salmon from escaping; the net reaches the bank, the semi-circle is complete, and all within effectually secured. The fish are then carefully landed, and at a single draught five hundred salmon have been taken. This is, however, an event of rare occurrence, and unless the net were powerfully strong, and the fishers skilful, a fracture, and consequently a general escape, would be inevitable."

Our author is evidently most at home in fishing; indeed, we should say that is the only "wild sport" he knows *anything* about, but even here he has been wonderfully free with other writers' opinions; and chapter twelve contains far more, in the way of notes, from Lloyd's Northern Sports, and Daniel, than original matter of his own. His description of grouse-shooting is feeble, and there is an evident desire to blink the subject. "Every one shoots grouse," he says (p. 125), "the operation is so common-place that none but a Cockney (!) would find novelty in its detail." Well done, Cockney! but here you are wrong, for grouse-shooting of all others affords most delight to the keen enthusiastic sportsman; and where will the lover of "the wild and wonderful" in nature find more charms or a wider field for description than in the varied scenery of the mountain moorlands? At p. 129, we have the following:—

"While traversing a low range of moors an incident occurred which, at this season, was unaccountable. A red-and-white setter pointed at the top

of a little glen. The heathy banks on both sides of a mountain rivulet undulated gently from the stream, and caused a dipping of the surface; the ground seemed a favourable haunt for grouse, and our dogs were beating it with care. Observing the setter drop, his companions backed and remained steady, when suddenly Hero rose from his couchant attitude, and next moment a wild deer of enormous size and splendid beauty crossed before the dog and sprang the birds he had been pointing. The apparition of the animal, so little expected, and so singularly and closely introduced to our view, occasioned a sensation I had never hitherto experienced. I rushed up the bank; unembarrassed by our presence, the noble deer swept past us in a light and graceful canter, at the short distance of some seventy or eighty yards. I might have fired at and annoyed him, but on a creature so powerful small shot could have produced little effect, and none but a Cockney, under such circumstances, would waste a charge."

"Still harping" on his brethren.

Colonel Hawker is truly in our author's *bad* book; for at p. 144, we find him introduced again with this heading to the chapter—"Sporting Writers—Criticism on Hawker;" where he says that the Colonel's recommendation of priming the ears with cotton, when a person is nervous from the report of his gun, or from the noise of the rising game, is "no doubt an excellent precaution for a Cockney!" But the Colonel is well able to fight his own battles, and we will therefore leave him to settle our "wild" man at his leisure, should he deem him worthy of "powder and shot."

Notwithstanding all this snarling self-sufficiency there are some very good descriptive passages in these volumes, and we really think that out of the five or six hundred pages over which they extend, we

could have found *materiel* for three or four good articles of eight pages each for this Magazine. The second volume commences with a few words on the bad roads, and the skill of the horses in travelling them, which, he says, enables a rider to traverse the most frightful places with no more apprehension than a Cockney (!) wayfaring upon a turnpike-road. Then follows a long story called the Legend of Knock-a-thamle, which, opening in the old romance style of "a ruined church and holy well," we really have not courage to encounter; nor yet that called the "Gold Snuff-box," which follows; we must, therefore, pass on to chapter thirty-one, where we find a scene in "deer-stalking," which is, we think, the best in the work, and the only one really deserving the appellation of "wild."

"From its very base Carrig-a-bin-niogh presents a different surface to the moorlands which environ it; heath is no more seen, and in its place the mountain's rugged sides are clothed with lichen and wild grasses. The face of the hill is broken and irregular, and the ascent rendered extremely disagreeable by multitudes of loose stones, which, being lightly bedded in the soil, yield to the pressure of the traveller's foot, and of course increase his difficulties.

"After the first hundred yards had been gallantly surmounted we halted by general consent to recover breath. Again we resumed our labour, and, with occasional pauses, plodded on 'our weary way.' As we ascended the hill became more precipitous, the grass shorter, and the hands were as much employed as the feet. The halts were now more frequent, and each progression towards the summit shorter after each pause. 'To climb the trackless mountain all unseen,' is very poetical, no doubt, but it is also, I regret to add, amazingly fatiguing, and a task for men of thews and sinews

of no ordinary strength. But we were determined—'en avant' was the order of the day; on we progressed, slowly but continuously; the steepest face of the hill was gradually overcome, and a wide waste of moss and shingle lay before us, rising towards a cairn of stones, which makes the apex of the mountain. We pressed on with additional energy—the termination of our toil was in view. In a few minutes we gained the top, and a scene glorious beyond imagination burst upon us at once, and repaid tenfold the labour we had encountered to obtain it.

"We stood upon the very pinnacle of the ridge, two thousand feet above the level of the sea. Clew Bay, that magnificent sheet of water, was extended at our feet, studded with its countless islands; inland, the eye ranged over a space of fifty miles, and towns and villages beyond number were sprinkled over a surface covered with grass, and corn, and heath, in beautiful alternation. The sun was shining gloriously, and the variety of colouring presented by this expansive landscape was splendidly tinted by the vertical rays of light. The yellow corn, the green pasturage, the russet heaths, were traceable to an infinite distance, while smaller objects were marked upon this natural panorama, and churches, towns, and mansions occasionally relieved the prospect. We turned from the interior to the west; there the dark waters of the Atlantic extended till the eye lost them in the horizon. Northward, lay the Sligo highlands—and southward, the Connemara mountains, with the noble islands of Turk and Boffin. Nearer objects seemed almost beneath us: Achill was below, Clare Island stretched at our feet, while our own cabin looked like a speck upon the canvass, distinguished only by its spiral wreath of smoke from the hillocks that encircled it. There was an indescribable loneliness around that gave powerful effect to all we saw. The dreariness of the waste we occupied was grand and imposing: we were far removed from every thing human; we stood above the world, and could exclaim with Byron, 'This, this is solitude!'

"How long we might have gazed on this brilliant spectacle is questionable. Hennessey, less romantic than we, reminded us that it was time to occupy the defile, by which the deer, if found, and driven from the lowlands, would pass within our range. Thus recalled, we looked at the immediate vicinage of the cairn. It was a wilderness of moss, and bog, and granite, barren beyond description, and connected with the upper levels of the Alpine ridge, which extended for miles at either side, by a narrow chain of rock, which seemed more like the topping of a parapet than the apex of a line of hills. Indeed, a more desolate region could not be well imagined; no sign of vegetation appeared, if scathed lichens, and parched and withered flag-grass be excepted; the mountain cattle were rarely seen upon these heights, and the footmarks upon the softer surface were those of deer and goats. Hennessey discovered the tracks of a herd of the larger species, which, from his acute observations, had evidently crossed the ridge since sunrise, and must, from their numerous traces, have amounted to at least a dozen.

"While we still cast a 'longing, lingering look' at a scene which, I lament to say, I shall most probably never be permitted to view again, a boy rose from the valley towards the south, and hastened at full speed to join us. His communication was soon made, and, like the shepherds at the cabin, pantomime rather than speech conveyed its import. His tidings were momentous: the deer had moved from the place in which they had been first discovered, and were now within one thousand yards of the place where we were resting. Hennessey and the gossoon advanced in double quick, and where the ridge is steepest between the highlands and the valley, we observed them make a sudden halt, and creep gingerly forward to what seemed the brow of a precipice. We followed more leisurely, and adopting a similar method of approach, stole silently on and looked over the chasm. The precipice we were on forms the extremity of a long but narrow ravine, which,

gradually rising from the lowlands, divides the bases of Carrig-a-binníogh and Meelroe. It was a perpendicular rock of fearful height. At either side the valley was flanked by the sides of the opposite hills, and they sprang up so rugged and precipitous as to be quite impracticable to all but 'the wild flock which never needs a fold,' and yet the cleugh below was like a green spot upon a wilderness. To the very bases of the ridges it was covered with verdant grass and blooming heather, while, at the upper end, streams from several well-heads united together and formed a sparkling rivulet, which wandered between banks so green and shrubby, as formed a striking contrast to the barren heaths below and the blasted wilderness above.

"We put our hats aside and peeped over. The wave of Hennessey's hand proved the boy's report to be correct, and we were gratified with a sight of those rare and beautiful animals which formed the objects of our expedition. They were the same leash which the peasant had noticed in the lower valley—an old stag, a younger one, and a doe.

"The great elevation of the precipice, and the caution with which we approached the verge, permitted us, without alarming them, to view the red-deer leisurely. They appeared to have been as yet undisturbed, for, after cropping the herbage for a little, the younger stag and the hind lay down, while the old hart remained erect, as if he intended to be their sentinel.

"The distance of the deer from the ridge was too great to allow the rifle to be used with anything like certainty; and from the exposed nature of the hills at either side, it was impossible to get within point-blank range undiscovered. Hennessey had already formed his plans, and drawing cautiously back from the ridge, he pulled us by the skirts, and beckoned us to retire.

"We fell back about a pistol-shot from the cliff, and under a rock, which bore the portentous name of Craignamoina, held our council of war. There were two passes, through one of which the deer, when roused and driven from

the glen, would most likely retreat. The better of these, as post of honour, was, more politely than prudently, entrusted to me; my kinsman occupied the other; and Hennessey having enconced us behind rocks, which prevented our ambush from being discovered, crossed to the other side of the ridge, and I lost sight of him. Meanwhile the boy had been dispatched to apprise the drivers that the deer were in the ravine, and to notify the spot where we were posted, to enable them to arrange their movements according to our plans.

"I will not pretend to describe the anxious, nay, agonizing, hour that I passed in this highland ambushade. The deep stillness of the waste was not broken by even the twittering of a bird. From the place where I lay concealed I commanded a view of the defile for the distance of some eighty yards; and my eye turned to the path by which I expected the deer to approach, until to gaze longer pained me. My ear was equally engaged; the smallest noise was instantly detected, and the ticking of my watch appeared sharper and louder than usual. As time wore on my nervousness increased. Suddenly a few pebbles fell—my heart beat faster—but it was a false alarm. Again I heard a faint sound, as if a light foot pressed upon loose shingle—it was repeated. By Saint Hubert, it is the deer! They have entered the gorge of the pass, and approach the rock that covers me in a gentle canter! To sink upon one knee and cock both barrels was a moment's work. Reckless of danger the noble animals, in single file, galloped down the narrow pathway. The hart led the way followed by the doe, and the old stag brought up the rear. As they passed me at the short distance of twenty paces I fired at the leader, and, as I thought, with deadly aim; but the ball passed over his back and splintered the rock beyond him. The report rang over the waste, and the deer's surprise was evinced by the tremendous rush they made to clear the defile before them. I selected the stag for my second essay; eye and finger kept excellent time as I ima-

gined. I drew the trigger—a miss by every thing unfortunate! The bullet merely struck a tye from his antler, and, excepting this trifling graze, he went off at a thundering pace uninjured.

"Cursing myself, John Manton, and all the world, I threw my luckless gun upon the ground and rushed to the summit of a neighbouring rock, from which the heights and valleys beyond the gorge of the pass were seen distinctly. The deer had separated; the hart and doe turned suddenly to the right, and were fired at by my cousin without effect. The stag went right a-head, and while I still gazed after him a flash issued from a hollow in the hill; the sharp report of Hennessey's piece succeeded, and the stag sprang full six feet from the ground, and tumbling over and over repeatedly, dropped upon the bent grass with a rifle bullet in his heart.

"I rushed at headlong speed to the spot where the noble animal lay. The eye was open—the nostril expanded—just as life had left him. Throwing his rifle down, Hennessey pulled out a clasp knife, passed the blade across the deer's throat, and requesting my assistance, raised the carcase by the haunches, in order to assist its bleeding freely."

This, as we said before, is the only passage in the two volumes really deserving the name of "wild;" and yet, after all is said and done, we question if our Bond-street hero has not been making mountains of mole-hills, and describing the Carrig-a-binnioch as a trifle more difficult of ascent than it really is. Some few years ago we happened to be storm-stayed in the Convent of the Great St. Bernard, which, as our readers are aware, is the highest inhabited place in Europe. Among the *detinues* were three ladies and a gentleman, who were returning from Italy by that pass. When the storm had subsided, and a morning favourable

for our departure arrived, it was determined that we should ascend the neighbouring mountain, to view Mont Blanc and the Alps "in all their stately glory;" in which expedition two of the ladies proposed to accompany us. The monks endeavoured to dissuade them from it—and with good reason, for our guides being as ignorant of the way as ourselves, the risk was considerable, even for men, and in some places the ascent only practicable by notching steps up the sides of the snow and ice with the sharp points of our poles. When we got about half way up even the men began to look dismayed, and whether we proceeded or not, it seemed quite settled that the ladies ought not to attempt it. To our amazement, however, they not only insisted on proceeding, but actually led the way, obliging the men to follow or submit to be vanquished by the weaker sex. We would back the same damsels not only to climb Carrig-a-binniogh, but to have shot the deer which our author missed.

We will now, with a few concluding remarks, take our leave of "Wild Sports of the West." As a *sporting work* it is below mediocrity. In parts it is pleasantly written, but characterized throughout by a petty, peevish, foppish tone, quite inconsistent with the frank, manly, liberal feelings of a sportsman. Nor do the subjects he treats of, or the manner in which they are handled, lead us to believe

that he is one; for hunting, the first on the list of sports, is scarcely mentioned. Though we have the date of his departure, after the appalling reflection of "the concave mirror," we are left rather in the dark as to the time of his return; yet even if he was not in Ireland during the hunting season, one would naturally think it would have been the first business of a sportsman to find out who hunted each country, and a few anecdotes of the "Dick Christians," Jerry Hawkins, Hartleys, Wises, Jack Burrells, and other celebrated sporting characters in Ireland, would have been much more appropriate to a sporting work than thrice told tales of Mad Majors, Legends of Rose Roche, stories of gold snuff-boxes, crimes, burglaries, abductions, and murders.

The price, too, at which this work is published is most unconscionable; we will undertake to get the whole of it, word for word, into two numbers of this Magazine, and yet it is charged at the same price as our two annual volumes. The wood-cuts are barely passable, but the lithographic *embellishments* are, as that excellent and independent literary journal, the Athenæum, says, "absolutely disgraceful." In short, looking at these volumes, with their wide spread type, broad margin, and wretched embellishments, we think they afford as fine a specimen of modern book-making as any we have ever seen.

ON THE PRESERVATION OF GAME DURING THE WINTER.

HOWEVER pleasing may be the descriptions of field sports, we must not lend our ear to them alone.

To destroy is much easier than to preserve; but the latter point is the first thing to which the discerning

sportsman will bend his attention. For little purpose may the high-bred fox-hound, and the well-conditioned hunter, be brought to the cover side, if reynard has been caught in a trap, or fallen before a keeper's gun; excitement will only have been raised to sink into despondency, or give place to indignation. In like manner, if a man takes up his Joe Manton, and uncouples his spaniels to enter a cover, which he has taken little trouble to preserve, he must expect to meet with disappointment. Negligence finds its own reward in all cases, and in none more surely than such as his.

But if it be needful to pay attention to game at all periods, it is doubly so

—“amid the rigours of the year,
In the wild depth of winter;”

and, therefore, to this part of the subject shall I confine myself in the following pages. Of all kinds of game none requires so much attendance as the pheasant. Originally an emigrant from much warmer lands than ours*, it cannot endure the rigours of our climate like our native moor-game, or even like the partridge. Still, however, pheasants will exist through much severe weather; but then, unless they are supplied with a sufficiency of food, they will change their ground and roam far and near in search of it. Thus, in consequence of not going to the expense and trouble of having a few sacks of barley scattered about his preserves during a frost, a man may have his pheasants wandering over half the county, and perhaps may never see one third of them again. In that case many will most probably

be killed; and others, having found better quarters elsewhere, will not think of returning to their old ones, from whence they had been starved out.

So daring will the pheasant become, when hard pressed for food, that it will frequently go to feed even in the farmer's rick-yard. I had often heard this, but confess that I was rather sceptical about it for a long time. At length, however, I witnessed it with my own eyes, and then, like all obstinate people, ceased to be incredulous. I was shooting over a finely-wooded, but ill-preserved, part of Herefordshire, and, happening to pass through a rick-yard about a hundred yards from a farm-house, I perceived two or three pheasant's feathers, and other indications of that bird's having fed there the previous day. Determined to gratify my curiosity I returned to the place about the feeding hour in the evening, and took up a concealed position. The time, in which the pheasant generally takes his evening meal, arrived, and he came not—it passed, and still I saw nothing, and almost began to suspect that I had mistaken the feathers of the barn-door chanticleer for those of the more beautiful denizen of the neighbouring wood. The shades of night were gathering darkly and speedily around me, and I was preparing to leave the spot, when I evidently heard the sound of a pheasant upon the wing. I listened—it drew nearer; and, in a few moments, I saw a fine cock-bird skim past me with extended wings, and alight upon the sloping thatch of a wheat-rick. I might, perchance, have killed him: in spite of the dim-

* Ornithologists are at variance as to the exact part of the world from whence the pheasant was introduced into western Europe, but all agree in saying that it came from the East. Its very plumage, in fact, tells us this.

ness of the sky I might have levelled my gun straight enough to hit a stationary mark; but no, it would have been an unsportsmanlike act, and thus, resisting the temptation, I quietly stole from my place of concealment, and left him to enjoy his fine feeding ground at pleasure. On my road home I could not help wondering at the sagacity which this bird displayed, in waiting so much beyond his regular time of feeding before venturing upon such dangerous ground. The fact showed me also the strong necessity of laying down food for pheasants whenever the severity of the season, or any other cause, should prevent them from obtaining it for themselves in the fields or woods.

To say nothing of a severe winter, there are other circumstances which ought to be attended to in the feeding of pheasants. For instance; if the oak trees be plentiful in the preserve, or the neighbouring hedge-rows, and if they be well-stocked with acorns, the pheasants will require much less feeding than under different circumstances. The condition of the stubble-fields around the cover should also be attentively looked to, and the quantity of food regulated accordingly. It is a common practice with game-preservers, whose principal covers lie near to the boundary line of the manor, to plant a small copse in a central position, and endeavour to attract the game there by making it the principal, if not the only, feeding place. But this plan, though it appear very feasible to the inexperienced, is apt to fail. Pheasants are very unwilling to abide in any preserve where there is not a considerable quantity of high timber, and as this cannot be raised

into existence in a few years, like a gorse-copse in Leicestershire, the whole scheme may end in disappointment, and trouble and expense be incurred to no good purpose. A well-timbered position should therefore be fixed upon in the first instance, because, "If the mountain won't come to Mahomet, Mahomet must go to the mountain." I should say from experience that the oak is the pheasant's favourite tree, because it affords him both food and shelter; but, when the gales of winter have stripped "the monarch of our woods" of its beautiful foliage, he then prefers roosting amid the unchanging branches of the pine tree.

To plant an acre or two of buckwheat adjoining a large preserve, merely for the game, is a good plan, and followed by many game preservers. It answers two good purposes—it saves the farmers' crops, and keeps the game from roaming beyond due bounds. Still neither this or any similar precaution will be sufficient when severe weather sets in, especially if there be a deep snow, and then the barley-sack must be had recourse to by every man who is desirous of keeping his game at home. Of course, in large game preserves, where every thing is conducted in a regular and business-like manner, this is never neglected, but it too frequently is by the proprietors of smaller ones. They are apt either to forget it altogether, or to imagine that their small quantity of game will find food for itself somewhere or other; the consequence of this is that away go their pheasants, the one half of them, perchance, never to return again. I have known of cases in which one fortnight's hard weather has left a cover minus of about one-half of

its game. "Oh," cries the negligent owner, "they will come back again now the frost is going." "No such thing," replies some old sportsman to whom he tells the tale; "if alive, they have found a better master than yourself, and will therefore trouble you no more." This is the more to be lamented, because it tends to confine the chief portion of the game within a few great preserves, while, as Bacon said of money, it ought to be scattered about the country. The novel and un-English system of battushooting is thus aided at the expense of the old-fashioned sportsman, who prefers walking over the fields, or through the wood, with his favourite dogs, to standing still whilst a set of keepers drive up a parcel of half-domesticated fowls before him. Poaching is also increased, because that crime is always most prevalent where a large quantity of game is collected in a small space. Thus, in every point of view, it is desirable that the game upon small estates should not be neglected. Southey, when speaking of our great capitalists, compares them to "pike in a fish-pond, that swallow up all the smaller fry;" and if the owners of these small estates do not take due care of their game—if, instead of feeding it when needful, and always being on the alert to protect it, they permit it to be half-starved in winter, and disturbed at all times—the consequence will be that it will be "swallowed up" by the great game preservers in a very similar manner.

Regarding vermin there is but one opinion, namely, that preserves should be kept as clear of it as possible. There is one animal, however, *sometimes* classed under

this head, about which I have a few remarks to offer. My sporting readers know to what I allude—our friend reynard. Poor fellow! he has frequently to bear the blame for mischief committed by greater rogues than himself. A gentleman complains of the scarcity of game upon his estate, and the man in the green coat replies to him in the following style:—"Aye, air, it be those foxes that does so much harm." He does not like to lay the blame upon the pole-cat or the weasel, because they ought to have been destroyed; neither upon the poacher, for he ought to have been baffled; neither on the licensed trespasser, for he ought to have been warned off; but, "the fox, the fox!" that is his favourite cry, though, in truth, he may have as little reason for doing so as the shepherd in the fable had for calling out "the wolf, the wolf!" Then it is, if his master be no fox-hunter and a selfish man, that *secret orders* are given, of which the giver might well be ashamed.

The opinion that foxes in reality do very little damage to the game can be supported upon the best grounds—by facts, which are "stubborn things." Are the most celebrated game preserves in England the property of vulpecides or not? It may safely be answered that they are not. Where is the man, however good a shot he may be, that would undertake a shooting match upon the following conditions:—he being allowed to fix upon any manor wherein foxes were killed, and his opponent having the range of those wherein they were preserved? I think such a man would not easily be found. As far as my own travels have extended, all the best game covers

have belonged to the preservers of foxes. To mention one, taken at random, I will name Chillington-park, in the county of Stafford—a regular place of meeting during the hunting season. The fine woods of this fine place abound in game of all descriptions, and yet where is the Staffordshire sportsman that can say he ever saw them drawn without finding a fox? A fox, indeed!—it was fortunate when we did only find one, for it more frequently happened that there were two or three before the hounds at the same time. I remember once when both the pack and field divided, and we had two distinct runs.

But, besides the important fact that foxes and game may both be plentiful in the same cover, there is little ground, even in theory, for supposing that puggy is the extensive depredator which his enemies represent him to be. It is the opinion of the ablest writers upon natural history that, comparatively speaking, few birds are destroyed by animals; and when we consider the means which nature hath given to the former for their protection, it would be strange, indeed, if it were otherwise. Moreover, as the pheasant invariably roosts beyond the reach of such an animal as the fox, it is still more improbable that it should frequently fall a prey to him. The truth is, that he feeds more upon rabbits than anything else that the shooter cares about; and of what consequence to any one are a few rabbits in the course of the year?

And now, having had my say against vulpecides, let me get on to other parts of my subject. The rules for preserving game must vary in many respects according to

the description of the manor or property that contains it. Thus it will often happen that the owner of 1000 acres may possess greater advantages for raising or preserving a head of game than the owner of 3000. An estate of a circular form, with a good cover or two near the centre, is of course the best; and it is nothing like a pull at the long bow to say that such a one may be better, as far as sporting is concerned, than one thrice its size, if the latter lie scattered about in a zig-zag manner, and have its covers near its boundary line.

Much depends also upon the neighbourhood in which a preserve may stand. If it be bounded by other preserved grounds there will be much less trouble in protecting its game than if adjoining to lands that were much shot over. In the latter case its owner may be compared to some feudal chieftain of the olden times, who used to live surrounded by a set of marauding neighbours, whom he could not trust, and was therefore obliged to be continually upon the alert.

To acquire the good-will of the tenantry upon his estate is what every landlord is called upon to do by other and higher duties than the preservation of his game; but for this also it is essential. Colonel Hawker remarks how easy it is for a farmer, whilst walking over his grounds, to “put his foot upon a partridge’s nest,” if he be so inclined; and it is equally easy for him to turn a blind eye to the trespasser by day, or even to the poacher by night: a little kindness, however, prevents such things as these, for the English farmer would never think of them unless greatly enraged. The quantity of game

which we see in most parts of the country, is a pretty clear proof that the tenantry are not generally desirous of destroying it. It is a good custom, and nothing more than what is fair, that the tenant, upon whose land much game is shot, should not be overlooked in the distribution of it; and perhaps it is a still better one to allow the tenantry, every now and then, to have a day's coursing amongst themselves, as they, like most Englishmen, think more of the sport than the game. For my own part, I hate to see a manor over-crowded with hares, as, when very numerous, they certainly do much damage to the crops.

Another thing most needful for the due preservation of game, though I mention it last, is *fair sporting*. Without this all other precautions may be of little avail, especially with regard to pheasants, as they may easily be exterminated. Most men, however, are cautious in shooting what they consider to be their own game; but this is not all that is required of a sportsman. The owner of a very extensive manor may certainly keep his preserves in good order in spite of his neighbours, but it is very different with the owners of small ones. For example; let us suppose that A. and B. have two estates, of five or six hundred acres each, contiguous to each other, and that, country squires being very apt to quarrel about game, they do not pull well together. Under these circumstances men generally make it a rule to kill as much game as they can upon that side of their estate which is bounded by the

enemy's land. A. takes up his gun, calls for his setters, and away he goes for his morning's amusement. The dogs come to a point in a hedge-row, and up gets a hen-pheasant. Now game is scarce—it is the close of the season—and therefore by all means he ought not to fire; but then the next field but one is B.'s; the bird is making that way—it is doubtless one of B.'s pheasants: these thoughts outweigh all others—up goes the gun, and perchance down comes the bird. If so there is an end of her; but it may happen to have been a miss, and then she may be safe. Vain hope!—on the other side comes B.—he finds her also—she then may attempt to make her way back towards her old quarters, and is therefore, as a matter of course, concluded to be a straggler from A.'s lands, and accordingly fired at without mercy. Thus, between the two, the poor pheasant has little chance of living to bring up a nide in the following season, and, as this nide might have been probably divided between A. and B., they may both of them be losers by her death. In this manner they go on, and of course are imitated by their keepers, who are certain to take up the quarrel, and consequently game soon becomes scarce upon both their estates.

Having thus given a slight sketch of the state of things where fair sporting is *not* followed, it will be enough to say that, where it is, the scene will present a very different appearance. N. O.

November 5, 1832.

December.

BY SYLVANUS SWANQUILL.

"It is one of the excellent laws of Providence that our minds shall be insensibly moulded to a sympathy with that season which is passing, and become deprived, in a certain degree, of the power of recalling the images of those which are gone by; whence we reap the double advantage of not being disgusted with the deadness of the wintry landscape, from a comparison with the hilarity of spring: and when spring itself appears, it comes with a freshness of beauty which charms us at once with novelty and a recognition of old delights." Such are the words of our excellent friend Howitt in his nice little "Book of the Seasons;" and such, I believe, has been the feeling of every one who has felt at all on the subject. Even December, now it is here, seems a very worthy, downright, good sort of a month; and we only wonder how the almanack makers could have been guilty of such an egregious error as to fill its weather column with these and similar predictions:—"Cold rain or snow;" "Boisterous winds with downfall;" "Rain, snow, or sleet*." Truly the "*O Sapientia!*" in the same column is a charming irony on the wisdom of the sage prognosticators.

But what a beautiful provision for the happiness of the human mind is this sympathy with the successive seasons. Spring, when she came into our meadows, scattering her yellow flowers over the

new green of the springing turf, and festooning our hedgerows with roses and honeysuckles, seemed incomparable in beauty. But the yellow blossoms soon drooped, and the bright, delicate verdure changed into a deeper green. Gayer flowers succeeded, and the summer forests nodded in mature beauty. We plucked and sung to the summer buds—we plunged delighted into the depths of the forest. Then came Autumn: her leaves and her fruit seemed to emulate each other in richness and variety of colour; every wood-side was a picture gallery—every hedgerow a sunset rainbow. What essays we wrote then—what paintings glowed upon our canvass! And now, here is December, with its frost and snow, and fairy work upon the trees; every little twig that you pick up in the early morning (nine or ten o'clock is *early* now) covered with brilliants that would defy the jewellers of all England to imitate; every step you take among diamond trees and shrubs that would not disgrace the groves of Aladdin's garden.

December days, however, differ very considerably among themselves. There are three kinds of them, as little like each other as December itself is like May or June. First, in the early part of the month, there are the dull, mild, misty mornings, followed by an hour of sunshine about noon, then dulness and mistiness again, and nights duller and mistier than all.

* Vide "British Almanack" for last year. The peculiar mildness of the "cold rain" season, and marked unboisterousness of the windy, will be remembered by many who did not keep a meteorological diary.

As we advance in the month the frosts come on ; the fogs are dissipated, the air becomes more keen, and the days are both brighter and *longer* than they were. This is a sort of weather that every body seems to enjoy. It is the very time for long, brisk walks, and for paying country visits. The lanes are hard and dry, the fields sparkling with hoarfrost, the wind is hushed, and the sky blue and tranquil. The sun and moon are now abroad together, and so little has old Phœbus the advantage of his sister in brightness—he has none in size—that you can hardly tell which is which. A poet would compare the heaven at this moment to a bright mirror, in which the moon appears as a reflection of Sol's ruddy face—that honest, handsome face, that carries delight and health to so many millions of his majesty's subjects.

But a change comes o'er the spirit of our dream. Suddenly, on peering out of our window some chilly morning, we find that the varied and many-coloured picture we have been used to gaze upon has, as it were, been withdrawn, and a blank sheet hung up in its stead. A blank sheet, did we say? No, not so ; for there is still some bright blue to be seen. If we must go to the drawing-school for a similitude, we should rather compare the world now to a picture in a very early stage, where only the sky is put in, and the lower part left blank to be filled up hereafter. Sides of cottages now are only seen, and gable ends become more prominent than usual. Yew trees, and those evergreens which have dense horizontal branches, bend beneath the weight of much snow, and every now and then, as you pass under them, let fall a little

avalanche upon some undefended part of your person. It is now winter in good earnest. You never stir abroad without your great coat and thick shoes, and consider yourself justified in ordering an extra blanket to your bed. Paths are swept now in the streets and gardens ; and if you chance to step on one side, thinking the snow only about an inch deep, you sink in, up to the ankles almost, before you are aware. Master Tommy now comes home from school, and a pretty figure he cuts with his pepper-and-salt trousers, a world too short for his long shanks, attached to his bottle-green jacket by the fragile tenure of a single-shelled button. Little would you think, to contemplate that awkward lad, with his lanky hair, wild look, and gawky gait—to say nothing of his torn and disproportionate apparel—that you were gazing upon the future statesman, him who is to hold successive senates in thrall, to sway the sceptre of a kingdom by his wisdom and eloquence ; or the hero, whose red right hand is destined to liberate nations, and to hurl the usurper from his throne of tyranny. Papas, however, will often thus dream, and a pleasant thing it is to sleep away life in so pleasing a vision.

The naturalist is not without his pleasures in a winter's walk. There are new birds fluttering about him at every brookside and in every snug lane. In a severe frost sea-gulls will find their way into the very middle of the midland counties ; and that magnificent bird, the wild swan (no matter what Linnæus calls it), may be seen wandering about in search of open springs. Our old friends, the trees, invite our admiration, as they exhibit the beneficence of Nature in

securing their buds from the effects of frost. Our readers, of course, are well aware that a tree is not an individual being, but a community, a colony, a commonwealth of buds; that each bud is a plant perfect in itself, existing independently of every other bud, and drawing its sustenance from the great mother—EARTH, through numerous fibres or roots, which constitute what we call the bark of the tree. The injury that many of these buds would sustain during the winter season, by the frost expanding their fluids and bursting the vessels that contain them, is providentially averted by a provision as effective as it is simple. They are closely covered in with layers of hard scales, and then a turpentine or essential oil is secreted, which, by filling up all crannies, and, as it were, glueing the whole together, prevents the admittance of rain or dew, and even the insinuating abomination of a damp atmosphere. This may be more particularly seen in large succulent buds, such as those of the horse-chestnut. The evergreens are still the observed of all observers; and, as Christmas is coming on, the hollies and ivies seem to gain an increase of importance. Poor wretches! it is an importance for which they must pay pretty dearly—as all our importances are paid for, indeed; and I never see a fine bush, gleaming in its pride of scarlet and green, but I sigh to think what a dismemberment there must be among its boughs—what a scattering of its coral riches! Yet how pretty the little whitewashed cottage looks, with its bunches and festoons of red berries in the windows, and those other bright scarlet clusters, of *pyracantha*, that deck the walls outside!

The occupations at the grange are not greatly different from those of last month: foddering cattle and “hurdling out” sheep, killing pigs and making pork-pies, ploughing (for fallows—the industrious farmer has finished his sowing this month since), getting in ricks, and thrashing and winnowing the corn. What a fine scene of noisy mirth is the getting in of a good big wheat-stack, now that the farmer’s eight little boys are come home from school, each with his favourite terrier as wayward and noisy as himself! What cries are heard from every corner of the rick-yard! “Hang you, Jack!”—“Confound you, Joe!”—“Deuce take you, Bill!”—and, in a moment of very great excitement indeed, perhaps, “Damn you, Tom!” which forthwith elicits the honest indignation of the worthy parent, and throws a slight damp over the joys of the reveillie. But all is soon well again—boys, dogs, and rats, are as noisy and bustling as ever, only a little more moral. And now a new ally has arrived, the man with the ferrets, who looks after all waifs and strays, so that not so much as the tip of a rat’s tail is suffered to rest in peace. When the ground is frostbound, and the team cannot work at the plough, the farmer employs them to carry lime and manure of all sorts upon his fields, or kindly lends them to his labourers to get in their winter stock of fuel. If a considerate man, he will take care not to delay this boon till too late in the month, when the price of coals becomes greatly enhanced by the increased consumption.

And now what a time for the bookworm! The English “Leipsig Fair” is at its height. Novels, in three volumes octavo; poems,

in one pretty little duodecimo; Memoirs, Reminiscences, and Personal Narratives, of all sizes and prices, with ten thousand various tomes, "*de omnibus rebus et quibusdam aliis*," are daily advertised; some "as just published;" others, "*proposed to be published*;" and others again "in the press, and shortly will appear." What a delicious retreat now the snug little study, whose walls are covered with that best of all tapestry—books! As for the weather, we laugh at it; and the wind howls at us—let it hawl on, we heed it not! A glorious fire is blazing in the grate; our lamp (for a wonder) burns brightly, our bookseller's last parcel lies unpacked upon the table; and there is no fear of "friends dropping in." Shall we confess it?—our dearest crony would be unwelcome at this moment—Nimrod; Nim South, Toxophilus, and even thou, thrice merry "Yorkshireman," would put us out of temper by intruding upon our present solitude. We are alone; and *we wish to be alone*—not so much as a pet spaniel dare approach us now; and there is no wife, no squalling bairn—thank heaven for that!—to interrupt us—to vex us—to endanger our souls by exciting us to wish 'em both at the devil! Shut the door!—nay more, *lock* it, for we must be unintermittible. There, now cut the string—a fine piece of string it is, would we could stay to untie the knots!—throw back the brown paper, and cast aside the vile invoice. There they are—magazines, reviews, "Standard Novels," "Family Libraries," &c. &c. &c. Here's the Edinburgh, in its mantle of true blue—the Quarterly (how could Ackermann think of putting them together in this way!)—the Metropolitan

(who would expect such nervous and cutting satire under that delicate pale cover?)—the Service Journal in its smart uniform, as if the Muses were to be caught by a red coat—old Blackwood, Fraser, and the New Monthly, with the garb of Quakers, but souls that might animate a den of lions. And here, here the merry little Comic—and last, and best of all, the book of books, our own dear "N. S. M.," in its pretty new jacket of green, that puts you in a good humour before you open a page or cut a leaf; where we are not bored to death with political essays, or, what is worse, political romances—where we don't meet with a word about Don Pedro, tithe laws, the navigation of the Scheldt, or the Bank Charter, from year's end to year's end. This shall be our first treat—the turtle-soup of our mental banquet. Where's the cutter?—roll up the easy chair—remove the tongs and poker, that our feet may occupy their places—and the shovel, that we may get *near enough* to the fire. There, now be silent, for we must forget this world entirely—we are going into a seventh heaven of our own, and *will not be interrupted!*

Now Bath is in fashion, and ball-rooms, and pump-rooms, and card-rooms, and green-rooms are crowded. Matches are made in heaven—so they are in Bath; and, I much fear me, many, many more in Bath than in heaven. Now carriages, and hackney-coaches, and sedans, and frys, are in general requisition; the very green-grocer's lady cannot go to see her friend the straw-bonnet maker without a vehicle of some sort to transport her through the snow, and "call again at ten." Now people on the:

tops of stage-coaches, without great-coats or cloaks, are in a bad way; and the ducks and geese at the unfrozen end of the pond are objects of general commiseration. Now there is a beautiful lecture on astronomy delivered every evening in the heavens, and God's magnificent astrarism is lighted up for our contemplation. There is old Orion, a "star" among the stars, a complete picture set in diamonds, himself alone sufficient to beautify a whole empyrean! Then, there is the Bear, *Ursa Major*, that every body knows; and that "curious coincidence," *Ursa Minor*, that every body *pretends* to know! Then we have the blazing *Sirius*, and the bright stars in *Taurus*, and *Auriga*, and *Perseus*, and *Cassiopeia*, and *Bootes*; and my sweet little favourite the Northern Crown, whose brightest gem, *Alphacca*, forms such a beautiful triangle with *Arcturus* and another brilliant star in *Bootes*, whose name I forget. Young ladies now begin to study astronomy (that is, to learn the names of the constellations) with all their might; and young gentlemen, who happen to know anything about it—particularly handsome ones—are in great request as celestial *Ciceroni*.

The shortest day is arrived now, dedicated to St. Thomas, who, I suppose, was the shortest of men; and we really don't see that it is so much shorter than any of the rest. Then come the preparations for that jovial time, Christmas. Huge fat oxen are seen hobbling down the streets, driven by butcher-boys in blue smockfrocks. Flocks of sheep go bleating after them to furnish another dish at the festal board. Great is the chopping of plums and stoning of raisins in kitchens and housekeepers'

rooms, anticipatory of mince-pies and plum-puddings. Then, on the day of "old market," what a show of beef at the butchers' stalls!—and how great the butchers themselves appear, with their vast carving-knives in their hands, and gigantic steels by their sides! Little cause have they at this moment to regret their ineligibility for judicial disquisition, surrounded as they are by the noblest of all noble barons (of beef), and blest with the foremanship of a whole jury of sheep, that extend not only along the front of their own but of their neighbours' houses. Then, there are the "country butchers," a ha'penny a pound cheaper, hurrying to and fro on their fast-trotting nags, or jogging along in their spring-carts, with an ugly cross cur betwixt the wheels, whom you expect to be run over every minute.

Christmas-day is here at last—Christmas-day that we have been thinking and talking so much about—and we are surprised to find it so uncommonly dull. I know not what we expected, but certainly we did look for something more than common on this celebrated day. We didn't, we couldn't, imagine that the sun would rise brighter than usual, yet somehow we did think it would have been more lustrous than it is. We had no right to call upon the roast beef and plum-pudding for hilarity and jocularity, yet I must say, we seemed to have a presentiment of something funny on their appearance. Well, this is but another of those illusions which are so often exhibited in the theatre of life; another of those instances where, like the mariner who elevates the distant rock into an island of beauty and plenty, we

dim the reality by overpainting the anticipation.

The whole month of December, however, is frequently so mild and open that it would do equally well for November or October, and the varied pleasures of the chase may be enjoyed from Eligius to Silvester inclusive. We have already risked our necks with the fox-hounds and harriers; and, enticed by a convenient meet, we will now take a gallop with our worthy friends, the staggers. The fixture is—anywhere; for we are not now dependent upon woods and gorse-covers for a chase: we can throw off just where we like—in Lincoln's Inn Fields, if we will, or on the top of Plinlimmon.

Well, there we are—wherever it may be—the hounds at our feet, some sitting, some standing, some trotting about, all looking as wise as if they had been just metamorphosed out of so many Crusicans, and still retained the consciousness of their former state. A pretty good meet, methinks—fifty or sixty horsemen, and almost as many pedestrians. But where are all those people going to? Oh, I do remember—the stag was to be turned down on the marsh at the end of yonder lane; and now I look again, I perceive the cart jogging along under the old pine-grove—at the bottom of the hill there. God bless me! don't you see it?—betwixt those two elm-trees. Let us trot down the lane, and be present at the noble creature's liberation. There—there he is!—he won't come out at first, but he leaps forth at length, and clears himself a way through the little lads and gaping rustics that tumble over one another in their anxiety to get out of the reach of his formidable antlers. What a

fine fellow he is—and what glances of noble disdain are flashing from his large, handsome *stag-eyes*! Then what action he has!—he seems to float upon the air, so lightly, so elegantly does he trip along over the smooth green turf, that seems to be elastic for him. He is gone now; the maple copse has hidden him from our view; and now a couple of hounds are laid on to keep him moving. We take a canter up or down the marsh; to pass the time till the pack comes, and to take the stiffness out of our merry little nags' limbs. The hounds arrive presently, and take up the scent as truly as if they had been here to see the stag let loose. Yowh! yowh!—away they go, over the common, round the maple copse, and goodness knows where besides. Farm-houses, cottages, fine stuccoed mansions, flit by like Banquo's grandsons and great-grandsons; villages are passed, almost before you have time to ask their names—and rivers and rivulets are crossed whose names nobody knows. The stag puts in practice all his old stratagems to elude or baffle his pursuers: he winds about in the mazes of the forest, plunges in the depths of the flood, and, dashing over the old park palings, seeks to hide himself in the midst of the herd. They, whom no fellow-feeling makes wondrous kind—whom not even the ties of consanguinity can bind to his defence—avoid him with one mind; and, broken-hearted (if hunted deer and deserted ladies ever are so), he passes onward with feeble, sinking steps. With no spirit for further exertion, and no strength if he had the spirits, he scarcely flies the angry pack; but, taking his stand in some tree-girt pool, or under some beetling rock,

defies his enemies to wager of battle, and fights manfully for his life against an overwhelming majority of foes.

Under the old system, this was a tragic moment; the poor stag was soon pulled down by his numerous assailants, and the water was dimmed with his blood; but now, the Humane Society itself could hardly take exception against this last scene of all in our eventful history. *A la rescue!* is the cry; the huntsman rides forward—the

hounds are whipped off—and the trembling stag is liberated from the jaws of his enemies. If lucky enough to belong to our sovereign lord the king, and to have led majesty a dance over hedge and ditch, he is further distinguished with the name and style of a “Hart Royal,” admitted among the aristocracy of the herd, and turned out to enjoy a life of liberty among the glades and brakes of his native forest.

A FEW LINES FROM MR. JORROCKS ON THE SUBJECT OF *HIS* NEW MAGAZINE.

GENTS.,

Some months ago I paid you the compliment of forwarding some hobervations upon Scent and Summering the 'Unter—the result of great practical experience—which you promised werry faithfully should appear in the September number, and yet I have now cut through the pages of the November one, and devil a line do I find of mine in it. It is werry repun-gent to my feelings to make hen-emies of men with whom I have been on terms of friendly fami-liarity, but I must say that I think there are better dogs bred in the kennel than the parlour, and your late behaviour to me has not been what I consider myself entitled to. I called the other day in Paternoster Row, and instead of being inwited to walk up stairs as usual, I was told that the Editors were particu-larly engaged, and desired they might not be interrupted! Pretty treatment, indeed, for a gentle-man, who I may without vanity assert was the making of you; for if my friend the Yorkshireman and

I had not taken you in tow when we did, you would never have seen a second May. But all this I feel is beneath the dignity of an author to complain of, though I can only tell you, gentlemen, that if you do not know my walue that I do my-self, and you will find it out to your cost, if you don't mind your P.'s and Q.'s. The simple fact is that you are jealous of me; for there is not a sporting writer in the world except myself who really knows any thing of the matter. Look at both Sporting Magazines and see what a bundle of cripples you are! There's Mr. Nimrod (the mighty hunter as you call him in derision), who writes as if he were ignorant of the rules of gram-mar, and introduces scraps of Latin to cover his ignorance; and Nim South, who knows no more of hunting than an old hogshead. As to Mister Sylvanus Swanquill, even my friend the “Devonian” covered him all over with shame; and your Albert Engelhorns, and such like animals, are unworthy powder and shot. Your own pa-

pers, too, are as bad as bad can be; and the only readable part of your numbers is the wrappers. But the sporting world have had too much of this sort of gammon, Mr. Editor, and wont stand it not no longer. I hoped at one time to have made your Magazine what it ought to be, but since you have chosen to treat me with disrespect, I tell you fairly and openly that I will stand forward as the champion of the sporting world, and instead of producing a work distinguished for false taste, an affectation of semi-slang and interested motives, which cannot fail to disgust cultivated minds, I will have one pre-eminently distinguished for elegance of diction, sound reason, and philosophy. It shall contain a characteristic and philosophical originality in every department, and under the superintendence of a thorough practical sportsman like myself, will avoid that display of

ignorance and cupidity which has so indelibly marked the character of your publication and excited the contempt of the sportsman; and, moreover, it shall afford instruction and amusement, by conveying information in a philosophical, correct, and characteristic manner. [!!!—Ed.]

You may grin as you will, but I am in earnest; and, moreover, I can inform you that I have already borrowed the sign of the Fox and Hedgehog ale-house, which I have placed in the hands of a first-rate engraver, which, with woodcuts of hounds taken from two brown jugs in my possession, will form my first embellishments, and the wrapper shall be cream colour, and contain a greyhound with a fox's brush; the whole (to avoid cupidity) for the small sum of two shillings.

Yours, &c.

JOHN JORROCKS.

Great Coram Street, London.

REMARKS ON THE NEW GAME LAWS, AS AFFECTING WASTES AND COMMONS.

SIR,

So well am I convinced that the late Act of Parliament intended to amend the Laws in England relative to Game, is calculated, were its enactments generally known and understood, to annoy the sportsman to an extreme degree, that I am induced to trouble you with a short dissertation in reference to its application to those large tracts of land, still found in many of the western counties, being *Wastes* or *Commons* as yet uninclosed.

There is a difficulty in writing on matters of this kind, which is, that to speak as a lawyer would be to render my subject, in some de-

gree, unintelligible, and consequently uninteresting, to many of your readers. On the other hand, however, such remarks on the Game Laws, as are usually found in a periodical, are for the most part received with so much doubt and distrust, lest they should be stating rather that which is *wished to be*, than that which *is*, the law, that I cannot refrain from premising, that for this and other communications which I have made through the medium of the New Sporting Magazine, I claim and am entitled to some confidence, from speaking with professional knowledge and experience, though,

doubtless, appearing to your readers as a mere idle, scribbling sportsman.

A remark has been made above, and I beg to repeat it, that were the powers of the new Act better understood, prosecutions would increase tenfold. It may seem strange that a law which, whether the sun shines or not, frowns upon many a sportsman every day, should be to many, as I contend, so utterly unknown. Not that the sportsman is less capable of forming a right judgment of its operation than other individuals, but the distinction is this—the old Common Laws of the land, which grow with our growth, are as familiar almost to an illiterate as a professional person; while, on the other hand, all the novel and powerful enactments of several late statutes, are, as regards the community at large, as though they had never been. They are known but in the Courts and amongst lawyers, and to them imperfectly; nor will they be diffused throughout the land until the stream of time has carried them over the graves of their authors to an age as yet unborn. So it is with the new Game Laws; much they have abolished, and much substituted in its stead (both to a certain degree for the better, but more, in my free opinion, for the worse), but as yet the full scope and tendency of their penal clauses is a book sealed.

The portion of the new law which I condemn, and which especially forms the gist of these observations, is the innovation made upon the trial by jury in the case of trespasses. It is well known that actions of trespass, founded on a previous notice to desist from sporting, are in many cases made the vehicle for oppressive litigation, and re-

sorted to, for no love of justice, by the rich and powerful, but as a certain means of annoyance and expense. It is known, also, that these actions are discountenanced by the judges in most cases, and the plaintiff left to pay his own costs, by the exercise of a discretionary power vested in the judge for that purpose. But still where a notice is given, and a trespass inadvertently ensues, there is no knowing how the judge may act, since the trespass in such a case becomes wilful and aggravated.

It is true, and I rejoice to find it so, that the new Act has made no alteration in this respect; it has left the common law the same as it stood before in respect to trespasses. But why has this been done? I speak freely and considerately when I designate the new statute as a law of pains and penalties; it has left the law of trespass as it found it, and added a novel, and hitherto unheard of, authority to a single justice of the peace to determine upon that which our ancestors wisely left to the discrimination of a jury, well knowing that in these and all other juridical proceedings, where human passions and prejudices, rather than actual wrongs, form the foundation of the proceedings, it is best to leave it to the cool and unanimous judgment of a jury rather than the capricious will of an individual.

Again; I cannot subscribe to the principle of law, which exposes me to the self-same penalties for an inadvertent trespass on a single rod of ground, as to a day's march through an extensive country. A gentleman who sports among inclosures may commit a hundred unintentional and unavoidable trespasses in a day, which antecedently to this amendment of the laws the

most malevolent was foiled to attack; but now, nothing is wanted but *the will* to convert the sports of the field into a source of annoyance and expense. That such has not been the case I admit, but for this reason, that the powers of the Act are not as yet understood; had they not, then, I ask (without some restriction), better have never been?

I should have apologised for these lengthened remarks, but so deeply convinced am I of their truth and relevancy, if the present code is persisted in, that I trust you will excuse me when I add it is my sincere opinion which induces me to state fearlessly the evils which threaten us, with some hope that it may induce a general feeling for the revision of these laws, or if that fail, then I shall not have written wholly in vain if I warn my brother sportsmen of the dangers which surround us, and point out the means of escaping them. Not the least of those dangers is the broad fact which stares us in the face through many a fair tract of country, from which the game is vanishing like the shadows of the night, that the legislature in making it *saleable* has roused up many a man into a poacher who before had no market for his ill-gotten spoils; and, on the same principle, has converted into a purchaser individuals who otherwise had never bought a hare.

But to the point. Keeping in mind the well known distinction between Commons and Open Fields, which need no definition in this place, it is sufficient for our purpose to state, that a commoner has only a special and limited interest in the soil, but yet he shall have such remedies as are commensurate with his right, and therefore

may distrain beasts found trespassing, but not being *absolute owner* of the soil he cannot bring a general action of *trespass* for a trespass done upon the common.

From hence it will be seen that an action of trespass was not maintainable by a commoner against any one, being on the common in pursuit of game, while game was *fera natura*; the question therefore to be discussed, is whether in the case of beating for game, or woodcocks, snipes, quails, landrails or conies, upon a waste or common, the sportsman (being liable to an information at the suit of the Lord of the Manor, under the law as altered) is by any means subject to an action at law, for trespassing; which it is conceived he is not.

By the way, too, it may not be ill timed to mention, that although in common cases the party trespassed upon has his choice of a remedy, either by action or information, the 46th section strictly limits him to one mode of proceeding: hence it follows, that as a commoner could not maintain trespass before the passing of the late Act, that unless it arise by some new enacting clause, there is no law now in force, to enable the Lord of the Manor, to whom the game now belongs, to give notice to the sportsman not to trespass, and to follow it up by an action for *wilful* trespass, in the event of his sporting over the wastes or commons.

Having bestowed a very attentive perusal on the Act in question, there is no doubt on my mind, on the subject. The commoner before the passing of such Act, could not maintain an action of trespass, not being the absolute owner of the soil: now there is nothing in the Act to alter the law in this respect,

for the name of the commoner is not found in its pages; the only alteration made, with respect to the wastes or commons, is to vest the property of the game (which does not extend to woodcocks, snipes, quails, landrails, and conies) in the Lord of the Manor. The Lord having no right of action in respect of trespasses on the commons, before the passing of the new Act, has no right or title beyond what he may derive under its operation; it has given him the game on wastes and commons, and a *specific remedy* against all persons found upon such land in pursuit of game, or woodcocks, &c. *by information before a Magistrate*; therefore it seems, that the Lord's right to the game, and the power of enforcing an ascertained penalty against persons trespassing in pursuit of it, are what he derives under the new Act, and *nothing more*. So that the sportsman is not liable beyond the penalty of £2 for shooting on wastes or commons, and that any notice not to trespass, as far as costs and damages, to be recovered in an action at law, are matter of consideration, is a mere nullity;

for as no one had the power of instituting such proceedings before the passing of the Act, in respect of wastes and commons, no one is entitled to them now. As these costs in the commonest case amount to £100, which, at the option of the judge, the plaintiff or defendant has to pay, they are matter of serious importance.

Without entering upon the question of vesting the property in wild animals, in the owner of any land where they may be found, I contend, that to vest the right to the game upon wastes or commons, in the Lord of the Manor, is contrary to the principle of the Act itself. That Act proceeds upon the principle of giving to the *beneficial owner* of the land, the game upon land, but in the case before us, it is taken from the commoner, who *is* the beneficial owner, and vested in the Lord who is not. And *therefore* it is, that (with such of your readers who feel with myself in the matter) it will be gratifying to find it fairly demonstrated, that there is *one fetter less* upon the sportsman, than at first sight may have been imagined. N. W.

Peterborough, November 10, 1832.

A WORD OR TWO ON CRITICS.

A man must serve his time to every trade,
Save Censure,—Critics all are ready made.—BYRON.

OUR readers will readily believe that among our correspondents, we have many "sincere well-wishers" and "ardent admirers," who favour us from time to time with most profound but opposite opinions on our merits and defects—*laudantes hi quod respuunt illi*—some extolling as admirable what

others decry as despicable. Though much amused by these contradictory criticisms, we seldom notice them; for we all know that even a fool can find fault, and that the fairest work of human genius may be pulled to pieces and made to appear ridiculous, by any one who possesses a certain degree of.

wit, and a sufficient proportion of malice.

A letter, however, which we have received this month, signed "Rufus," displays at once so much ignorance and presumption, that we are tempted to depart from our rule, and publish an extract from it for the amusement of our readers. We must premise, that in conformity with our original plan of varying our miscellany with light and lively articles, amusing to the general as well as the sporting reader, a series of papers have been introduced descriptive of the pursuits of each month, and its appearance, changes, and characteristics.

The pursuits of "November" naturally suggested fox-hunting, and by way of enlivening the paper, a fictitious description of a run in a provincial, is introduced; to which description, and indeed to the whole paper, we have no hesitation in awarding the palm of superiority above all others in the number, and in this opinion have been confirmed by the testimony of several practical and experienced sportsmen. Not so, however, "Rufus," who rendered sulky, as he informs us, "by being compelled to be in town for a week in November," thinks that a fit mood of mind for favouring us with a specimen of his powers of criticism. After advising Sylvanus Swanquill (the writer of the paper which has excited his displeasure) to confine himself to the description of "the beauties of the pine tribe," he proceeds;—"Shade of Meynell! a man talking about fox-hounds being delicately white and jetty black, finely spotted and curiously mottled; or imagine on a hound challenging 'hoic forard, shouts Tom, hoic forard, shouts every

gentleman within hearing;' how Adamant must wish his holders in the throat of the man, who talks about an old hound of great experience, yelping forth, in the most touching manner, his regrets that he cannot keep pace with his younger brethren; a pretty compliment this, to the master of the hounds; we used to talk about covering the pack with a table cloth, but perhaps the cockney-sportsmen have other ideas of the noble science; can you wonder, he adds, "that gentlemen who have something to tell which might interest sportsmen in general, hesitate to contribute to your pages, when you open them to such trash as this."

Shade of Meynell, indeed! Now be it known to our self-satisfied critic, that this is intended for a day with Mr. Charles Hugo Meynell, grandson of the Mr. Meynell whose name he appears to have heard, and that "old Tom" is Tom Leedham, his huntsman; and should he happen to be acquainted with a work upon hunting, written by one Mr. Beckford, pray let him borrow the volume, and refer to that writer's description of a run, where he will find that he—a master of hounds—makes *old Frantic push forward* when the fox is sinking, and makes Brusher beaten by Victor,—"now Victor, Victor! ah Brusher thou art beaten!"

And pray, how would Rufus, in his wisdom, describe a pack of fox-hounds at a coverside? All covered with mud and all forlorn, we suppose, instead of clean and healthy. Let us see how Mr. Osbaldeston's hounds are described in the admirable article on fox-hunting, in the Quarterly Review; "presently one or two appear, leaping over some old furze which they cannot push

P

through, and exhibit to the field *their glossy skins and spotted sides,*" &c. So much for the opinion of this self-constituted judge of hounds and hunting.

In conclusion, we beg to inform him that when he can favour us with descriptions as true to nature and feeling, and evincing as much

taste, talent, and humour, as those of our friend Sylvanus, we shall be both happy and proud to receive them. In the mean time, we recommend to his notice the following precept;

Let those teach others who themselves excel.
And censure freely who have written well.

THE PLEASURES OF THE CHASE.

Soft whispers now the southern breeze,
The clouds are sailing free,
And welcome Autumn's leafless trees
Proclaim the hunter's glee.

How jocund now the Manor Hall!
The happy sportsmen share,
Invited by the friendly call,
The social morning fare.

The red coats glitter at the board,
Each heart is free as air,
And now the hospitable Lord,
Bids every guest prepare.

And merrily too they mount their steeds,
And merrily name the hounds,
Then merrily make across the meads,
Where yonder copse abounds.

How clear the huntsman's cheering note!
How busily work the pack;
No worthless skirter strays remote,
No idlers linger back.

Meanwhile around the cover side,
Beats expectation high,
The challenge sounds—no babbler cried—
Hark, hark, to "Verity."

The pack give tongue,—they open well,
He's gone, sir, tally-ho!
And straight an-end for yonder dell,
At highest speed they go.

The country smiles, and freely bounds
Each steed and rider's heart;—
What ecstasy to follow hounds,
And like the eagle dart!

Now in full cry the eager pack
 Rush through the sounding wood,
 The circling thickets echo back
 Their notes in merry mood.

Ah! yonder crash was heard around,—
 Who-whoop! the chase is o'er,
 The bugle-horn confirms the sound,
 And reynard is no more.

The field attend the bugle's call,
 Nor are the sportsmen few,
 The pack's proud master welcomes all,
 Then bids the field adieu!

His flatter'd guests regain the Hall,
 And many a cheerful face,
 Gaily recounts at even-fall,
 The Pleasures of the Chase.

November 12.

B.

Bacing.

NEWMARKET HOUGHTON MEETING.

THIS is what is usually termed the "Hay and Straw" Week; it is the last opportunity the trainer has of bringing out his horses, so that every poor devil of a nag that can by any ingenuity be screwed into a gallop, no matter how he may have been knocked about previously, is either matched or put in the Selling Stakes, in the hope that he will earn his keep for the winter, or perhaps be claimed. Thus the Houghton Meeting, although prolific of sport, is chiefly to be distinguished for the inferior character of the horses, and the insignificant nature of the matches. In some degree, however, the meeting now under notice may claim an exemption, for the list contained two or three matches highly interesting to sporting men, who were not a little disappointed that the one between Priam and Emancipa-

tion did not come off. It will be recollected that Priam had a severe race for the Goodwood Cup; we suspected at the time that it would have a serious effect on him, and in this we were confirmed by his paying to Camarine, notwithstanding the assertion of some of his admirers that "he won in a canter;" the same cause that prevented his meeting Camarine, induced Lord Chesterfield to pay forfeit to Emancipation, and to take him altogether off the Turf. The subscription for covering is full, and in due time we may hope to see this universal favourite in another (but not a better) shape. He is now at Brethby-park. We observe, too, that Rowton is advertised as a stallion, and we strongly epine will turn out a good one. The prices for covering are increasing every where; Sultan is

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at 50 sovs., each mare, Emilius at 40 sovs., Priam at 30 sovs., The Colonel at 20 sovs., Rowton at 20 sovs., Camel at 15 guineas (!), &c. &c. After this, who shall say that racing is on the decline. To return to the "Houghton" Meeting. The racing, taken as a whole, was inferior to last year's, many of the best matches having gone off in forfeits, owing partly to some of the horses being amiss, and partly, perhaps, to their owners being short of the needful. One day's sport, however, was brilliant; we mean Thursday's, which comprehended two dead heats and four others won by a head only. The company was numerous and fashionable, but the weather far from being so favourable as we could have desired. And now, having settled the preliminaries, proceed we to the racing.

Monday.—A bad commencement; a match between two "juvenile impostors" (as the police reporters would have termed them)—Lady Charlotte, by Catton, and Silly Billy; the mare did just manage to win, but they *do* say, that her owner had been guilty of the trifling oversight of forgetting to stake! so that he wins the *match* and his opponent the *money*.

Trustee and Dryad, D. M.—A splendid race was won by a head by the horse, entirely through the skill and physical superiority of old Sam.

The Criterion Stakes.—This is decidedly the most difficult course, for two year olds, at Newmarket or elsewhere; it is essentially calculated to afford a clue to the Derby, and has never yet been won by a bad horse, except in one instance, and then every thing in the race was bad; Cetus won it, Variation second; Margrave won it, and Archibald was second;

Weeper wins it, and Glaucus is second, with 7lb. extra! The result of the race this day, was as follows:—

Lord Chesterfield's Weeper, 8st. 3lb. 1
Gen. Grosvenor's Glaucus, 8st. 10lb. 2
Duke of Grafton's Divan, 8st. 5lb. . . 3

The following not placed:—Lord Exeter's Cactus, out of Dahlia's dam, 8st. 3lb.; Mr. Forth's f. by Longwaist, out of Lacerta, 8st. 11lb.; Mr. T. Wood's c. by Filho, out of Mermaid, 8st. 3lb.; Sir S. Graham's Jason, 8st. 3lb.; and Mr. Batson's f. Revelry, 8st. 11lb.—Glaucus was of course the favourite, notwithstanding the extra weight, the distance, and the bad state of the ground, and Weeper at 9 to 1. It would not have been Newmarket if they had got off without some false starts; accordingly we had three or four of them by way of still further trying the stamina of the horses, as if three quarters of a mile "against the collar" was not sufficient. When the jockeys and the starter had made up their minds they came away, and even then Glaucus and Jason had much the worst of it; the latter, especially, was concluded from the commencement, and his jockey wisely declined any active interference with the others. Weeper was in front, Cactus second, and Glaucus pretty well up after the first hundred yards. The pace was trying, and at the Duke's Stand had told out all but the three last mentioned and Divan: Cactus soon after gave up. At the Stand Glaucus ran by Weeper, and for a few strides had the best of it; the mare, however, struggled gallantly, resumed her lead, and won rather cleverly by a length. Glaucus was ridden execrably; his only chance of winning with the extra weight was to have kept quiet till within

half a dozen strides of home, and with Robinson on his back he must have won; instead of this, his jockey (generally looked upon as clever) let go his head, pulled him out of his stride, and altogether compromised the horse by his unskilful riding. Under all the circumstances Glaucus ran remarkably well.

Rural Stakes, D. I.—A dashing race between Hokee Pokee and Byzantium—the former winning by a neck only: Hokee is own brother to Lord Cleveland's Derby colt, and is no flyer. A comical story is told of his entry into Newmarket. Will. Arnall was in the street, and accosted the boy with—"I say, my lad, what d'ye call that?" "Hokee Pokee, sir." "What?" "Hokee Pokee, sir." "You be d—d, ye young thief! I suppose the next time I ask you it will be 'Wankey Fum.'" Not satisfied, our incredulous jockey followed the horse to Sam. Day's stables. "I say, Sam., what horse d'ye call that, eh?" "Hokee Pokee." "What?" "Hokee Pokee." "Why ye know you are as big a fool as the lad!" And till the name appeared in print old Will. was not convinced.

Three or four matches, of no interest except to the owners, completed the first day.

Tuesday.—£50. for all ages; last three miles of B. C.; won easy by The Witch—a toughish bit of the true old Whalebone get, beating a three year old, brother to Forester, Deception, and several others of the same tag-rag and bobtail genus.

Handicap, T. Y. C.—Whalebone again, and there is nothing like it. Corset, 3 yrs. old, 7st.; Gondolier, 5 yrs. old, 8st. 3lb.; Crutch, 4 yrs. old, 9st. 6lb.;

Blunderer, 4 yrs. old, 8st. (only 20lb. between these two), Landrail, 5 yrs. old, 8st. 6lb.; Marvel, 4 yrs. old, 8st.; and Miss Mary Anne, 3 yrs. old, 7st. 5lb.; all these started; the first three making a very sporting race—Corset, by dint of a lacing, just poking half her carcass in front at the finish; Gondolier second; Crutch more forward than the enormous weight could have led any reasonable man to expect.

Rubini and Oxygen, T. M. M.—The mare received 6lb., and was beaten cleverly. Plenty of betting.

Handicap, R. M.—A punishing race between Kate (grandchild of Whalebone), Gratis, and Messenger, who came in as we have given their names, the mare doing it by a neck. Fang also started, made a kind of demi-volt after running a hundred yards, and proved himself a rank cur. No one seemed to regret it, for the party are in bad odour here.

Handicap Plate, D. I.—Won cleverly by Variation, 9st. 2lb., beating Mazeppa, 8st. 9lb.; Zarina, 7st. 11lb.; Protocol, 7st. 5lb.; Naiad, 7st. 6lb.; and Elizabeth, 7st.; the last receiving 30lb. from the winner.

Wednesday, T. Y. C.—Weeper at 27lb. beating Mixbury by a head, after a terrible punishing race. The Mixbury party thought this a *nice thing*, and dropped lots of the "ready."

Minster and Lady Fly, A. F.—Won in a canter by the horse; the Lady Fly no flyer, although she did cost 1000 guineas! We take it that she can go a distance, but wants speed.

Plate of £50, T. Y. C.—Won easy by Mantilla (sister to Green Mantle), beating Ambrosio, Flora, Deva, Dryad, and several others,

without the slightest difficulty. Plenty of false starts, and when the real one took place it was all higgledy-piggledy, one here, another there, and none where they ought to have been. These false starts are the scandal of New-market.

Handicap Plate, A.F.—Won cleverly by Volage, a descendant of Whalebone, beating Datura, Water Witch, Apuntador, Drover, Miss Mary Anne, and Mersey. The winner was never headed. The day's racing very so-so.

Thursday.—A bundle of matches by way of introduction, most of them well contested, particularly that between Alea (by Whalebone) and Carwell, which ended in a dead heat. Kate, with some difficulty, was persuaded to beat Rubini by a head. (For the particulars of these matches, the jockeys' weights, and other minor details, our Racing Calendar must suffice.)

Sweepstakes, T.Y.C.—A spirited race between Temperance, Fawn filly, Frailty, and some other two year olds, and won by Temperance by a head. None of them particularly good, for the winner was claimed for Isaac Day for 60 sovs.!

Sluggard and Salute, A.F.—A finer race we have not seen this season. The horse received 6lb., and found it no easy matter to keep his head in front at the close.

Handicap, T.Y.C.—Won by a head by Gab, beating Corset, Scandal colt, Blythe, Gondolier, Fedora, and Little Fanny.

Handicap Plate, D.I.—The following started:—Lady Fly, Argent, Blunderer, The Witch, Sluggard, Rotterdam colt, and Cat filly. The race was entirely between the first two, who made it a dead heat and divided the Plate. Argent is

by Whalebone. Whipcord, which had been at a discount, rose to a premium in consequence of this day's expenditure.

Friday.—Nursery Stakes, D.M.
—For two year olds.

Mr. Forth's Marpessa, 8st. 2lb. 1
Mr. Chifney's c. by Swiss, out of Galena, 8st. 6lb. 2
Mr. S. Day's b. f. Ceres, 8st. 4lb. ... 3

Deva, 8st. 5lb.; f. by Emilins, out of Sal, 8st. 4lb.; Emir, 8st.; Tigress, 7st. 10lb.; Malibran, 7st. 13lb.; and Mountain Maid, 7st. 4lb. This was another *good thing*; the Chifneys lead the way, and as they have the reputation of being good judges the public followed suit, laid 6 to 5 on them, and lost the game! 10 to 1, and sometimes 20 to 1, were laid against Marpessa, who won easy.

Camarine and Crutch, T.Y.C.
—A very heavy betting race, at 6 to 4 on the mare, who justified the confidence of her party, made all the running, and won in a canter by three lengths. Sir M. Wood is said to have netted £3000 by the race. Mr. Stanley should not lean too heavily on his Crutch—they break occasionally.

Lucetta and Lawnsleeves, D.I.
—Sir Mark followed up his luck, and won this match in a hand-gallop.

Audley End Stakes.—Camarine, with 9st. 4lb. on her back, and at a severe pace, had just as little difficulty in winning this as she had in her match. Mazeppa, a year older, received 13lb. Hokee Pokee was third, Fang fourth, and Ludlow fifth, all beaten shamefully. After this, Camarine must be acknowledged as the best mare that has been seen since Violante, and, in opposition to Lord Chesterfield's opinion, that his horse would have run in by himself, we cannot



PTARMIGAN.

London, Published at 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47, 48, 49, 50, 51, 52, 53, 54, 55, 56, 57, 58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 71, 72, 73, 74, 75, 76, 77, 78, 79, 80, 81, 82, 83, 84, 85, 86, 87, 88, 89, 90, 91, 92, 93, 94, 95, 96, 97, 98, 99, 100.

help thinking that she would have proved a formidable opponent to Priam in his best day.

Saturday.—Protocol, Zarina, and Apuntador, ran the B. C. for 25 sovs. each, and a pretty exhibition they made of it. Protocol trotted in about a hundred yards before the other two, who came in cheek by jowl at about a good travelling pace, perhaps ten miles an hour. Surely this may be called a *definitive* protocol.

Glaucus and Clearwell (Lord Orford's grey colt), *Au. M.*—A very interesting, but badly contested, match. The grey looked too fine for the length, and had no chance; Glaucus was in beautiful form, had it all his own way, and won in a canter by three lengths. After this race he went direct to Webb's stable, Mr. Ridesdale having become his master for the small sum of 3000 guineas! Whether he will turn out so fortunate as St. Giles remains to be seen; he is certainly a more racing-like colt, goes beautifully, and has public recommendations of no mean order. His pretensions are certainly superior to any two year old that has come out for several years; notwithstanding all this the gallant General did wisely in selling him at so liberal a price, for a "bird in the hand," &c.

Handicap, T. Y. C.—The Muleys are coming out in great force, and bid fair to prove formidable rivals to the forty and fifty guinea stallions, Emilius and Sultan. Marvel won easy, and old Taurus, who was knocked over by the weight; Rouncival was second; Fang and Ludlow, fairly enough weighted, cut a wretched figure; Gab and Non Compos not much better. Mr. Beardsworth says he gave Mr. Bond 1560 guineas for Ludlow, and that

he had tried him to be the best horse he ever trained; yet he turns out to all appearance a miserable impostor. We should like to know what all this humbug means; is Ludlow to be beaten in this manner in order that he may get into the great Handicap Stakes in Lancashire on more favourable terms? Of course the Stewards of Liverpool and Chester will keep their eyes open.

Sweepstakes, T. Y. C.—Won easy by Gab, beating Dryad, Enchantment, and two others.

Several matches were run, none of them of any interest, and nearly all badly contested. The day's sport altogether was very flat.

PTARMIGAN, OR WHITE GROUSE.

Tetrao Capopus.—LIN.

Engraved by J. ENGLEHART, from a Picture by A. COOPER, R.A.

THE exquisite plumage of these birds when in their autumnal dress, and the estimation in which they are generally held by sportsmen, render them a very seasonable embellishment for our pages.

Ptarmigan, it has been clearly ascertained, have two distinct states of plumage; in winter they are of a very light colour, which, as the season advances, becomes entirely white, with the exception of a black streak running from the bill of the male bird to the eye. They are, in our opinion, much more handsome in the early part of the season, when in possession of beautiful grey and reddish-brown feathers, both delicately barred with rusty black. "Ptarmigan," says Bewick, "pair at the same time as the red-grouse: the female lays eight or ten eggs, which are white,

spotted with brown. She makes no nest, but deposits them on the ground. In winter they fly in flocks, and are so little accustomed to the sight of man that they are easily shot or taken in a snare." They are found on the tops of the highest mountains in the highlands of Scotland, and in Westmoreland, Northumberland, and Wales, though very sparingly in the latter places. In the former, however, if the sportsman have strength and perseverance enough to climb the snow-clad and almost inaccessible hills, success will frequently crown his exertions. Though by no means a shy bird, they are not, as many authors have described them, a very stupid one; the situations they inhabit rendering visits to them few and far between. May not their seeming indifference to the approach of man arise from their being unacquainted with his object? If they were persecuted as most other game birds are, we doubt not they would become equally wild. When found, however stupid they may be, they require, whether sitting on or flying among hills that have "put on their winter robe of purest white," a quick and accurate eye to distinguish them.

Ptarmigan are found in great plenty in the more northern regions of Europe, where they are usually taken with nets, snares, &c. They also abound in Hudson's Bay, and other parts of North America.

ROACH FISHING.

SIR,
SUCH of your readers as are not brothers of the angle, will perhaps be surprised to see a letter on fishing in the pages of the

N. S. M. in the month of December; but the fisherman need not be told that, owing to the fish being in better condition at this season, roach-fishing is more followed in winter than in summer. That an angler should be blessed with an infinite share of patience, that he should also be skilful, a close observer of nature, have a good eye and a steady hand, are piscatorial principles which no one, I conceive, will dispute, and in no department of the art are these qualities required in a more eminent degree, than the one of which I am about to speak. But he who wishes to succeed in this delightful sport must not only inherit all the above from nature, but he must appeal to art, and procure for himself a light and rather stiff canerod (which should be at least fourteen feet long), and a few well-sorted gut-lines. The lines should be with hair bottoms; that is, hook links, or lines, made of horse-hair throughout, which perhaps is best on account of its having more spring than the gut, and if this latter is adopted the hair above the hook-links should be double and twisted, and the number of hairs increased gradually as the line is extended in length. Some prefer dark or black hair, others perfectly white; I have always succeeded best with sorrel next the hook, which should be short-shanked and small, say No. 12. Thus provided, on a gloomy warm day, with the wind south or south-west, hie to the river, and select a deep, steady swim or eddy, as roach (and indeed all other fish) in winter seek deep water. In selecting your swim endeavour to get one with a tolerably even bottom, free from weeds, and if possible less deep at the end than the beginning. This will be

found out by your plummet. After having carefully plummed the depth adjust your float, which should be what is called a tip-capped one, either made of quills or reeds—a porcupine float being heavy in itself is not so fit for river-fishing as the two former. Your bait—paste, graves, or gentles—should just drag the bottom, the float should not be more than a quarter of an inch above the water, and the line from thence to the top of the rod to which it is fixed* about twenty inches. Ground-bait well with bran and clay, taking care to throw it in at the upper end of your swim, or it will in sinking go beyond and carry the fish with it down stream; this will also occur if your ground-bait is not well mixed and closely pressed together.

Roach bite sharp but not violently, and great care must be taken in striking not to break your line. Your strike should be both quick and delicate, and if your fish is of any size be not too anxious to see him; for though the largest roach may be taken with a single hair, yet with unskilful management one of a quarter of a pound will break your line. It is necessary, therefore, to keep the top of your rod immediately above your float and the line tolerably straight, you will then be able on perceiving a bite, with a very slight effort, to hook your fish; play him carefully in the deep water, and when exhausted, with the aid of a landing net, make him your own.

It not unfrequently occurs while angling for roach that you now and then hook a large chub, and as they become very desperate on feeling the hook it behoves you to act cau-

tiously. After a few efforts to escape, his courage entirely fails him, when he will be an easy capture.

Roach are certainly a shy fish, but not so sheepish and stupid as they have been considered. The Father of Anglers says—"The Thames breeds the best roach; and let me tell you the roach makes an angler excellent sport, especially the great roaches about London, where I think there be the best roach-anglers." He also says,—“You shall fish for this roach in winter, with paste or gentles; in April, with worms or cadis; in very hot months with little white snails, or flies under water, for he seldom takes them at top†, though dace will.”

The Thames has long been celebrated for its roach as well as the Lea: in the former, the best places are all above Richmond; in the latter river sport may be had throughout the whole of its course, many parts of which are carefully preserved. The Mole also contains very fine roach. In these three rivers I have frequently had excellent sport, and, wishing the same to my brother anglers,

I remain yours,

A ROACH FISHER.

Richmond, Nov.

MR. EDITOR,
SINCE I last troubled you with a “Few Hints to Shooters,” I have had an opportunity of purchasing an additional one, at the expense of extreme mortification and the loss of a few snipes, which I beg to lay before my brother sportsmen. I am always careful in examining the nipple after loading, to ascertain that the powder has passed

* I prefer roach-fishing without a winch.

† I have frequently taken them at top with a black hackle.

into it. This advice I have given to others in p. 415, vol. iii.; and I have hitherto thought that with a perfect copper-cap this was all the precaution necessary: but I find it is not; for the other day *a piece of an exploded cap had got fixed in the cavity of the cock*, and thereby so reduced the concussion

that a misfire was the consequence; and it was not until a succession of these misfortunes had occurred that I discovered the cause, which was easily removed by the aid of my gun-picker.

Yours,
BOGTROTTER.

Essex Marshes, Nov. 24.

CHARACTERS OF HUNTING COUNTRIES.

No. VI.

SHROPSHIRE.

SHROPSHIRE is one of the largest of our English counties, being about fifty miles in length, and nearly as much in breadth; it is surrounded by four Welch, and three English counties, so that it is scarcely necessary to state, that its surface presents every variety of feature, and every description of soil; on the whole, it is pretty well cultivated, holds a fair rank among the provincials as a field for fox-hounds, is celebrated for its breed of horses, and every third man in it, who has the means, is a sportsman, fox-hunting being the favourite diversion; although the shooter, the courser, and the fisherman, have all signal opportunities of amusing themselves.

Shropshire—that is to say, the various parts of it,—has been hunted by the following persons, several of whom have held conspicuous situations in the sporting world, namely: the late Earl of Stamford; the honorable Noel Hill, afterwards Lord Berwick, whose country extended from ten miles below Shrewsbury, to Lutterworth, in Leicestershire, a distance of upwards of seventy miles! the late much renowned Mr. Childe, of

Kinlet-hall, near Cleobury-Mortimer, of whom mention has been made as having been one of the first to introduce the present spirited method of riding to hounds, also a personal friend of the great Meynell; the late very noted Mr. Forester, of Willey-park, near Broseley, uncle to the late Lord; the late equally celebrated Mr. Corbet, of Sunderne-castle, near Shrewsbury, who so long hunted Warwickshire; the late Mr. Richard Dansey, of Easton-court, near Ludlow, father of the gentleman of that name, who now hunts Nottinghamshire; the late Sir John Hill, Bart. of Hawkestone, near Hodnot, the father of heroes and sportsmen, and one of the best sportsmen of his own day; the late Colonel John Hill, eldest son of Sir John, a very scientific man with hounds, and one of the best horsemen in England; Sir Richard Puleston, of Emral-park, near Whitchurch, who hunts part of it now; Sir Edward Smythe, Bart. of Acton Burnell-park; the late Colonel Cook, author of "Observations on Fox-Hunting;" Mr. I. Cresset Pelham, M. P. for the county; Mr. Boycott, of Rudge-hall, near Shiffnal;

Mr. Walter Giffard, of Chillington hall, near Wolverhampton; Mr. Mytton, of Halston, near Oswestry; and Sir Edward Smythe, Mr. Smythe Owen, of Condovery-hall, near Shrewsbury, and Mr. Lloyd, of Aston, near Oswestry; which three gentlemen, conjointly, are now at the head of what is termed the Shropshire country, lately resigned by Sir Bellingham Graham. The Ludlow side of the county was likewise hunted, some ten or twelve years back, by two scratch packs; one kept by the late Mr. Adams, of Ludlow, a solicitor; the other a subscription pack, at the head of which was a yeoman, by the name of Aston, of Botterell Aston, near Bridgenorth, a good sportsman, and a workman in the saddle, over such a rough country as his. It was of this pack, called the Wrickton hounds, that the late Mr. Forester, of Willey,—one of the old school of fox-hunters,—made answer, so truly in character with the man, to the question, *whether he approved of them?* having been out with them a few years previous to his decease, at a very advanced age; “*Very much, sir,*” said he; “*I did not see one d—d fellow in white top-boots, among the whole field; depend upon it they are sportsmen.*”

Before we throw off our hounds in this sporting country, we will take one cast around it, and look at it with the eyes of the general sportsman, as well as of the devoted fox-hunter, who holds most other pastimes cheap. The fisherman is quite at home in Shropshire; independently of the Severn, which contains twenty-two sorts of fish, the Teme and Corve, so celebrated for their grayling, and the Perry, for its trout; there are some as fine lakes as any midland county

can produce. Those of Ellesmere, Whitemere, and Colemere, cover nearly three hundred acres of ground, and abound in the finest pike; at Sir Edward Smythe's, at Acton Burnell, is a magnificent piece of water, covering twenty-five acres, and the lakes of Hawkestone, Walcot, and Marton, are of very considerable extent. The three meres above mentioned, are great ornaments to the traveller, and they are all to be seen from the high road to Chester; they are elegantly bordered by well cultivated banks, and although none of them are the parents of streams, yet the supply from springs keeps them always full. In the preserved waters of Mr. Knight, of Downton-castle, near Ludlow, and at the small village of Lentwardine, just in the county of Hereford, is the best grayling fishing in England.

The courser has always had an opportunity of trying the speed and stoutness of his kennel in Shropshire. Previous to the enclosure of Morfe-forest, near Bridgenorth, the Morfe club showed excellent sport, and now and then produced a dog that rivalled the best blood of the south. This celebrated ground, once a chace, having deer, has long since been disafforested, and was enclosed in 1815, giving between five and six thousand acres of enclosed land; it is however still good coursing ground, and well stocked with hares. There are many large preserves of game in Shropshire, and also much wild shooting for sportsmen, from its vicinity to the Welch hills; it is likewise, particularly on the Shiffnal side, very celebrated as partridge ground. We are any thing but advocates for battues, and unlimited slaughter of game,

by which every thing in the character of sporting is swamped; but as chroniclers of sporting events, it may not be amiss to mention one day's shooting in Shropshire, as perhaps it was seldom if ever exceeded in the very hot-bed of game. Mr. Mytton and Mr. Walter Giffard, his brother in law, left the house at Halston, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, of a very wet and short day in December; and between that hour and dinner, shot 430 head of game, 333 of which were pheasants.

It was for a bet of 100 sovs.; and the contending party killed 424 head, *all in the Halston preserves!*

It is to be lamented that the county of Salop, as it is called, is not more favourable than it is to fox-hunting, because there is no county in England where the "noble sience" is more respected and encouraged; perhaps among the higher order of its inhabitants, there are more sportsmen,—at all events, more well-wishers to sport,—than most of our shires can boast; but of this fact we may assure ourselves, there never was a body of men more truly friendly to fox-hunting, and indeed to all other field sports, than the Shropshire yeomen are; and until crippled, as they have been, by the late disastrous times, almost every man of them took the field. Nimrod's account of them, indeed, in his Shropshire Tour, must be fresh in the recollections of our readers, and therefore we shall dismiss them with our best wishes for their welfare. We do not forget Stephen Matthews on his black mare, and a few more of "the zealous boys," as Sir Bellingham Graham called them, *particularly after a certain hour of the day.* We remember,

also, being particularly gratified by the excellent feeling that subsisted between tenant and landlord, as well as by the hospitable character Nimrod drew of the sporting Shropshire yeomen; so long as this feeling exists, nothing can destroy England, and we do not hesitate in saying, that nothing tends more to keep it alive, than our various sports of the field, in which an unceremonious intercourse exists between the higher orders and their inferiors, which genders admiration and respect.

Shropshire has long been celebrated for its horses, having produced more good hunters than any other county (Yorkshire we suppose excepted) in England: this arises from two causes, in the first place, the yeomanry have always been distinguished for their very sporting character, and in the next, they have been fortunate in their stallions. A horse called the Hundred-house Snap, a descendant of Snap, by Snip, and full of Arabian blood, covered *many years* in the county, and his blood is by no means extinct; the late Lord Forester used to swear by the Snap horses, which for stoutness in their work and good constitutions in the stable, were, he said, excelled by none; then there were several others very nearly as good; there was old Revenge, by Marske, out of Figurante, by Regulus, and bred in the neighbouring county; also Tommy, by Wildair, out of a Syphon mare, her dam by Blank, the produce of each as stout as steel. Warwickshire men will remember Will. Barrows's two splendid chestnuts, one by Revenge, and the other by Tommy; a horse called Colliers Grey, so called from being the property of a person of that name at Ludlow, was likewise

a capital stallion for hunters in early days, as was a horse called Minister, bred by Mr. Vernon, of Hilton: all this good old blood we consider to have laid the foundation of the excellence of Shropshire horses, and the acquisition of Sultan, who also covered many years in the county, has been the means of preserving it. The Sultan's have not generally proved handsome, but extremely stout in the field, and for the most part made excellent hunters; since Sultan's time however, there have been many good stallions introduced, and Shropshire horses are still in high repute. It is somewhat extraordinary, but no less true, that all dealers who have been accustomed to purchase Shropshire horses, declare that they excel all other country-bred horses for keeping up their condition; and we well know that the principal London dealers have always persons on the look out for horses bred in Shropshire.

We will commence with the worst part, and so proceed to the best. The Ludlow side of the county of Salop, is extremely rough and unfavourable for hounds, abounding in hills, deserving the title of mountains, and woods almost amounting to forests; one part of it, however, deserves notice from the peculiar method of hunting it; we allude to the *fastnesses*, on the Clec-hills, called Titterstones, where the foxes are stopped out by fires lighted at the mouths of them in the night*. Although the country surrounding is extremely rough and difficult, this is an interesting meet in the spring; as the fox is hunted from his earth, which he is obliged to fly from, by the drag, at an early hour of the morn-

ing, and generally jumps up in view. Mr. Childe of Kinlet hunted this place when he kept fox-hounds, and used to surprise the natives, by the rapidity with which he would gallop down the sides of this hill, 1600 feet above the level, amidst very large stones, but he always asserted that a horse which had free command of his legs, would never fall on such ground, *provided the rider gave him his head*, to enable him to see his ground; he said the position of his haunches was his security, but it is not every one, who, like himself, has nerve and hand to try the experiment.

The well known Will. Barrow, many years huntsman to Mr. Corbet's hounds, in Warwickshire, whipped in to Mr. Childe; at the time we are alluding to, and we have heard him tell of this exploit of Mr. Childe; we have also heard him speak of the riot his hounds were subjected to, on these Clec-hills, by the little black sheep which are depastured on them, jumping up before them, in view.

This part of Shropshire, however, is a capital test of horse flesh. If a horse will carry a man from the Titterstone-Clec-hills, over the Brown-Clec-hill to Kinlet-hall or Apley-castle on one side, or to Wenlock-edge, on the other, with a good fox and a good scent, he may be pronounced fit to go in any country under the sun, as he will encounter every kind of soil, every variation of ground, and every description of fence. In fact, to keep his legs, he must possess the activity of a cat, and his rider must not be shy.

On the north side of Ludlow, bordering on Herefordshire, is some

* Strange to say, several bitch-foxes, who have laid up their cubs in these subterranean places, have darted through the fires made at their mouths, and in defiance of the shouts of the men attending them.

fairish country for hounds, but still difficult for horses, as the vales, which are narrow, and deep, are very strongly fenced, and hills every where abound.

In short, a fox found near Ludlow sometimes shows a run of a very extraordinary character. He quits a very highly cultivated country, at a very short notice, and leads his pursuers over mountains, the Longmynd, for instance—scarcely inferior to the Welch. This, with part of Herefordshire, was the country hunted by the late Mr. Dansey, of whom we have already spoken, and afterwards by Mr. Adams of Ludlow. Mr. Dansey was a sportsman of the old school—a great friend of the late Mr. Forester of Willey, and partook of some of the eccentricities of that renowned sportsman. In his dress, he affected the style and costume of the plain English yeoman, but he was a noble specimen of the form of man, in his general appearance, which was commanding; and a most faithful representation of a true born John Bull. Perhaps the following anecdote, given by a friend, may present a true picture of this sportsman, as far as his toilet was concerned. Our friend was on one side a thick hedge, and Mr. Dansey was on the other, but not visible to each other. Mr. Dansey having dismounted to do something to his saddle, his horse was unwilling that he should mount him again, and a hearty damn or two, was the consequence, for the hounds were finding their fox at the moment. At length—for he was heavy and inclined to be corpulent—he seized a favourable opportunity for a spring, and found himself well seated in his saddle. But a lamentable disaster

occurred. In the act of accomplishing this feat, *crack* went his braces in the middle and down went his breeches. “There by G—d,” said he to himself, “there’s a pretty job; *I’ve only taken to wear braces six weeks, and I’ll bet a guinea I loose my breeches before we kill this fox.*”

Mr. Dansey was a very superior sportsman, and had one of the finest and most musical pipes for a view holloa we ever remember to have heard. He could make those large Shropshire and Herefordshire woodlands ring with his voice, from one end to the other of them, and his style of encouraging hounds in their work was delightful to the ear of a sportsman—*very much à la Musters*, who, we are certain would have been gratified by having a sight of him. In society, also, he was most amusing, having the high animal spirits of a school boy; but he died before he was fifty, a martyr, perhaps, to those temptations which so few of us are quite able to resist.

Mr. Dansey was a good horseman, and a still better judge of a hunter—often selling one for a good round sum. We remember him telling us an excellent anecdote of his having sold one called *Jupiter* for five hundred guineas—a very large sum “by Jupiter” in those days—to a gentleman who forgot to pay for him. After several unsuccessful applications, he hit on the following expedient. He went to his house, and sat himself down in the kitchen. Now, said he, *here I am*, till I get my money. I don’t want your fine made dishes, but here is plenty of bacon in the rack, and lots of perry-washings* in the pantry, and I shall do very well for a fortnight

* Perry-washings—a sort of inferior perry, which that county abounds with, and a favourite beverage with Mr. D.

or three weeks to come!! The threat had the desired effect, and the payment for Jupiter followed. Such, indeed, was the strength of Mr. Dansey's constitution at that time, that he would no doubt have performed his promise, for no man, not even John Lockly, thoughtless of sleep than he did. It was nothing uncommon with him to go to his hounds from the festive board, without looking at the sheets, but the strongest frame—and his was adamant—is not proof against such daring encroachments.

Had he taken as much care of himself, as Lockly did of his equally fine frame, Mr. Dansey would have lived as long as he did.

The Ludlow country was subsequently hunted by a subscription pack, called the Ludlow hounds under the direction of the late Mr. Adams, of that place, a solicitor, and for many years owner of a very strong pack of harriers, for which that part of Shropshire is better fitted than for fox-hounds,—not being roomy enough for fox hunting, exclusive of other inconveniences. Mr. Adams was a good judge of hunting, and in every respect a sportsman; but being heavy, and a very slack rider, was more in place with his harriers than he could expect to be with fox-hounds, in that rough country. The exploits of the boy who whipped in to him, and his *mule*, which he rode several seasons, will never be forgotten in Ludlow. It certainly was astonishing to see what places they would crawl over in chase.

The Ludlow country joins to the Shiffnal country, to which we will now proceed, and, although not very favourable to scent, the soil being for the most part too light, we do not hesitate in pronouncing it the most gentleman-like part of

Shropshire for fox hunting, and in some parts of it, capable of showing any good runs in the season.

This country has occasionally been used as an auxiliary to others. For example, Sir Richard Puleston hunted it, with his home country. Sir Bellingham Graham hunted it in 1823, and in 1824 he also had it with the Atherstone country, and used to hunt it for six weeks at a time, at two periods of the season, having his kennel at Ivetsy-bank, on the old West Chester road. Mr. Mytton did the same, and used the same kennel, when he had his fox-hounds at Halston, also hunting a small country near home. Colonel Cooke likewise hunted it; as also did Mr. Osbaldeston when he had the Atherstone. It then became a regular, detached, hunting country, taken with a subscription by Mr. Boycott; and we will proceed to look at it as such.

Mr. Boycott was not a master of fox-hounds previous to his taking to this country, but was very well known as a sportsman, though better perhaps as a good rider to hounds.

Here, indeed, he has been conspicuous and particularly so—the best test of horsemanship, by-the-by—for being in a good place, on a middling horse. But we must do him the justice to say he has had many good ones, and sold several hunters, at large prices. Gentlemen huntsmen, however, being in fashion in his time, Mr. Boycott performed the office himself, assisted by two good whippers-in, and showed very fair sport—quite as good indeed as could be looked for in a country like his, from a new master of hounds, and all the accompanying disadvantages. His kennel was at his own seat, at Rudge-hall, about seven miles from Shiffnal, on the

Bridgenorth side, and he hunted three days a week, throughout the season. His pack was composed of a strong body of hounds which he purchased of a Mr. Nunn, near Colchester, and of drafts, of course, from others. His health declining, caused him to give up the hounds, but, to the last, he was a bad man to beat on the old white horse.

This country is now no longer

called the Shiffnal, but the Albrighton country, the kennel being removed to a village called Albrighton, on the Wolverhampton side, and the hounds taken with a subscription by Mr. Walter Giffard, the third brother of Mr. Giffard, of Chillington-hall, Staffordshire, well known in the sporting world, as one of the steady supporters of country racing.
(*To be continued.*)

Noctes Nimrodianæ;

OR,

SPORTING CONVERSATIONS WITH NIMROD.—No. II.

Dining Room in the Chateau d'Ami—hour, 7, P. M.

NIMROD.—(*Uncorking a bottle.*)

WE had a pretty long spell of it last night, Mr. Editor, I don't know the time when I have sat up so late.

EDITOR.

Don't you indeed. I know the time when you will do so again though, and that is to-night. My walk to Calais and back has made me very cock-a-hoop, as the saying is; and now let us drink "Fox-hunting"—F. F.—as we give it in England, and if you will call your servant in, we will give *three* cheers. This port of yours is not bad.

NIMROD.

Glad you like it—it is not very easy to get it good here, I assure you; but Mr. Morley has it if any one has. What did you see in Calais?

EDITOR.

Nothing, I think, except indeed two or three cargoes of gaping Londoners taking a trip *abroad*, as they call it, and getting choused by the shop-keepers. As Sterne says, "Englishman does not travel to see Englishman," so I came back as soon as I could. But tell me, did old Chute's ghost pay you a visit last night, after all our conversation about him?

NIMROD.

No, truly; I slept as sound as a top, but I should have no objection to seeing the old gentleman *in propria persona*, for I esteem him to have been a very fine sample of a class of men of which we were once prouder in England than we are at the present day.

EDITOR.

But I dare say now in the course of your trot through life, you have met some equally original characters—eh?

NIMROD.

No; never. Mr. Chute was quite a *sui generis*; but as a master of fox-hounds and a plain country gentleman, the late old squire Leche (pronounced Leech) of Carden, in Cheshire, came nearer to him than any man I have known. Leche, however, was born full twenty years before Mr. Chute, which, added to his not having seen London—no, nor I should conceive any other great city, Chester excepted—the last fifty years of his life, threw him half a century behind Mr. Chute in the ways and manners of the world. In another respect they differed.—It is true that in their appearance there was a resemblance, also in their costume, the *vis comica* abounded in each; and they were equally light hearted and merry; but Mr. Leche was greatly the superior as regards the endowments of nature, which might almost be said to have been lavishly bestowed upon him. In fact, as Clarendon says of somebody, “he was a man of a pregnant wit,” and to a degree not often experienced. With all the apparent simplicity of an uneducated yeoman—with a provincial dialect strong on his tongue—with a countenance expressive of anything but satire, he was the most dangerous man to attack that I ever met with in my life. I remember hearing him give a celebrated fashionable Staffordshire squire, who had been “running his rigs” upon him (as Lord Holland would say), a famous set down. The gentleman, I should observe, was much given to *embellish*, as we call it, and one day after he had been trying this game for some time with Mr. Leche, the latter gave him his death blow.—“I’ll tell you what *Mester V——n*” (Cheshire for Mister), said he, “you are the man of all others to whom I would trust a secret.” “Upon my word,” replied V——n, putting his hand to his breast in his usual elegant manner, “you do me great honour.” “*No I don’t*,” replied Leche, “for you might tell it to all the world and nobody would believe thee”

EDITOR.

That was a settler at all events; but was Mr. Leche an uneducated man?

NIMROD.

By no means. He was at a Public School, and at one of the Universities; but the enjoyment of a large estate, and an early devotion to horses and hounds, prevailed over a love of literature. Though he was any thing but an ignorant man, yet it would appear that he wished to be considered such, for in showing a picture of one of his ancestors with a book in his hand, he never failed to remark, in his dry vein of humour, that it was no wonder the chap was so proud of his book, as he was the only one of the name that could ever yet read one. Being once in company with the late classical Mr. Yorke of Erthig, that gentleman quoted Homer to him. “All vastly pretty—vastly pretty—I’ll be bound,” said Leche; “but I don’t understand *Welch*.” You remember the story of him and his whipper-in?

EDITOR.

No; let me have it.

NIMROD.

I believe the old Squire was nearly the first gentleman who appeared in the character of huntsman to his own fox-hounds, and a sorry hand he was I assure you. Like old Chute, he had but one whipper-in—a very drunken fellow, of the name of Sam. “I’ll tell you what, Mr. Sam,” said he to him one day, on which he himself had left his hounds that he might not be too late for his dinner, “if you ever come home drunk with the hounds again, I’ll get a new whipper-in.” “Very well, sir,” replied Sam, “and perhaps if you was to look out for a *new huntsman* at the same time ’twould be as well for the hounds!”

EDITOR.

What was the consequence of that—did he share Mr. Chute’s man’s fate?

NIMROD.

No. The Squire seemed to feel the truth of the rebuke, and all things went right after. By the way, have you ever fallen in with John the rat-catcher, in the course of your travels?

EDITOR.

Not that I know of; but I suspect that he whips in to Atkinson, with the Surrey Union, at least there is a “John” with that pack who answers his description—a most varmint fellow, but a devil of a hand to swear, and one who indulges occasionally in *short* answers, as Mr. Chute called them. But tell me, had you many Squire Leche’s in your part of the world?

NIMROD.

Not many. In fact these sort of beings are but thinly sprinkled over the face of society, but when you do find a genuine one you never forget him. I remember a fine sample of an honest John Bull sportsman who lived on the borders of Shropshire—one Johnny Wynne of Rytton—who used to hunt a good deal with Squire Leche’s hounds, and a good goer he was too, on his black gelding, Everlasting. I remember his leaping into a flooded marl-pit, with which Cheshire abounds, and leaving his hat and wig floating in the middle of it; and what do you think old Johnny did? He very coolly fastened Everlasting to a rail, and swimming to the middle of the pit brought said hat and wig out between his teeth; and after shaking himself went on to his hounds, leather breeches and all, as gaily as if nothing had happened. I think I see Everlasting this moment before me: he was a low, long, black gelding, with a snip on his nose; standing on four very good but very short legs. He had a strongly marked sensible head, extremely well put on. Very little trimming was bestowed upon either tail or mane; but there was nothing of the *erect* about the former, and in the long, lank hair of the latter you would have distinguished something very much resembling a clear descent from noble blood.—In his rider there was nothing of this. He was the very beau ideal of the old English yeoman of the upper class, with his

blue frock coat, not over well cleaned leathers, brown bob wig, and broad brimmed hat, in which he faced all weathers, hunting nearly to the last, and riding Everlasting till past his twentieth year.

EDITOR.

Well done Johnny Wynne! His costume reminds me of that of a Noble Sussex Lord, who is sometimes mistaken for a groom in consequence of the plainness of his apparel. He, too, I remember, had a famous old brown horse that he rode after it had attained its majority, and the last time I saw it out he was as fresh and free from blemish as a four year old. For my own part, I like aged horses for hunters; but then there is a medium in all things; and when they get beyond a certain point, they don't get their hind legs after them so cleverly at their leaps as is desirable. But talking of Wynne, what sort of society did he move in?

NIMROD.

Oh, he visited all the best families in the neighbourhood, but his rustic manners used occasionally to furnish amusement for the dinner table. "What wine will you take with me to-day, Johnny?" said Sir Robert Vaughan, M. P. for Merionethshire, to him one evening at dinner, "Why, thank ye, Sir Robert," said he, "if it's the same to you I'll stick to the *Blue sellas*." (Bucellas).

EDITOR.

Very good. But I should have thought Bucellas would not have been strong enough for a Welchman's stomach.

NIMROD.

Yes it was, though he did not patronize it much at his own table. I remember a good joke that occurred at it one day when he had a party of friends, and one of the dishes was a roast turkey and sausages. "Don't spare the sausages, gentlemen," said Johnny, "depend on't they are *fresh*, for I brought them from Wrexham this morning in my pocket!"

EDITOR.

You seem to have been particularly fortunate in falling in with "characters," as we call them. Have you any more?

NIMROD.

"Loads," I dare say, if I could only remember them. By the way, there was old Squire Eyton, of the Mount, a great sportsman and coeval with Leche and Wynne—a gentleman of family and fortune, who would dine with no one unless he were indulged with a pewter plate, a batter pudding which you might have thrown over a house without breaking, and a wine glass of a certain shape—very small—to enable him to drink a bumper to ever favourite toast of the evening.

EDITOR.

Who hunts Mr. Leche's old country?

NIMROD.

It is divided between Sir Richard Puleston and Sir Harry Mainwaring; it is only a "so so" country, but quite good enough for Squire Leche's pack, which was much below par. Indeed we can scarcely reconcile to ourselves the idea of men like Mr. Chute and Mr. Leche, both abounding in means, both passionately fond of hunting, both without heirs to their estates, not sacrificing largely to their favourite pastime.

EDITOR.

What! was Mr. Leche also childless?

NIMROD.

Not he indeed. You must remember my anecdote of the pretty girl, who opened his park gate, while the hounds passed through.

EDITOR.

I do not.

NIMROD.

She had an infant at her breast, and some snob was wise enough to ask the Squire, whose child it was? I can't tell, said he, but *it sucks like a leech*.

EDITOR.

And did he die without an heir?

NIMROD.

No; he married just in time to have an heir to it.

EDITOR.

What a droll fellow he must have been!

NIMROD.

Indeed he was, but one of the most entertaining companions I ever met with; in short, there was more genuine humour in him, than in any other man that ever crossed my path in life, and it is now too late to expect to find his fellow. In addition to this, his countenance was an exact counterpart of the inner man.

EDITOR.

Is there no portrait of him?

NIMROD.

I can venture to say there is not. From all I know of him, I could as soon imagine him sitting down to have his throat cut, as to submit his phiz to a limner; I very much lament, however, that we have not something to remind us of so original and worthy a character.

EDITOR.

Can you not recollect some conspicuous characters in his hunt?

NIMROD.

I do recollect several, whose personal appearance in their hunting costume would form a striking contrast with a Melton man of the

present day; but time has obliterated all traces of their actions and exploits, and doubtless most of them now sleep with their fathers. There was squire this and squire that, one of whom went by the honourable appellation of "the Stallion," but why or wherefore, this deponent sayeth not; then there was the Chaplain, *lucus a non lucendo*, again, for there was no chaplain at Carden. The parson, however, was a good sportsman of his kind, and never missed a day with the hounds; and to crown all, there was "huntsman Dick," the Squire's favourite friend, his *fidus Achates*, who every body believed would have been his heir.

EDITOR.

And pray, who is "huntsman Dick"?

NIMROD.

Who indeed; why that able sportsman Sir Richard Puleston, one of the best breeders of fox-hounds in England.

EDITOR.

And whence the appellation?

NIMROD.

I'll explain: for two or three years, when the service of his country called him from home, Sir Richard was without hounds in his kennel, and he occasionally borrowed Leche's; as they were no doubt improved by a month's tuition from so experienced a master, the Squire ever afterwards called him his huntsman Dick. Sir Richard occasionally returned them with the addition of a couple of hounds, or so. On one occasion a hound called *Ganymede* was sent, which Sir Richard had so classically named from being of John Corbet's old Trojan blood; "*Ganymede*," said the Squire to the worthy baronet's servant, "who the devil was *Ganymede*? do you tell your master, that the next time he sends such fine names, he must send his dictionary with them, for we know nothing about such *gemmen* at Carden."

EDITOR.

Of course you have seen huntsman Dick and the Squire together?

NIMROD.

Many is the time and oft, and a greater intellectual treat could not have been experienced by me. The one the native Cheshire Squire, abounding in wit and humour, clothed in their native garb; the other, the polished gentleman, the companion of kings and princes, and as clever at repartee as his friend; but this was not all, the rough, unpolished squire, which he apparently wished to represent, considered himself neither the one nor the other, but conscious of his own powers, often led the way in discourse, and the contest became sometimes doubtful; like rival hounds, these rival masters each strove for the head, and each had the lead by turns.

EDITOR.

All this must have been delightful. Can you give us anecdotes of any other noted personage, in that part of the country?

NIMROD.

I will do my best to oblige you ; what think you of a *lady* fox-hunter, often to be seen with Mr. Leche's hounds, and with other packs in the neighbourhood ? would you like to hear something of her ?

EDITOR.

How can you ask me the question ? is not any thing respecting *woman*, interesting to all fox-hunters ? not that I am a great advocate for ladies riding a hunting, and for two substantial reasons ; first, their delicate frames are scarcely equal to the fatigue and dangers of the chase ; and again, the cover side is not always the court of Diana.

NIMROD.

But there have been signal sportswomen in all ages ; why not in ours ? was not Venus a huntress ? and did not the lovely Opis shoot the murderer of Camilla ?

EDITOR.

'Tis true ; and had not the lovely Camilla deserted the service of Diana, she would not have lost her life ; neither would we have been favoured with Virgil's splendid account of Dido taking the field. Now then for your modern Camilla !

NIMROD.

You shall hear of one of the best riders in Cheshire, in the person of a young lady, and a very elegant one likewise, at the time to which I am alluding. This was a Miss Burganey, who resided a few miles from Chester, and was occasionally seen with Leche's fox-hounds, but oftener with the Chester harriers, or those of Sir Watkin Williams Wynn, or the late Sir Stephen Glynn, when bagged foxes were turned down before them. She did the thing in true style. Her hunter was always led to cover in the morning, by her groom, and she followed in due time, on her hack ; but I cannot say of her, what Virgil says of Dido, that

" Tandem progreditur, magnâ stipante caterâ ;"

for until business commenced, she always kept aloof from the crowd, and she was soon out of it when she joined it, for she beat three parts of the field.

EDITOR.

Would she ride at large fences, and at timber ?

NIMROD.

Nothing stopped her ; it was quite delightful to see how well she handled her horses, one of which, I remember, had rather an awkward mouth ; but it was still more delightful to witness the smile she would occasionally put on, as she made them hop upon those awkward Cheshire banks, or cops as they are called, lifting them over the deep blind ditches beyond them, which some of the red-coated of the ruder sex had refused ; it was the smile of triumph, I admit, but I have not overcharged the picture, and you know there is always a spirit of rivalry in the field.

Miss Burganey was not only an elegant horsewoman, but by far the boldest I ever saw, over a country, with an excellent eye to hounds.

EDITOR.

I hope she married a sportsman, and that some of their produce are in existence.

NIMROD.

That is more than I can say; I lost sight of her many years back, but as she was an heiress, it is more than probable she met with a mate. On the other hand, it is possible that she may now be numbered with the dead, and the hand that a Chifney might have envied, long since mouldered into dust.

EDITOR.

Is it the *bridle* or the *bridal* hand, that you have been giving to friend Sam?

NIMROD.

You are witty, Mr. Editor; but neither of them would have come amiss to him, for she was a very elegant person in a ball room, and in her saddle, perfect.

EDITOR.

But what said Squire Leche to all those bag-foxes?

NIMROD.

Why, I believe all those foxes came from the mountainous parts of Wales, and were turned down in parts of the country not hunted by Leche. The owners of the hounds were both sportsmen, and would not have been guilty of purchasing foxes elsewhere.

EDITOR.

Was that the Sir Stephen Glynne who used to be in Leicestershire, and formed the trio with Lord Foley and Sir Henry Peyton in the house at Quorn?

NIMROD.

The same; and an excellent sportsman he was, as likewise a very good performer over a country; but more was the pity—he was taken from amongst us quite in the prime of life.

EDITOR.

Is not the part of the country we have been talking about remarkable for its aristocratic population?

NIMROD.

I should say—barring the Dukery in Nottinghamshire, as it is called, and the immediate vicinity of London—quite unequalled in this respect. What think you of more than forty noblemen and gentlemen's seats within ten miles of Wrexham, taking the town for the centre; besides at least a dozen noblemen's houses which do not come exactly within the circumference I have given.

EDITOR.

And famed, I believe, for its hospitality.

NIMROD.

As I was born and bred in it I ought to know something of that ; and I should say that in former times its hospitality was nowhere surpassed—in short, it was unbounded. But the march, the unwelcome march, of refinement, the increased weight of taxation, and the consequent diminution of means, have grievously altered its character. I could name a dozen houses to which an invitation was never thought necessary, the obligation appearing to be on the landlord's side ; and others, in which hospitality was carried even to an unreasonable, nay, blameable, extent. Not visits, but *visitations* were made ; and in one instance I could name a person who went to have a fortnight's shooting with a friend and remained two years in his house ! The late Mr. Yorke of Erthig, of whom I have spoken already—one of the highest bred gentlemen in England, one of the most entertaining companions of his day, whose table resembled a *table d'hôte* of an hotel rather than that of a private individual—used to tell a most amusing anecdote on this subject. A family party from Wales had made a visitation to one of his acquaintance, who began to get tired of their company. Every morning at breakfast, then, for the last week or so, the following hint was given, but the dose was often repeated before it took an effect. “ A fine day, my dear, for our cousins to go over the mountain,” said the host to his wife, looking out of the window into the park ; “ they'll have a clear view of the vale, and no danger of taking cold.” However, in Wales, and on the borders at this time, Welshmen and their neighbours had high notions of the *rights* of hospitality—now, rules of civility.

EDITOR.

As you have promised us a few anecdotes of some more of these worthies of days now gone past, let us make a cast back to old Leche ; and pray give a description of his turn-out with his hounds.

NIMROD.

I fear it is beyond my powers, and chiefly so for this reason. A critic upon Virgil says, that the chisel of the statuary, or the pencil of the painter, might have represented the person of Æneas, with the gracefulness of Apollo, when he proceeded with Dido to the hunting field ; but *the golden quiver rattling as he went*, could only be shown to us by the pen. As I cannot give you the Cheshire *lingo* which imparted so rich a flavour to old Leche's dog language, the description will lose half its force. If I could use the pencil, however, I would sketch him coming to cover with his hounds, and this would be the outline. I should begin with his cheerful round face, the picture of gaiety and of mirth, and of a heart quite at ease. You should see a short but firmly-put-together personage, looking as hard as his oaks, and mounted on a strong bay horse, with mealy muzzle and set up tail, by no means ill qualified for a miller's sacks, and at least equal to a third more than his weight. In his person he was extremely cleanly, nor was there ought to find fault with in his gear. A small round hat, straight-cut red coat, the que peeping over the collar, corderoy smalls well strapped to the boots by a buckle which exhibited itself on the outside, a stout iron-hammer-headed whip, and a horn affixed to his saddle, gave him a sportsmanlike appearance of the old

school; and he sat very snugly on his horse. Indeed, in his younger days he gave proof that he was much at his ease in the saddle, having often ridden from York to his house, one hundred miles, in a day, and once, *I think he told me*, on the same horse. As he trotted along to cover, he was generally in conversation with his hounds, usually singing out, "here, here, here — cum (come) along, hounds, cum along my good hounds," or something equally soothing and inviting.

EDITOR.

Was he then fond of his hounds?

NIMROD.

I don't think he was, and he only kept them for the last half score years, because he did not consider it right that Carden should be without a pack of fox-hounds in its kennel. His natural good disposition however, could not bear cruelty in any shape, and he did not like to see them flogged. "What now, Tam!" he would exclaim, if he saw his whipper-in strike one, "Can't you let him alone, *he has twice as much sense as you have.*"

EDITOR.

And what sort of a fellow was Tam?

NIMROD.

Like old Chute's John,—very strong of the Rat-catcher.

EDITOR.

And mounted?

NIMROD.

On an immensed cropped horse, bullock-fat, and looking like a frog on a washing-block.

EDITOR.

Grass condition of course!

NIMROD.

You might have saved yourself the trouble of putting that question; but I remember his making me laugh once on this subject. "I used formerly," said the Squire, "to go into my stables three times a day. The sly chaps watched my coming, and there it was, *wisp, wisp, wisp*, for about ten minutes, and then the horses were left to take their chance till I came again. I now never go near 'em, and *no man's horses in England are in finer condition than mine are.*"

EDITOR.

Would Leche ride?

NIMROD.

Yes, like Chute's bailiff, towards home about dinner hour, for he would never be too late *at home*, if he could help it, or in time *any where else.*

EDITOR.

What do you mean by that?

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NIMROD.

Why the Squire was a great man for early hours, so he usually dined at home before he went to a friend who had invited him to a six o'clock dinner; he then came in for a second course, and for the best part of the evening—the horse-shoe table, and its contents, to which the sportive sallies of his humour added a double relish; indeed there were two houses in his neighbourhood (Wynnstay and Emral) at which, he said, he had always *tried* to get too late for dinner, but had never been able to succeed.—But here comes coffee.

General Monthly Miscellany.

THE CHASE.

OUR list of fox-hounds, published last month, was not quite correct. It was only our second effort, and we hope the third will prove perfect. By a typographical error, Sir Richard Sutton was converted into Mr. Richard Sutton. In Northumberland we omitted the Felton hounds; and continued Sir Tatton Sykes in the list instead of inserting Lord Middleton's name. We hear that Mr. Foljambe is about to take Sir Tatton's country; and Mr. Fullerton (to whom Sir Richard Sutton is going to send a large draft) will take Mr. Foljambe's. In Lincolnshire we have to add the name of the Hon. George Pelham to the list of Masters of Fox-hounds, he having this season taken part of Lord Yarborough's country, commencing with the rare advantage of an abundance of foxes. Mr. Parker, we understand, has no covers in Wiltshire, and he ought to have been classed as hunting part of Berkshire. The Mathon and Colwall hounds must also be added to Worcestershire. There is a pack kept in Norfolk; and a new pack was established in Somersetshire last year, called the Somerset Vale Hounds. We trust our subscribers will attribute these errors to the right cause—the difficulty of ascertaining the precise arrangements of so many establishments so early in the season, and not consider them to have arisen from any negligence on our part, for we can assure them no pains were spared to

obtain correct information. We avail ourselves of this opportunity for expressing our grateful acknowledgments to the different noblemen and gentlemen who answered our inquiries respecting their establishments.

The season has not opened so brilliantly as we had hoped. The approaching election seems to absorb all other considerations, and the fields in all parts of the country have been unusually small. Indeed, if the Kirby Gate day—the first of regular hunting in Leicestershire—may be taken as a criterion of the state of others, we might say that they are unprecedentedly small, for never since Melton was Melton did so few sportsmen attend the ushering in of the noble sport as on the 5th ult. We do not think there were a dozen red coats out, and the field was chiefly composed of the different studs taking their gallops. Independently of this a damp was thrown upon the spirits of those who were there by the early announcement of hostile measures against the Belvoir hounds by Lord Harborough, on account of the trespass at Stapleford-park, and the rumour that certain influential sportsmen would not attend Melton this season; among whom may be mentioned Lord Plymouth, who has ruptured a blood-vessel. We regret to hear that Mr. Osbaldeston is likely to retire from the list of Masters of Fox-hounds at the close of this season, by which the Pychley country

will become vacant. Quorndon-hall, so long the residence of the different Masters of the Quoru hounds, was offered for sale last month. The general report of the number of foxes is highly satisfactory, except in part of Sir Richard Sutton's country, where considerable depredations are reported to have been committed, much to the injury of the cause. We really think that Masters of Hounds ought to come to some understanding as to purchasing foxes, either agreeing to abstain from it altogether, or letting it be generally understood that they will do so; by which latter means the custom would soon be abolished.

The weather during last month was very variable, and the scent consequently indifferent. In the early part there were heavy rains in Leicestershire and the midland counties, with snow in parts of Yorkshire. On the 12th and 13th a dense fog extended from the Channel as far as the county of Durham, and several coach accidents occurred in the course of the night of the 12th, which was unusually severe. Some sharpish frosts succeeded, but not sufficiently severe (as far as we have heard) to interfere with hunting. By another month we hope the elections will be over, and party spirit having subsided that we shall be able to give a more cheering account of the proceedings of the different establishments; in the meantime we shall proceed to lay before our readers such information as the present one has brought us; our letter from Melton, it will be seen, confirms our account.

Melton Mowbray, Nov. 20, 1832.

I am sorry my account this month should so much differ with my last, when I gave you reason to believe we should commence with a brilliant season. I assure you quite the contrary is the case; the meeting at Kirby Gate was the smallest in the recollection of most, and we have had but few arrivals since. The Sport has not been very good with any of the hounds, in consequence of the coldness of the ground caused by some heavy fogs.

We have a tolerable quantity of

horses in the town though but few gents. to ride them; of course we are expecting them in daily. Amongst the few visitors are Lords Wilton, Rokeby, Kinnaird, Gardiner, Sir H. Goodricke and Sir James Musgrave, Count Matouschewitz, and Messrs. Gilmore, White, Wharton, Craven, &c. &c. &c.

OXFORDSHIRE.

DEAR EDITOR,

WHAT various changes, and unforeseen events take place in the course of a calendar month! Since my last communication Lord Dillon, like a true fox-hunter, has removed his harriers from Tusmore, and Mr. Storey has discarded his à la militaire splatterdashes. A notice has appeared in the *Oxford Journal* with the names of three beef-headed wiseacres attached, cautioning fox-hunters not to trespass on certain hands belonging to these notable *spoilsports* in the south western part of Oxfordshire. The hospitable Abbey of Wytham (the seat of the Earl of Abingdon) has been honoured by the presence of the Duchess of Kent and the future sovereign of England (*in expectancy*), and, as a matter of course, open house-keeping and rare rejoicings were naturally enough the consequences of their visit. But hark back you will cry, why get upon a wrong scent? If you have been with the hounds give us some of your *rambling* reminiscences—Well, then, met at Gibraltar on the third, drew Busby's spiny came away in double quick time to Bletchington, from thence skirting Kirtlington-park through the covers at a steady pace towards Weston, but declining to cross the Brook, reynard doubled back over the fields to Bletchington, where in crossing the park he was viewed in a pitiable plight, but by a desperate effort he contrived to reach the shrubbery, at the back of the stable-yard, and there choosing a fragrant place in which he might die with decency, *in the midst of a bed of flowers gave up the ghost*. It was a pretty run, and enlivening while it lasted. Kirtlington was next resorted to, and from a spiny out

came a knowing-one, who immediately sought to do that which many shun, namely to cover himself with clay, but the drain was not open, and finding it was no go, he then went off at a merry pace to Middleton-park, passing by the Roundabout, and near to the grove in the park he contrived to slip his *would-be-slaughterers*. This day was celebrated for the number of mad horses out, and several luckless wights not having the benefit of cords or straps, like Mazeppa, thought it necessary to part with their dangerous Bucephaluses as early as possible, although at the expence of begrimed faces, soiled jerkins, and broken heads. On the fifth we were at Reeves, where by reason of some hawbuck bipeds continually heading reynard and using the most determined exertions their stupidity could call into action to prevent his going away, we were not only unlucky enough to *chop one*, but were also unfortunate enough to *snap another fine fellow* in the gorse. This day was remarkable for a whimsical offer made by Mr. Storey (with a degree of pluck which astonished some of the young ones) to ride the nag he was then bestriding from Reeves to Blackthorn-hill, across that clincher for a cocktail, Marshfield, against any number who thought proper to accept his bet; Mr. Storey to have one field in advance, and every person who came up with him ere he reached the windmill to be paid £5, and by the same rule he to receive from each individual that should fail to overtake him a similar sum, not barring even the *nonpariel* Peyton himself. The bet was accepted by Mr. Peyton, and several others, but did not come off in consequence of the hounds moving on to Goddington, where I saw a filly, the property of Mr. Foster of Newton Morrell, which looks like winning not only a *Pillerton* but a *Billesdon Coplow*. She is by Polygar out of a sister of the Tartar. Mr. Foster has been a fortunate man indeed not only in breeding but in running and selling *Cocktails*. He has won seven Cottesford cups with the following nags, *Miss Hoyden*, *Dairymaid*, *Ploughboy*, *Nell Gwynn*, (the dam of Dissolution) *Am-*

ber, the *Tartar* (then called *Hercules*), and *Optimus*; those marked in Italics were bred by him. Lord Anson bought *Nell Gwynn*, and Mr. Peyton purchased the *Tartar* at four years old for 300 guineas; his performances are well known, he was decidedly the best cocktail of his year, and won the Billesdon Coplow twice; but notwithstanding his capabilities he had shortly to meet a formidable antagonist in his half brother *Optimus*, who was to those in the secret known to be a most extraordinary cocktail. In a trial, he beat the *Tartar*, giving his year away. He also won the *Bosworth* in a canter, beating the *Tartar* and brother to *Hexgrave*. Mr. Foster was offered £500 for him previous to his starting for the Billesdon Coplow, which he refused, and when winning easily, by some inexplicable means he crossed his legs and fell, throwing his rider, Mr. Molony, with great violence. He shortly afterwards died at Newton Morrell, of inflammation of the lungs, occasioned by a cold caught while hunting with Sir Thomas Mostyn's hounds. Mr. Foster has also a fine promising colt out of his celebrated old mare *Dairymaid*, by Mr. Sadler's Defence. Mr. Foster is one of the right sort, no gate-nailer or grumbler, a good sportsman, fond of hunting, master of some fleet greyhounds, a jovial companion, can crack a bottle with any man of his inches, and at his house it is hospitality to-day, to-morrow, and for ever. On the eighth I rode to Sturdys-castle to see the turn out of his Grace of Beaufort. Being so handy to the vicinity of Mr. Drake's hunt, the members of both mustered strongly, the scarlet preponderating greatly. It was a very large field. *Whitehill-gorse* was tried without effect; *Tackley-heath* was next drawn, no go, the wood also refused to furnish a fox, but arriving at Rousham it was soon tallyho, and away he ran for ten minutes at a strong pace along the fields at the back of Sturdys-castle and got into a drain at *Weaveley-farm*; but upon its being discovered to be a moderate length, pick-axes were obtained, the drain opened, and a small terrier soon bolted him out; he then steered

his way for Woodstock, but altered his course and crossed the turnpike-road, and from thence in the direction of Camps-field, doubling back over the fields near to Gibraltar, and by his manner of running it was thought he would cross the canal for Kirtlington. Such conjectures, however, were unfounded, he kept on in a ring and succeeding in reaching Tackley-heath, where he baffled all the skill of his pursuers. After endeavouring for some time to make him out, he was given up, and Rousham was again in requisition, when I alone had the pleasure of seeing his highness steal away; sometime elapsed in getting the hounds to the holloa, lots of horses having long before their arrival rattled up, and notwithstanding every entreaty to forbear, crossed, re-crossed, and trampled the scent in the most glorious *mar-sport* style. The hounds in a few minutes hit upon him, and after a very short ring he returned to the place from whence he started, and quietly took himself to his earth. The Duke's hounds have excellent noses and they work like terriers, but most of the foxes in this hunt are *ringers*, seldom going right away, so that a straight run is rarely witnessed. We had this day half a dozen checks, each check detaining us several minutes, but they did not arise from any mismanagement or fault in the hounds, but were occasioned by the indiscreet and ridiculous conduct of several gentlemen, riding after the fox *without the hounds*, destroying the scent, and completely baffling the pack. I am aware in a large field over running the scent on some occasions is unavoidable, but one would think from the constant recurrence of the evil, some of the persons practising this sort of amusement had another object besides *reynard* in view, that of effectually *knocking up* a day's sport. Mr. Peyton was this day, when the hounds did run, in his usual place—next to their tails. Among a group of sportsmen I noticed Mr. Higgins, who last season was staying at Bicester. He is an exceedingly fine made man, standing upwards of six feet seven inches high, and weighing seventeen stone, without any

gum, all bone and muscle. He has the right sort of nags to carry him, but good as they are they may be frequently seen sinking under his weight. On the 17th Mr. Drake's hounds, in spite of the high floods, meet at Arncoth-bridge, the field very select, all but genuine sportsmen being deterred from attending by reason of the ominous appearance of the rushing waters. On our arrival at the great wood, we found *reynard* had anticipated our visit, and had been seen two hours previously taking his departure in a quiet way. Piddington and the little wood were run through, and ultimately White-cross-green was visited, when a bitch-fox was turned out of her snuggery, and went away at a merry rate over the heavy meadows in that vicinity, as if making for *Grave-hill*. She doubled back, however, to the right in the direction of Arncoth Little-wood by way of Boarstall—rattled through the little wood in capital style, across the Mole-hill field, between the two covers, and into the great wood, where she disdained to stay more than two minutes, but undauntedly faced the open back again, over the Mole-hill field and up the hill by the side of Arncoth Little-wood, the hounds running her *in view* at a surprising pace, her ladyship being frequently not more than *ten* yards from the muzzle of the foremost. The pace was, indeed, a merry one, and continued in the direction of Boarstall, leaving the *decoy-pond* to the right, and maintaining the same speed till arriving at Arngrove-gorse, where there was a pause for a couple of minutes, when the "*have at him again*" of Ben set them all right, and away they went (giving little time for consideration) towards Turner's-wood; but instead of proceeding onwards, Horton-wood being nearer, she had an inclination to try the shelter of that cover. The enemy, however, allowed no time for reflection, and she was obliged to make the best of her way by skirting the wood on the right side, and succeeded in gaining White-cross-green, after a tremendous burst of fifty minutes, over one of the strongest countries of the hunt. After rattling her about the cover for a long time she again took

her departure in something like the same direction for Arncott Little-wood, where she was not allowed to stay but a few minutes. Out she came by way of Boarstall, and ran to the decoy-pond, where she appeared rather weak, the hounds at the same time exhibiting unequivocal symptoms of having had enough; however, they contrived to make her quit the place, and though she used the most strenuous exertions to reach her old place of resort the effort was in vain; she was so closely pressed in Arngrove-gorse as to be obliged to have recourse to the shelter of a *rabbit-hole*, from which she was taken by Tom. Wingfield; and after giving him a sharp squeeze on the leg with her *ivories*, she was offered up a sacrifice to her incensed pursuers. The run lasted upwards of three hours, forty minutes of which was excessively fast, and it was a matter of surprise how the fox could live so long before the hounds, considering the pace; *they ran her in view nearly a mile*. It appears that one fox went away from the neighbourhood of Arncott Great-wood about a quarter of an hour after the hounds left, and another fox was seen quietly jogging along near the Piddington and Bull road. The ground was heavy in the extreme—the fences very strong, with blind and ugly ditches. Bellows to mend was the order of the day with several of the two hundred guinea nags, the strong play made in the mud, and up the hill adjoining Arncott Little-wood, trying their wind in good earnest; where, also, the lank-thighed and straight-hocked ones gave convincing proofs of being in trouble. Sir Frederick Johnstone got a heavy fall in leaping a gate, in consequence of his horse hitting the top rail of the gate, which opened and threw him on his back; luckily, Sir Frederick escaped without injury. Sir Henry Peyton, on a fine-looking black horse, cleared the gate before Sir Frederick in the most gallant style. In the absence of his *dare devil* descendant no sportsman goes better or straighter across a country than Sir Henry. He seemed much gratified by the manner in which his horse got over some regular rasps; with a little more tuition and

making, this nag (which is but six years old) must be a valuable acquisition to a man who wishes to go straight. He is in the hands of the best master to make him perfect, and even now it must be a poser indeed that will stop him. Ben's horse became almost invisible in a ravine-sort of ditch, and numbers were in a stumbling, staggering mood. I understand although Tom. Wingfield was severely pinched, he did not sustain much damage. He is a promising whipper-in, very attentive and obliging, sits well upon his horse, always at his post, and is a valuable auxiliary to Ben. A few more such days' sport will gladden and enliven us all. Mr. St. Leger's horses are arrived at the King's Arms, Bicester. Mr. Roberts, with four horses, at the Crown. Mr. Robert Grosvenor is also come to have another look at the old country. Colonel Joddrall comes this week. If the weather keeps open, I hope in my next to have the pleasure of recording a regular kill devil affair. In the meantime as the mail-horn is sounding, and my inkstand exhausted, it is time I should finish.

Yours,

ESAU.

November, 1852.

OAKLEY HOUNDS.

THESE hounds have commenced the season under the most auspicious circumstances; Mr. Berkeley's establishment consists of sixty-five couple of working hounds, and as good a stable of horses for himself and two men as I ever saw in any country,—I won't even bar Leicestershire. He hunts his own hounds four days a week, assisted by two servants, George Carter and Tom. Skinner, both up to the thing; the former I think rather a superior man with hounds, and if Providence had but blest him with a melodious voice, he would be very near perfection; Tom is a good servant and a very devil to ride; an old fashioned fellow rides second horse for the master, and this finishes the field establishment. Mr. Berkeley hunts his dog and bitch hounds separate this season, and I have no doubt will approve of it;

the bitches appear to be the favourites, as they are in most hunts. This expensive and well conducted establishment, is supported by Mr. Berkeley and a very uncertain subscription; still the number of persons who hunt, the number of ladies who frequently come out to see the hounds find, and the public breakfasts given at the seats of the different gentlemen where the hounds meet, to the master of the hounds and his friends, cannot but be highly flattering to the man most interested.

I will now give you a correct account of the sport these hounds have had since the commencement, and will leave your readers to judge if they have had better.

Up to the first of October, they had been out twenty-three days, and killed ten brace of foxes, and run a brace more to ground.

October 2.—Met at Easton-wood, had a quick thing, ran to ground and killed him.

October 6.—Met at Yardly-chase, one of the largest woods in the country, the property of the Marquess of Northampton, had a fine hunting run for two hours, but he beat them.

October 8.—The first day of regular hunting and advertising, met at Kimbolton-castle (the seat of the Duke of Manchester), a fine run, part woodland and part open, of an hour and thirty minutes, and killed.

October 9.—Met at Colworth-house (the seat of Mr. Magniac), an excellent run of an hour and fifty-five minutes, and killed.

October 12.—Clifton-spays, ran in cover two hours, and killed.

October 13.—Melchbourne (the seat of Lord St. John), a fine hunting run, found him in a little wood close to Knotting, ran him through Melchbourne, away to Keysoe-park, right through the wood by the rides, and thence to Oak-close, near which they lost him, after running an hour and a half, and doing their work beautifully; they richly deserved him.

October 16.—Harrold-hall, the seat of the honourable Master of the hounds; found in Pavenham-spiny, had a sharp burst of twenty minutes and ran

to ground; found a second fox in the same spiny, had a ringing run for an hour and three quarters, and killed him.

October 18.—Knuston-hall, the seat of one of the oldest and best sportsmen in England, Sir Peter Paine, Bart. M. P. for the county; this venerable gentleman has followed hounds upwards of seventy years. I saw him the other morning at Wollaston-gorse, it poured with rain, he had his great coat on, but as soon as the hounds made their appearance he threw it off, declaring the sight of them made him feel quite young, "I don't mind getting wet," said he, "all I want is a run." Drew Rushden-moor, one of Mr. Fletcher's covers, and had a splendid thing over the best of the open towards Shelton-gorse, for thirty minutes, and killed. Found a second fox in the Great Hayes, had a good run over the open in an hour and ten minutes, but he beat them. During the first run, Mr. John Fletcher of Rushden Hall, having pumped the wind out of his horse, got a floorer, and dislocated one of his fingers, and soon after was seen with his foot against Tom Skinner, and Tom pulling at the disjointed member, in the capacity of a medical attendant.

October 22.—Dungey-corner, found in Harrold-park-wood, raced him for twenty-five minutes in the rides and out of cover, and killed him. Found a second fox in Stocking, ran him hard in and out of cover for an hour and ten minutes, the latter part of it over a fine country, for Wollaston; he was then headed back towards Henwick, when the little fellows ran from scent to view, and killed him in the pleasure grounds of Henwick-house, the seat of R. Orlebar, Esq.

October 23.—Colworth-house, the seat of — Magniac, Esq. one of the most spirited supporters of fox-hounds, and whose turn out is equal to any sportsman of the present day. Found in Barrack-wood, had a sharp thing through the woods of about forty-five minutes, and lost him. Found a second fox in the Great Hayes, went as if he flew for twenty minutes, and ran to ground at Knuston-hall; no time to turn round and pick thin places;

for he who pulled up saw no more of the run.

October 25.—One of the finest runs ever seen by man. Met at Henwick-house, found in the Little Hayes; as soon as the hounds were in cover, "gone away" was the word, and off he made for Odell-wood, but refused the cover, turned to the right and ran through one corner of Catsey-bushes, away through old and new Goreong, and over the open, as if for the Great Hayes, but turning a little to the left he refused the wood, and kept on as if going to Knotting-turnpike, then bore to the left, and ran to Knuston-hall; from thence (after a check) he appeared to be making back for the Hayes, but turning to the right over a beautiful country, he passed Henwick-house, leaving it a few fields to the left, and ran down to Wollaston, which he left just to the right, and keeping along a fine line of grass grounds, and over the brook between Easton and Grendon, near the latter ran into a short drain, and the hounds killed him. There were but few gentlemen present at the death, all, however, who were animated with the true spirit of the chase were amply repaid by the sport afforded them; this splendid run lasted for an hour and three quarters.

October 27.—Hail Weston; the ground excessively dry, went away for one hour, without a check, over the Colmworth country up to Keysoe, refused the wood, and ran by Purtenhall, here they came to a long check at the end of the hour; hunted him from thence, up to Kimbolton, refusing all the woods, he crossed the high road into Lord Fitzwilliam's country, where they lost him: a very beautiful run.

October 29.—A very wet day, Easton-wood, a fox was halloo'd away, and was seen to go into a drain, bolted him, and after running a few fields, ran into him while he was endeavouring to jump the wall into the pleasure grounds at Castle Ashby. Found a second fox in Bozeat-wood, fifty minutes in and out of cover without the least check, ran from scent to view, and killed him; a most beautiful thing.

October 30.—Harrold-hall; found in Odell-wood, went away to Melch-

bourne, changed foxes three times, and after running five hours, stopped the hounds at dark, with a beaten fox before them.

Up to November the first, these hounds had been out forty-one days, killed fifteen and a half brace of foxes, and ran two brace more to ground.

November 1 & 2.—Not a line of scent; could do no good.

November 5.—Pictshill-gorse, situated on the high road from Northampton to Bedford, about eight miles from the latter. A request came from the proprietor, that Mr. Berkeley would not draw the cover this month, which he immediately complied with, to the great annoyance of a large field of sportsmen, if I might judge from their countenances; it was a very miserable cold morning, and a speedy find was much wished for; I think it would have been rather more courteous in Mr. Higgins, if he had written to Mr. Berkeley a few days before, and then all dissatisfaction would have been avoided. Trotted off to Solemn-thrift, did not find; tried Hanger-wood, a fox went away without stopping to be found, and went like a greyhound for Kempston, nearly to the wood, but refusing the cover turned to the left, by the village, and appeared as though he had set his head straight for Woburn or Amptill, instead of which, he kept bearing to the left over a magnificent country to Bedford-race-course, here he turned to the right, ran up to Hawnes-park (Lord Carterett's), but refusing all covers, went straight through the middle of the park, and away to Clopshill, in which village they lost him. But very few had the honour of being at the end of this run; Harry Bolton, who every body knows that has ever been with the Oakley hounds, was on a thorough-bred one, and had as much of it as any body; very few escaped falls, the fences being very big. In this run, fourteen miles of open country were done in one hour and twenty-five minutes; the oldest sportsman present said he never remembered so magnificent a run in his life.

November 6.—Roxton, a very bad scenting day, but a fine hunting run, lost the fox near Lorn-wood.

November 8.—Chickely Hall, found in Thickethorn, but to no purpose; many gentlemen would have taken their hounds home, as no persuasion could keep the people from surrounding the cover, and the consequence was, he was chopped or rather murdered. Found another fox, went over a fine country, but a severe hail-storm stopped the sport for the day.

November 10.—Wollaston-gorse; blank—which I was not surprised at; twenty-five shillings for two weeks

work, for a man to weed the young gorse when a proper height, would have insured a find and a good run, as it is some miles from any cover; found afterwards in Harrold Dungy, raining all the time, I left about one o'clock, wet through, and therefore cannot tell you the finish, but will not fail to furnish you with it, in my next communication.

Yours, &c.

A NORTHAMPTONSHIRE FARMER.

THE TURF.

RACES PAST.

CALEDONIAN HUNT MEETING.

The following remarks on this meeting are from a correspondent in Edinburgh, who has also kindly sent us a detailed account of the running, but which being given in our Calendar it is unnecessary for us to introduce here. We are also obliged from want of space to omit our correspondent's remarks on the earlier races of the week.

"The most interesting race during the meeting was the first, of Friday, for the King's Guineas, or, as it is now termed, his Majesty's Purse of 105 sovs., which was won by a head by Mr. Montgomery's Terror, aged, beating Lord Elcho's Philip, 4 yrs. old; Mr. Gray's Ballochmyle, 4 yrs. old; and Mr. Bish, Taurus, and Charley, which were not placed. Philip's running on the Tuesday had appeared of such a first-rate order as at once to put him favourite, at about 5 to 4. Terror, with Harry Edwards on him, was only named at 10 to 1, and that by his owner. He waited till the turn of the Course, made his run, collared Philip at about a hundred yards from home, seemed rather to have the worst of it, and fell back on his quarter again, made his rush within twenty yards of the post, and won by half a head—the other horse passing him the moment they got beyond the Judge's Stand. Many thought it a dead heat, and many that Philip won; but the Judge declared he had no difficulty in deciding, though a very near thing.

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That the race was won by Edwards's riding there cannot be a doubt, and the event is a happy illustration of the race not always being 'to the swift, nor the battle to the strong.' Ballochmyle ran a moderate third, and it is a curious commentary on the uncertainty of racing that the following week for the King's Hundred, run at Gullane, by heats of four miles (a piece of cruelty calling loudly for the intervention of Mr. Martin's act), this horse should win, beating the other two, and dropping down dead immediately after the race. Perhaps, however, three out of the four horses which started, being out of one stable, may throw some light on the subject.

"I shall conclude with a few remarks on the winners of the week:—As to XXX, he is now talked of as a flyer, having won at Gullane the week following; but I cannot allow him to be a horse of much promise, and shall venture to predict that some of those beat by him this year will 'bother' him in the season to come. Gondolier seems well known; bring him out *well* and it takes a good one to beat him, if not overmarked in weight; his winning three days following at this meeting, and against fresh horses every day, shows what he is made of. Philip, I conceive, a right one for Scotland, being possessed of both pace and power, is what is termed an 'improving horse,' and, if we are entitled to judge by his family's performances, he may be pronounced an acquisition to his owner, being own

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brother to Palatine, Arachne, Fanny Davies, and Leda, and out of the dam of Old Vanish, one of the best in England. Ebony is a sweet mare, and will, I trust, see a better day. Perlet is a neat made horse and true, but does not appear to have speed; he was, however, evidently amiss at Cupar. Prince, late Whittingham, I saw little of, but he appeared to have much show and some reality. The Major ought to stop, he has won often, but has no chance of farther promotion in the service, not even by purchase. Terror I respect as an old veteran grown grey in the service of, alas! too many masters: he once could run well, and as a reward for past virtues is now hunted by his owner, and pro-

mises to acquit himself in his new calling as honourably as heretofore. Round Robin is a useful looking little fellow, but made a poor figure on the whole, and is likewise, I understand, removed from the Turf to the Field. From what I hear of the way he was run at Gullane, he made an escape in not being put *under* it with his friend Ballochmyle.

"The company was confined in number though select in character. The people being discouraged from attending on account of the cholera, the Course looked very empty. On the whole, however, the sport was much better than is usually to be met with on the north of the Tweed."

TAM O' SHANTER.

LIST OF THE TWO-YEAR OLD WINNERS, 1832.

ABEL, b. c. by Manfred or Master Henry, dam by Merlin, Mr. L. Charlton's, 70 sovs. at Liverpool Spring Meeting, beating Lord Lichfield's gr. f. by Sligo, out of Sister to Mayflower, by Cannon-hall.

ALL MAX, b. c. by Swiss, out of Gin, by Juniper, Mr. Whitelock's, 140 sovs. at Catterick-bridge, beating Mr. Stephenson's br. c. Rousseau, by Blacklock, dam by Whisker; Mr. Jacques's b. c. by Swiss, out of Galena; Mr. J. Scott's br. c. Connoisseur, by Chateau Margaux; Sir R. K. Dick's br. c. Allegro, by Jock, out of Bravura; Mr. Attwood's b. c. by his Grey Arabian, out of Lady Eliza; and Mr. S. Craven's b. c. by Contest, out of Ninima.

ANGLESEY, ch. c. by Sultan, out of Mona, Lord Tavistock's, 200 sovs. at Newmarket July Meeting, beating Lord Chesterfield's b. f. Dirce, by Partisan, out of Antiope.

AUGUSTA, gr. f. by Gustavus, out of Miss Crackhami, Mr. Walker's, 160 sovs. at Malton, beating Mr. Watt's ch. f. by Blacklock, out of Muta; Mr. W. Marson's gr. f. Vesta, by Arbutus; Mr. T. E. Dyson's b. f. by Blacklock, out of Dolly's dam; and Mr. Attwood's b. c. by Tinker or Young Phantom, dam by Macbeth.—100 sovs. at Beverley, beating Mr. Marson's gr. f. Vesta, by Arbutus.

Bay Filly, by Lottery, dam by Walton, Mr. Sergeantson's, received 20 sovs. at Kendal.

Bay Filly, by Partisan, out of Fawn, Sir M. Wood's, 100 sovs. at Newmarket July Meeting, beating Lord Lowther's b. f. Skurry, by Partisan, out of Scratch.—100 sovs. at Newmarket Houghton Meeting, beating Mr. Thoruhill's ch. c. Silly Billy, by Bedlamite.

Bay Filly, by Skim, out of Centaur's dam, Lord Egremont's, 100 sovs. at Brighton, beating Duke of Richmond's f. by Sultan, out of Loo.

Bay Filly, by Swiss, out of Fairy, by Woful, Sir E. Dodsworth's, 100 sovs. at Manchester, beating Mr. Barrow's br. f. by Whisker, out of Aleto; Mr. Houldsworth's b. c. Hawk, by Buzzard; and Mr. Robinson's b. c. Lindley, by Banker, out of Lark.—120 sovs. at Northallerton, beating Mr. Barrow's b. f. by Whisker, out of Aleto; Lord Cleveland's ch. f. by Whisker, out of Pucelle; Mr. R. Stephenson's br. c. Rousseau, by Blacklock, out of Voltaire's dam; Mr. S. L. Fox's br. c. Larkspur, by Lottery; Mr. Dyson's b. f. by Blacklock, out of Dolly's dam; and Mr. Skipsey's bl. f. by Lottery, dam by Walton.

BARNEY BODKIN, by Cain, Mr. Furlong's, 60 sovs. at Haverfordwest Meet-

ing, beating Mr. Stokes's ch. f. Mountain Lass, by Cain.

BELSHAZZAR, ch. c. by Blacklock, out of Manuella, by Dick Andrews, Mr. Watt's, 340 sovs. at York August Meeting, beating Mr. S. L. Fox's b. f. Tesane, by Whisker; Mr. T. O. Powlett's b. f. by Lottery. out of Miss Fanny; Col. Cradock's br. c. Partner, by Whisker; Duke of Leeds's br. f. by Lottery, out of Mary; Mr. W. Crompton's br. c. Satan, by Lottery; and Mr. Jacques's ch. f. by Swiss, out of Comedy—600 sovs. at Doncaster, beating Mr. Petre's b. c. by Young Phantom, out of My Lady; Lord Sligo's b. c. Flame, by Master Robert; Sir E. Dodsworth's b. c. by Jerry, out of Lady of the Vale's dam; Mr. Powlett's br. f. by Lottery, out of Miss Fanny; Mr. Peirse's b. c. by Lottery, out of Swiss's dam; Lord Kelburne's b. f. Sister to Retainer, by Jerry; Mr. Vansittart's b. c. Rockingham, by Humphrey Clinker; Mr. Fox's b. c. Larkspur, by Lottery; Duke of Leeds's c. by Lottery, out of Rhodacantha; Mr. Attwood's b. c. by his Grey Arabian, out of Eliza; and Mr. Hall's b. f. Theresa, by Brutandorf.

Black Colt, by Whalebone, out of Miss Emma, by Walton, Col. Crawford's, 225 sovs. at Liverpool Aintree Meeting, beating Lord Westminster's br. f. Decoy, by Filho da Puta; Mr. Jacques's ch. f. by Swiss, out of Comedy; and Mr. Skipsey's b. c. Puffendorf, by Brutandorf.

Brown Colt, by Jerry, out of Lady of the Vale's dam, by Shuttle, Sir E. Dodsworth's, 440 sovs. at York Spring Meeting, beating Lord Scarbrough's b. f. Sister to Tarrare, by Catton (sold to Mr. Walker); Mr. Walker's ch. f. Energy, sister to Velocipede; Lord Sligo's gr. f. Brace, by Master Robert; Mr. Peirse's b. c. by Lottery, out of Swiss's dam; Mr. Houldsworth's br. c. Despot, by Sultan; Mr. Riddell's b. c. Ticket, by Lottery; Lord Cleveland's br. c. by Muley, out of Longwaist's dam; Lord Kelburne's b. c. by Jerry, out of Bluestocking; Mr. Watt's ch. f. by Blacklock, out of Muta; Duke of Leeds's br. f. by Lottery, out of Young Mary, by Mowbray; and Duke of Leeds's br. c. Lot, by Lottery, out of Rhodacantha.

Brown Colt, by Muley, out of Napcy, by Dick Andrews, Lord Cleveland's, the Champagne Stakes of 680 sovs. at

Doncaster, beating Mr. Watt's ch. c. Belshazzar, by Blacklock; Mr. White-lock's b. c. All Max by Swias; Mr. Walker's ch. f. Energy, sister to Velocipede; Sir J. Gerrard's b. f. by Partisan, out of Scribe; Mr. Powlett's br. f. by Lottery, out of Miss Fanny; Mr. E. Peel's br. c. Tuft, by Whisker, out of Lady of the Lake, and Lord Sligo's b. c. Flame, by Master Robert.

Chesnut Colt, by Wrangler, out of Whiteboy's dam, by Scud or Sorcerer, Mr. Payne's, 50 sovs. at Newmarket Houghton Meeting, beating Mr. Spalding's b. f. Lady Charlotte, by Catton, out of Lady Easyby.

CINDERELLA, b. f. by Walebone, out of Coma, by Comus, Mr. Gardner's, 100 sovs. at Ascot, beating Mr. Vansittart's gr. f. Violante, by Gustavus, out of Zaire.—40 sovs. at Lewes, beating Mr. Wickham's ch. c. by St. Patrick, dam by Tiresias, and Mr. Balchin's b. f. Queen Mab, by Truffle, dam by Hedley—40 sovs. at Egham, beating Mr. Ley's b. f. Partiality, by Middleton.

CLEARWELL, gr. c. by Jerry, out of Lisette, by Hambletonian, Lord Orford's, the Clearwell Stakes of 990 sovs. at Newmarket Second October Meeting, beating Col. Peel's ch. c. Nonsense, brother to Non Compos; Lord Exeter's b. c. by Sultan, out of Dahlia's dam; Mr. Cooke's ch. f. Tarantella, by Tramp, out of Katherine; Lord Chesterfield's b. f. Dirce, by Partisan, out of Antiope; Duke of Grafton's b. f. Octave, sister to Oxygen, by Emilius; Lord Jersey's ch. c. Janissary, by Partisan out of Maid of Kent; Mr. Frewen's ch. f. Soltaire, by Emilius, dam by Nicolo; Mr. Dilly's b. f. Temperance, by Lapdog, out of Sentiment; Mr. Forth's b. f. by Muley, out of Clare; Sir M. Wood's br. f. by Muley, out of Miss Wasp; Mr. Sowerby's br. f. Tigress, by Skiff; Sir S. Graham's b. c. Emery, by Stainbrough; Colonel Peel's b. f. Malibran, by Whisker, out of Garcia; Mr. Ridsdale's ch. c. Emperor, by Figaro, out of Princess; and Mr. Dilly's gr. c. Wouford by Grey Middleham.

CONNOISSEUR, br. c. by Chateau Margaux, out of Frailty, by Filho, Mr. J. Scott's, recd. 150 sovs. at Pontefract.

DECEPTION, ch. f. by Mountebank, out of Advance, by Pioneer, Lord Exe-

ter's, 125 sovs. at Huntingdon, beating Col. Peel's b. f. Frailty, by Bedlamite or Paul Pry; Mr. Sowerby's br. f. Tigress, by Skiff; Gen. Grosvenor's br. f. Felucca, by Johnny or Skiff, out of Myrtle; Mr. Platel's ch. c. P. P. brother to *Toujours*; and Lord Ongley's b. f. by Brutandorf, out of Harpham Lass.—140 sovs. at Egham, beating Mr. Wreford's gr. c. Wonford, by Grey Middleham; and Lord Chesterfield's b. f. Weeper, by Woful.

DECOY, br. f. by Filho da Puta, out of Finesse, Lord Westminster's, 150 sovs. at Chester, beating Mr. L. Charlton's b. c. by Manfred or Master Henry, dam by Merlin; Mr. Beardsworth's b. c. by Monarch, out of Vestal; Mr. T. Critchley's b. c. by Champion, out of Agia; Mr. T. Johnson's br. c. Smedley, by Filho da Puta; Mr. Yates's br. f. Eclat, by Edmund; and Mr. E. Peel's ch. f. Fear, by Phantom.—50 sovs. at Wrexham, beating Mr. Nanney's ch. c. Ratcatcher, by Langer; and Mr. F. R. Price's h. c. The Governor, by Filho.

DEVA, ch. f. by Partisan, out of Rivulet, Mr. Henry's, 100 sovs. at Newmarket Second October Meeting, beating Mr. Osbaldeston's b. f. by Partisan, out of Scheme.—50 sovs. at the same Meeting, beating Col. Peel's ch. c. by Bedlamite, dam by Cesario; Lord Lichfield's ch. f. Sister to Terry Alt, by Sligo; Mr. Sowerby's ch. c. Catalonian, by Skiff, out of Theresa's dam; Mr. J. Perren's b. c. by Spinaway, out of Jourdes Noce's dam; Sir M. Wood's b. f. by Partisan, out of Fawn; and Mr. Thornhill's b. f. Enchantment, by Merlin, dam by Phantom.

DIRCE, b. f. by Partisan, out of Antiope, by Whalebone, Lord Chesterfield's, 200 sovs. at Newmarket First Oct. Meeting, beating Lord Mountcharles's b. c. by Buzzard, dam by Orville.

DIVAN, b. c. by Sultan, out of Fawn Junior, by Waxy, Duke of Grafton's, 800 sovs. at Newmarket Second October Meeting, beating Lord Exeter's b. f. Mantilla, sister to Green Mantle, by Sultan; Lord Chesterfield's b. c. Elveston, by Sultan, dam by Sorcerer; and Lord Verulam's b. c. by Sultan, out of Tredrille.

EMIR, br. c. by Centaur, out of Zinc, by Woful, Duke of Grafton's, 100 sovs. at Newmarket July Meeting, beating Mr. Greville's Amphitrite, 3 yrs

ENCHANTMENT, b. f. by Merlin, dam by Phantom, out of Spell, by Sorcerer, Mr. Thornhill's, 40 sovs. at Newmarket July Meeting, beating Mr. Henry's b. f. by Middleton, dam by Smolensko; Lord Lowther's ch. f. Mersey, by Partisan, 3 yrs.; Mr. Batson's gr. c. Bacchus, by Whalebone, dam by Aladdin, 3 yrs. and Lord Wilton's br. c. by Waterloo, out of Gavotte.—150 sovs. at Newmarket First October Meeting, beating Mr. Sowerby's b. f. Tigress, by Skiff; Sir S. Graham's b. c. Emery, by Stainborough; Lord Lichfield's c. f. Sister to Terry Alt, by Sligo; Lord Exeter's ch. f. Deception, by Mountebank; Col. Peel's br. f. Frailty, by Bedlamite or Paul Pry; Mr. Forth's br. f. by Sultan, dam by Woful; and Mr. Ridsdale's b. f. by Comus, out of Ringdove's dam.

EVE, br. f. by Lottery, dam by Walton, out of Stella, Mr. J. C. Dundas's 80 sovs. at Richmond, beating Mr. Jackson's br. c. by Dr. Syntax; and Mr. S. L. Fox's b. c. Larkspur, by Lottery.

FORESTER, gr. c. by Gustavus, out of Young Pippylina, by Orville, Mr. Hunter's, the July Stakes of 1,200 sovs. at Newmarket July Meeting, beating, Sir S. Graham's b. c. Jason, by Centaur, dam by Merlin; Duke of Grafton's b. c. Emir by Centaur, out of Zinc; Mr. Ridsdale's b. c. Seville by Figaro, out of Charity, Mr. Cooke's br. f. Ulrica, by Sherwood, out of Miss Wentworth; Lord Tavistock's ch. c. Anglesea, by Sultan, out of Mona; Sir M. Wood's b. f. by Partisan, out of Fawn; Mr. Newton's ch. c. by Emilius, dam by Rainbow; Lord Chesterfield's b. f. Dirce, by Partisan, out of Antiope; Lord Lowther's c. St. Julian; Mr. T. Wood's ch. c. by Partisan, out of Landscape; Mr. Sowerby's br. f. Tigress, by Skiff, dam by Tiresias; Sir S. Graham's b. c. Emery, by Stainborough, out of Pincushion; Lord Exeter's b. f.; Mantilla, by Sultan, out of Dulcinea; Mr. Wilson's b. c. by Lottery, out of Silvertail; and Col. Peel's b. f. Malibran, by Whisker, out of Garcia.

FRAILITY, br. f. by Bedlamite or Paul Pry, out of Fille de Joie, Col. Peel's, 50 sovs. at Newmarket Houghton Meeting, beating Sir M. Wood's ch. c. Count Robinson, 3 yrs.

FRENZY, ch. f. by Bedlamite out of Catherine, by Walton, Mr. Peel's, 75

sovs. at Lichfield Spring Meeting, beating Lord Lichfield's b. f. by Sligo, out of Sister to Mayflower; Mr. Charlton's b. f. Gazette, sister to Gnostic; and Mr. Beardsworth's br. f. by Monarch, out of Gadabout.—225 sovs. at Ludlow, beating Mr. E. Peel's ch. f. Fear by Phantom; Mr. Charlton's b. g. Geranome, by Wamba; Mr. Giffard's b. f. by Pantaloon, out of Eliza; Mr. Griffith's Repentance, by Reveller, and Mr. Bristow's ch. c. Uncle Toby, by Cain.—75 sovs. at Burton-upon-Trent, beating Mr. Scarisbrick's ch. f. Georgiana; Mr. Lacey's b. f. Moselle, by Chateau Margaux, out of Ludlow's dam; and Mr. Beardsworth's f. by Scamper, out of Livonia.

GLAUCUS, b. c. by Partisan, out of Nanine, by Selim, Mr. Ridsdale's, 250 sovs. at Stockbridge, beating Mr. I. Sadler's ch. c. Dangerous, brother to Design; Mr. George's br. f. by Muley, out of Lady Ern; and Lord Wilton's br. c. by Waterloo, out of Gavotte.—The Prendergast Stakes of 610 sovs. at Newmarket Second October Meeting, beating Sir S. Graham's b. c. Jason, by Centaur, dam by Merlin; Lord Chesterfield's br. f. Dirce, by Partisan, out of Antiope; Lord Exeter's b. c. Brother to Beiram, by Sultan; Lord Exeter's b. f. Mantilla, by Sultan; and Sir M. Wood's b. f. by Partisan, out of Fawn.—received 30 sovs. at Newmarket Houghton Meeting.—500 sovs. at the same Meeting, beating Lord Orford's gr. c. Clearwell, by Jerry, out of Libette, by Hambletonian.

LARKSPUR, b. c. by Lottery, out of Dairymaid, by Woful, Mr. S. L. Fox's, 120 sovs. at Pontefract, beating Mr. Houldsworth's b. c. Hawk, by Buzzard, out of Simon's dam; and Lord Sligo's b. c. Flame, by Master Robert.

LADY CHARLOTTE, b. f. by Catton, out of Lady Easby, by Whisker, Mr. Spalding's 50 sovs. at Newmarket Houghton Meeting, beating Mr. Thornhill's ch. c. Silly Billy, by Bedlamite.

LADY MARCIA, b. f. by Whisker, out of Lady of the Vale, by Mowbray, Duke of Leeds's, received 50 sovs. at York Spring Meeting.—The Hornby Stakes of 450 sovs. at York August Meeting, beating Mr. Houldsworth's ch. f. Fidelity, by Whisker, out of Fortuna.

LADY MOOR CAREW, b. f. by Tramp, out of Kite, by Bustard, Mr. Allanson's,

180 sovs. at Newton, beating Mr. S. Turner's b. c. by Figaro, out of Clinton's dam; Mr. Thompson's ch. c. Fitzdictor, by Predictor; Mr. W. Turner's b. c. by Lottery, out of Primrose; Mr. Houldsworth's ch. f. Fidelity, by Whisker; Mr. Bower's b. f. Curiosity, by Figaro; and Mr. Scarisbrick's ch. f. Georgiana, by Teniers, out of Peruviana.—80 gs. at Derby, beating Mr. Peel's ch. f. Fear, by Phantom; Mr. Lacey's b. f. Moselle, by Chateau Margaux; Mr. Price's b. f. by Woful, out of Scrambler; and Mr. Beardsworth's b. c. by Monarch, out of Thetis.

Lot, b. c. by Lottery, out of Rhodacantha, by Comus, Duke of Leeds's, 800 sovs. at Doncaster, beating Mr. Houldsworth's ch. f. Fidelity, by Whisker; Mr. Petre's b. f. by Whisker, out of Matilda; and Lord Kelburne's ch. f. by Jock, out of Purity.

(To be continued.)

Addition to the List of Winners of Royal Plates in our last.—NORTHAMPTON, Aug. 29; Vagrant, by Tramp.—CARLISLE, Sept. 26; Ossian.—EDINBURGH, Oct. 25; Ballochmyle, by Peter Lely.

Colonel Russell, of the Guards, an old frequenter of Newmarket, died on the 24th ult.

The Jockey Club.—At a meeting of the Jockey Club, lately held, it was resolved,—That the person appointed to start the horses, has authority to order the jockeys to draw up in a line as far behind the starting-post as he may think necessary; and that any jockey disobeying the orders of the starter, or taking any unfair advantage, shall be liable to be fined, in such sum, not exceeding £5, as the stewards of the Jockey Club may think fit to inflict.

Epsom Race Fund.—A meeting of the subscribers to the Epsom Race Fund, was held at Epsom, on the 12th of November, when the Baron de Teissier, was re-elected Steward; the Committee were all re-chosen except three, and the accounts audited, &c.

The late Derby.—It will be recollected, that the last Derby was won

by Mr. Ridsdale's St. Giles, and that Mr. Vansittart's Perion ran second, that Mr. Vansittart claimed the stakes, on the ground that St. Giles was disqualified, although it had been decided both by the Stewards of the Jockey Club, and the Stewards of the Races, that he was qualified. Law proceedings were talked of, but subsequently a more satisfactory and sportsmanlike course was agreed on, viz. by referring it to his Grace the Duke of Richmond, Earl Stradbroke, and Mr. Charles Greville, than whom more honourable or competent arbitrators could not possibly have been selected. The "cause" was heard at Newmarket on Saturday morning, and a "verdict" given in favour of Mr. Ridsdale, "damages, £2,675." There cannot be two opinions as to the propriety of settling turf disputes, by reference to persons conversant with the laws and usages of racing; the case just noticed, clear enough to sporting men, involved a question of pedigree that would have puzzled the "twelve judges." It has been concluded in a manner highly creditable to both parties.

FALSE STARTS.

THE Jockey Club have resolved that all jockeys disobeying the starter, or taking any unfair advantage, shall be fined £5, &c. This is not enough; they ought to appoint a competent starter, for the party who now officiates is manifestly unfit for duty, which requires firmness as well as experience. A fine ought also to be inflicted on him on failing to make complaint of any misconduct on the part of the jockeys. No mercy ought to be shown, for the present system is disgraceful to Newmarket.

The Goodwood Cup.—So many alterations and additions have been made in the conditions for this Cup that one page of our Magazine would scarcely hold them. They must have been drawn by a special pleader, for we know of no racing men with sufficient ingenuity to invent so many clauses and provisos. These accumulative changes do not look well in print, however fair they may be. It is said

that it will in future be a *four-mile* race. The meeting is fixed for the last Tuesday in July.

STEEPLE CHASE.

(From a Correspondent).

A STEEPLE chase took place on Wednesday, the 13th inst. between a black horse belonging to Mr. Bainbridge, and Mr. Harry Bainbridge's bay gelding "Little John", the former was ridden by Captain Becher, and Little John by a gentleman of the name of Crommelin, in whose favour the event was ultimately decided by the umpires. The ground fixed on, was from the twelfth mile stone on the Uxbridge road, across the country towards Pinner, having the steeple of Harrow as a point to keep them in a line with the winning field; the principal feature in the intervening space, was a large brook, the sides of which had been newly thrown up, which rendered the taking off uncertain. They were started by Mr. Learmouth, each riding thirteen stone, they proceeded at a slapping pace towards the brook; here Captain Becher, who up to this time lay close on Little John's heels, proposed, as he knew where the brook was fordable, they should both ride up to that point, and having crossed, to start again; to this proposition the rider of Little John did not assent; but kept on "the even tenor of his way," they arrived at it, a terrible yawner, which Little John cleared by about two feet, the Captain nearly into it. The brook being crossed, he took the lead, and in consequence of Little John's refusing one of his fences, kept a-head for some time; Little John however made up his way, and the last two fields they were nearly abreast, both horses much beat, having come the four miles and a half in twenty-two minutes. The last fence was a bullfinch, with a gap in it, rather towards the *left hand corner* of the winning field. (as they came towards us), Captain Becher made towards this, thus swerving out of his line; the rider of Little John, by continuing straight, had just cleared the fence and landed WELL into the field, when the Captain came through the gap, just

late enough to lose the match; had he kept straight, he must have won, as there could not have been above three seconds' difference in their entry into the field, and his horse was much less distressed than Little John, who however made a most extraordinary spring over his last fence, measuring nearly twenty feet. There was some slight misunderstanding, respecting a flag placed in the middle of the winning field, many imagining the horses were to pass it, and win as in a race, but both umpires and referee, agreeing that before starting, it had been clearly explained to both riders, that the first horse into the field in which the flag was, to be declared the winner, it of course had the effect of putting an end to further discussion. It was the most spirited and nearly contested thing I ever saw, and such being the case I hasten to send you an account of it.

VERITAS.

TATTERSALL'S.

DURING the last month several horses have been backed for the Derby, but so small is the amount of capital in the market that none of them have made any great progress. Glaucus is not in such force as before, although the odds are occasionally taken about him; this is owing to the extension of the field, in which will be found a colt of Mr. Ridsdale's, out of Young Petuaria, who was beaten in the spring by Young Rapid. Revenge is likely to become first favourite ere long; two or three keep nibbling at him, and are always ready to take 10 to 1. The winner of the July Stakes, Forester, has been gradually creeping up for the last fortnight, some of the best judges backing him. The Welsh horse, Prince Llewellyn, is not in less favour, but Lord Cleveland's colt is never even mentioned; the fact is, no one appears to know whether he will come on this side the Trent; should he once reach Newmarket he will doubtless be made a great favourite; for good or bad anything in Chifney's stable that can muster four legs is sure to be made something of. The colt out of Moses's dam is again in the ascendant; we are

half inclined to suspect that he is something like Byzantium, and that plenty of money may be got by betting against him. Lord Jersey's lot is in abeyance, and a queer lot they seem to be;—Lucius is cut and blistered, Glenmore is fired, and Ishmael is blistered! the latter, a remarkably fine colt, is troubled with a ricketty temper, has a trick of dropping the lad, when to all appearance in a pleasant mood, and is otherwise a dangerous nag to stand a shot upon, they are now at Middleton, and when or whether they will revisit Newmarket, before the Derby, remains in doubt. Cooper's stable has been backed to a large amount, by the party (Lord Graham and Colonel Peel) who are uncommonly sweet, the lot consists of Colonel Peel's Nonsense, second for the Clearwell, Mr. Yates's Pilkington, Lord Graham's c. by Catton, out of Twatty, Mr. Payne's c. by Wrangler, out of Whiteboy's dam, and Mr.——'s Zone. Of the five, the Twatty colt is the pet, the dam is own sister to that precious pair of Derby winners, Lapdog and Spaniel. Cooper brings his horses to the post, in very superior condition, and deserves to be backed; Colonel Cosby's Bravo, came into the market on the 22nd, and was backed to £300 or £400, by a Mr. T. Wood; neither the money or the party had influence enough to get him up till the 26th, when he closed at 22 to 1; Non Compos is now in the stable, and will perhaps be the trial nag! his gallant owner has backed him for even five hundred against other horses, to win more than thirty thousand pounds; we question if the public will ever back him, for the Ascot-heath stables are deservedly unpopular. Boscobel at one time threatened to be a favourite, but was knocked down by the great man of St. James's Street. Divan, Marinella, and Brother to Margrave, have scarcely any friends; nothing done on the Oaks; Weeper nominally first favourite, at 10 to 1; Sisters to Augustus and Oxygen talked of, but not backed; offers to back Belshazzar against any thing for the St. Leger.

We subjoin the monthly quotation of the odds.

DERBY.	Oct. 29.	Nov. 1.	Nov. 5.	Nov. 8.	Nov. 12.	Nov. 15.	Nov. 19.	Nov. 22.	Nov. 26.
Glaucoz.....	13..1	12..1	8..1	8..1	8..1 t	8..1	8..1	9..1 t	8..1
Revenge.....	10..1	10..1	10..1	10..1	10..1 t	9..1	9..1	9..1 t	10..1
Forester.....	14..1	14..1	14..1	14..1	14..1 t	14..1	13..1 t	9..1 t	10..1
Prince Llewellyn	..	15..1	14..1	14..1	14..1	13..1	14..1 t	12..1	..
Ld. Cleveland's c.	..	14..1 t	13..1	14..1	14..1	14..1	14..1	14..1	..
Moses's Dam.....	..	16..1	18..1	20..1	18..1	17..1	18..1 t	16..1	..
Divan.....	..	30..1 t	25..1	..	..	25..1	25..1	..	..
Bro. to Margrave	25..1	25..1	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Ishmael.....	20..1 t	..	25..1 t	25..1	25..1	25..1	..	26..1 t	30..1 t
Marinella.....	..	..	..	..	26..1	33..1 t	25..1	..	..
Young Petuaris.	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	27..1	..
Twatty.....	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	30..1 t	22..1
The Bravo.....	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	40..1	..
Nonsense.....	..	30..1	..	..	..	..	..	30..1	..
Boscobel.....	..	..	..	26..1	20..1	27..1 t	25..1	..	..
Sister to Frederic	..	..	..	..	..	60..1 t	50..1	..	..
Lucius.....	..	..	..	..	27..1	..	10..1 t	..	..
Cooper's Stable..	25..1	..	..	11..1	11..1	..	..	..	..
Ld. Exeter's Lot.	10..1	..	..	..	11..1	..	..	..	..
Ld. Jersey's Lot.	..	..	..	..	10..1	..	..	..	..
D. of Grafton's Lot	..	..	..	..	12..1	..	..	..	..
Boyce's Stable...	..	..	..	..	10..1	..	..	..	..
Forth's Stable...	..	..	..	..	22..1	..	14..1	..	..

as before.

TO SUBSCRIBERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

We beg our Northamptonshire friend to accept our best thanks, and shall be glad to hear from him again.

"Hunting Cap" is far from bad, but is not calculated for a leader, and cannot be considered as miscellaneous.

If our Holderness correspondent would send us an account of the same nature as our Melton and Northamptonshire letters, we should be obliged to him. His last is rather too rambling.

We had gone to press before "Llandillo's" arrived: we thank him for his kind attention.

ERRATA.

In the description of the second plate in our last number, by some means or other, a mistake was made in the sex.

P. 59, Noctes:—for "buck-cap," read "black-cap."

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PEDIGREE AND PERFORMANCES OF "OXYGEN,"

Winner of the Oaks in 1831.

Engraved by Scott, from a Painting by A. COOPER, R.A.

OXYGEN, a brown mare, was bred by the Duke of Grafton in 1828; got by Emilius out of Whizgig, by Rubens out of Penelope, by Trumpeter—Prunella by Highflyer—Promise by Snap—Julia by Blank—Spectator's dam by Partner.

Performances, 1830.

Newmarket July Meeting.—Ran second to Mr. Stonehewer's Zany, for the July Stakes.

First October Meeting.—Won the Anson Dinner Stakes of 300 sovs. each, h. ft., four subs. T. Y. C. beating Lord Exeter's Bohemian and Lord Lichfield's c. by Morisco, out of Ina.

Second October Meeting.—Won the Clearwell Stakes of 30 sovs. each, 20 ft. thirty-seven subs. T. Y. C. beating Lord Egremont's f. by Whalebone, out of Thalestris, and 11 others, who were not placed.

1831.

First Spring Meeting.—Walked over for a Filly Stakes of 100 sovs. each, h. ft. nine subs.—Ab. M.

Same Meeting.—Started for the 1000 gs. Stakes, D. M. and not placed; Galantine first and Lioness second.

At Epsom.—Won the Oaks Stakes of 50 sovs. each, h. ft. eighty-six subs. mile and half, beating Lord Exeter's Marmora, Lord Lowther's Guitar, Mr. Houldsworth's Circassian, and 17 others, who were not placed.

At Ascot.—Won a Filly Stakes of 100 sovs. each, h. ft. old mile, twelve subs. beating Marmora and Guitar.

Newmarket First October Meeting.—Ran second to Sir M. Wood's Camarine for the St. Leger Stakes, D. I.

Second October Meeting.—Walked over for one third of a subscription of 25 sovs. each, for 3 yr. olds, seven subs.—A. F.

1832.

Craven Meeting.—Won the First Class of the Oatland's Stakes of 50 sovs. each, h. ft. nine subs. D. I. beating Mr. Watt's Mazeppa, 4 yrs. 8st. 4lb. General Grosvenor Sarpedon, 3 yrs. 7st. 9lb. and 4 others, who were not placed. Oxygen carried 7st. 9lb.

First Spring Meeting.—Won the King's Plate for mares, R. C. beating Sir M. Wood's Lucetta.

Second Spring Meeting.—Was beat by Lucetta for the Jockey Club Plate of £50.—B. C.

Second October Meeting.—Ran third in a Handicap Stakes, R. M. carrying 8st. 9lb.; Margaret 3 yrs. 7st., being first, and Naiad 4 yrs. 7st. 13 lb. second.

Houghton Meeting.—Was beaten in a match, T. M. M. by Mr. Vansittart's Rubini, who gave her 6 lbs.

THE ROAD.

AN ARTICLE IN THE QUARTERLY REVIEW.

AN excellent paper has just appeared in the Quarterly Review, entitled "Public Carriages, the Road," in which we recognize the hand of a master. The extraordinary change that has taken place in the means of locomotion, within the last half century, is matter of astonishment to all; and the contrast between the rough old-fashioned Jehu, and the natty modern whip, is as wide as can well be imagined.

But we must be brief, for we have marked off a goodly portion of the Quarterly, to be transferred to our own pages; an old gentleman of 1742, is supposed to have had a long sleep, like Rip Van Winkle, and to have awakened only "on Monday morning last," at the White Horse Cellar.

"What coach, your honour?" says a ruffianly-looking fellow, much like what he might have been had he lived a hundred years back. 'I wish to go home to Exeter,' replied the old gentleman mildly. 'Just in time, your honour, here she comes—them there grey horses—where's your luggage?'—'Don't be in a hurry,' observes the stranger; 'that's a gentleman's carriage.' 'It ain't, I tell you,' says the cad, 'it's the Comet, and you must be as quick as lightning.' *Nolens volens*, the remonstrating old gentleman is shoved into the Comet, by a cad at each elbow, having been three times assured his luggage is in the hind-boot, and twice three times denied having ocular demonstration of the fact.

"However, he is now seated—and 'What gentleman is going to drive us?' is his first question to his fellow-passengers: 'He is no gentleman, sir,' says a person who sits opposite to him, and who happens to be a proprietor of the coach. 'He has been on the Comet ever since she

started, and is a very steady young man.' 'Pardon my ignorance,' replies the regenerated; 'from the cleanliness of his person, the neatness of his apparel, and the language he made use of, I mistook him for some enthusiastic Bachelor of Arts, wishing to become a charioteer, after the manner of the illustrious ancients.' 'You must have been long in foreign parts, sir,' observed the proprietor. In five minutes or less, after this partly commenced, the wheels went round, and in another five, the coach arrived at Hyde Park Gate, but long before it got there, the worthy gentleman of 1742 (set down by his fellow travellers for either a little cracked, or an emigrant from the Backwoods of America) exclaimed, 'What! off the stones already?' 'You have never been on the stones,' observes his neighbour on his right; 'no stones in London, now, sir!'—'But we are going at a great rate,' exclaims again the stranger. 'Oh no, sir,' says the proprietor, 'we never go fast over this stage. We have time allowed in consequence of being subject to interruptions, and we make it up over the lower ground.' Five-and-thirty minutes, however, bring them to the noted town of Brentford.

"Hah!" says the old man, becoming young again—'what, no improvement in this filthy place? Is old Brentford still here? a national disgrace! Pray, sir, who is your county member now?' 'His name is Hume, sir,' was the reply. 'The modern Hercules,' added the gentleman on the right, the real cleanser of the Augean stable. 'A gentleman of large property in the county, I presume?' said the man of the last century. 'Not an acre,' replied the communicative proprietor, 'a Scotchman from the town of Montrose.' 'Aye, aye; nothing like the high road to London for those Scotchmen. A great city merchant, no doubt, worth a plum or two.' 'No such thing, sir,' quoth the other; 'the gentleman was a doctor, and made his fortune in the Indies.' 'No quack, I

warrant you?" The proprietor was silent.

"In five minutes under the hour the Comet arrives at Hounslow, to the great delight of our friend, who by this time waxed hungry, not having broken his fast before starting. 'Just fifty-five minutes and thirty-seven seconds,' says he, 'from the time we left London!—wonderful travelling, gentlemen, to be sure, but much too fast to be safe. However, thank heaven, we are arrived at a good-looking house; and now, waiter! I hope you have got break—!' Before the last syllable, however, of the word could be pronounced, the worthy old gentleman's head struck the back of the coach by a jerk, which he could not account for, (the fact was, three of the four fresh horses were bolters) and the waiter, the inn, and indeed Hounslow itself, disappeared in the twinkling of an eye. Never did such a succession of doors, windows, and window-shutters pass so quickly in his review before—and he hoped they might never do so again. Recovering, however, a little from his surprise—"My dear sir," said he, "you told me we were to change horses at Hounslow? Surely, they are not so inhuman as to drive these poor animals another stage at this unmerciful rate!" "Change horses, sir!" says the proprietor; "why we changed them whilst you were putting on your spectacles, and looking at your watch. Only one minute allowed for it at Hounslow, and it is often done in fifty seconds by those nimble-fingered horse-keepers." "You astonish me—but really I do not like to go so fast." "Oh, sir, we always *spring* them over these six miles. It is what we call *the hospital ground*." This alarming phrase is presently interpreted: it intimates that horses whose 'backs are getting down instead of up in their work'—some 'that won't hold an ounce down hill, or draw an ounce up'—others 'that kick over the pole one day and over the bars the next, in short all the reprobates, styled in the road slang, *bokickers*, are sent to work these six miles—because *here* they have nothing to do but to gallop—not a pebble as big as a nutmeg on the road, and so even that it would not disturb the equilibrium of a spirit level.

"The coach, however, goes faster and faster over the *hospital ground*, as the '*bokickers*' feel their legs, and the collars get warm to their shoulders; and having ten outsides, the luggage of the said ten, and a few extra packages besides on the roof, she rolls rather more than is pleasant; although the centre of gravity is pretty well kept down by four not slender insides, two well laden *boots*, and three huge trunks in the *slide*. The gentleman of the last century, however, becomes alarmed;—is sure the horses are running away with the coach—declares he perceives by the shadow, that there is nobody on the box, and can see the reins dangling about the horses heels. He attempts to look out of the window, but his fellow traveller dissuades him from doing so:—"You may get a shot in your eye from the wheel. Keep your head in the coach, it's all right, depend on't. We always spring 'em over this stage." 'Persuasion is useless; for the horses increase their speed, and the worthy old gentleman looks out. But what does he see? Death and destruction before his eyes?—No; to his surprise he finds the coachman firm at his post, and in the act of taking a pinch of snuff from the gentleman who sits beside him on the *bench*, his horses going at the rate of three miles in the minute at the time. 'But suppose any thing should break, or a linchpin should give way and let a wheel loose?' is the next appeal to the communicative, but not very consoling proprietor. 'Nothing *can* break, sir,' is the reply; 'all of the very best stuff; axletrees of the best K. Q. iron, faggotted edge-ways, well bedded in the timbers; and as for linchpins, we have not one about the coach. We use the best patent boxes that are manufactured. In short, sir, you are as safe in it as if you were in your bed.' 'Bless me,' exclaims the old man, 'what improvements! And the roads!!!' 'They are at perfection, sir,' says the proprietor; 'no horse walks a yard in this coach between London and Exeter—all trotting ground now.' 'A little *galloping* ground, I fear,' whispers the senior to himself! 'But who has effected all this improvement in your paving?' 'An American of the name of M'Adam,' was the reply—but coachmen call him the Colossus of

Roads. Great things have likewise been done in cutting through hills, and altering the course of roads; and it is no uncommon thing now-a-days to see four horses trotting away merrily down hill on that very ground where they formerly were seen walking up hill.

"And pray, my good sir, what sort of horses may you have over the next stage?" "Oh sir, no more bokickers. It is hilly and severe ground, and requires cattle strong and staid. You'll see four as fine horses put to the coach at Staines as you ever saw in a nobleman's carriage in your life!" "Then we shall have no more galloping—no more springing them, as you term it?" "Not quite so fast over the next ground," replied the proprietor; "but he will make good play over some part of it. for example, when he gets three parts down a hill he lets them loose, and cheats them out of half the one they have to ascend from the bottom of it. In short, they are half way up it before a horse touches his collar; and we *must* take every advantage with such a fast coach as this, and one that loads so well, or we should never keep our time. We are now to a minute, in fact, the country people no longer look at the *Sun* when they want to set their clocks; they look only to the *Comet*. But depend upon it, you are quite safe; we have nothing but first-rate artists on this coach." "Artist! artist!" grumbles the old gentleman, "we had no such term as that."

"I should like to see this *artist* change horses at the next stage," resumes our ancient; "for at the last it had the appearance of magic—"Presto, Jack, and begone!"—"By all means; you will be much gratified. It is done with a quickness and ease almost incredible to any one who has only read or heard of it; but use becomes second nature with us. Even in *my* younger days it was always half an hour's work—sometimes more. There was—"Now ladies and gentlemen what would you like to take? There's plenty of time while the horses are changing for tea, coffee, or supper; and the coachman will wait for you—won't you, Mr. Smith?" Then Mr. Smith himself was in no hurry; he had a lamb about his coach for one butcher in the town, and

perhaps half a calf for another, a barrel of oysters for the lawyer, and a basket of game for the parson, *all on his own account*. In short, the best wheel of the coach was his, and he could not be otherwise than accommodating.

"The coach arrives at Staines, and the ancient gentleman puts his intentions into effect, though he was near being again too late; for by the time he could extract his hat from the netting that suspended it over his head, the leaders had been taken from their bars, and were walking up the yard towards their stables. On perceiving a fine thorough-bred horse led towards the coach with a twitch fastened tightly to his nose, he exclaims, 'Holloa, Mr. Horse-keeper! you are going to put an unruly horse in the coach.' 'What, this here *oss*?' growls the man; 'the quietest *hanimal* alive, sir!' as he shoves him to the near side of the pole. At this moment, however, the coachman is heard to say, in somewhat of an under tone, 'Mind what you are about, Bob; don't let him touch the roller-bolt.' In thirty seconds more they are off—"the staid and steady team,"—so styled by the proprietor in the coach. 'Let 'em go, and take care of yourselves,' says the artist, so soon as he is firmly seated upon his box. With this the near leader rears right an end, and if the rein had not been yielded to him at the instant he would have fallen backwards on the head of the pole. The moment the twitch was taken from the nose of the thorough-bred near wheeler, he drew himself back to the extent of his pole-chain—his fore-legs stretched out before him—and then like a lion loosened from his toil, made a snatch at the coach that would have broken two pairs of traces of 1742. A steady and good-whipped horse, however, his partner, started the coach himself, with a gentle touch of the thong, and away they went off together. But the thorough-bred one was very far from being comfortable; it was in vain that the coachman tried to soothe him with his voice, or stroked him with the crop of his tool, i. e. *whip*. He drew three parts of the coach and cantered for the first mile, and when he did settle down to his trot his snorting could be heard by the passengers, being as much as to

saying, 'I was not born to be a slave.' In fact, as the proprietor now observed, 'he had been a fair plate-horse in his time, but his temper was always queer.'

"After the first shock was over, the conservative of the eighteenth century felt comfortable. The pace was considerably slower than it had been over the last stage, but he was unconscious of the reason for its being diminished. It was to accommodate the queer temper of the race-horse, who, if he had not been humoured at starting, would never have settled down to his trot, but have ruffled all the rest of the team. He was also surprised, if not pleased, at the quick rate at which they were ascending hills, which, in his time, he should have been asked by the coachman to have walked up; but his pleasure was short-lived—the third hill they descended produced a return of his agony. This was what is termed on the road a *long fall of ground*, and the coach rather pressed upon the horses. The temper of the race-horse became exhausted; breaking into a canter, he was of little use as a wheeler, and there was then nothing for it but a gallop. The leaders only wanted the signal; and the point of the thong being thrown lightly over their backs, they were off like an arrow out of a bow: but the rocking of the coach was awful, and more particularly so to the passengers on the roof. Nevertheless she was not in danger; the master-hand of the artist kept her in a direct line, and meeting the opposing ground she *steadied*, and all was right. The newly-awakened gentleman, however, begins to grumble again. 'Pray, my good sir,' says he anxiously, 'do use your authority over your coachman, and *insist* upon his putting the drag-chain on the wheel when descending the next hill.' 'I have no such authority,' replies the proprietor. 'It is true we are now drawn by my horses, but I cannot interfere with the driving of them.' 'But is he not your servant?' 'He is, sir; but I contract to work the coach so many miles in so many hours, and he engages to drive it, and each is subject to a fine if the time be not kept on the road. On so fast a coach as this every advantage must be taken; and if we

were to drag down such hills as these we should never reach Exeter to-day.' Our friend, however, will have no more of it. He quits the coach at Bagshot, congratulating himself on the safety of his limbs. He takes, however, one peep more at the *change*, which is done with the same despatch as before—three greys and a pie-ball replacing three chestnuts and a bay—the harness beautifully clean, and the ornaments bright as the sun. Not a word is spoken by the passengers, who merely look their admiration; but the laconic address of the coachman is not lost on the bye-standers. 'Put the bay mare *near-wheel* to-morrow, and the stallion *up to the cheek*,' said he to his horse-keeper as he placed his right foot on the *roller-bolt*, i. e. the last step but one to the box. '*How is Paddy's leg?*' 'It's all right, *sir*,' replied the horse-keeper. 'Let 'em go, then,' quoth the *artist*, 'and take care of yourselves.'

"The worthy old gentleman is now shown into a room; and, after warming his hands at the fire, rings the bell for the waiter. A well-dressed person appears, whom he of course takes for the landlord. 'Pray, *sir*,' says he, 'have you any *slow* coach down this road to-day?' 'Why, yes, *sir*,' replies John; 'we shall have the Regulator down in an hour.' 'Just right,' said our friend, 'it will enable me to break my fast, which I have not done to-day.' 'Oh, *sir*,' observes John, 'these here fast *drags* be the ruin of us. 'Tis all hurry-scurry, and no gentleman has time to have nothing on the road. What will you take, *sir*? mutton-chops, veal-cutlets, beef-steaks?'

"At the appointed time the Regulator appears at the door. It is a strong, well-built *drag*, painted what is called chocolate colour: bedaubed all over with gilt letters—a bull's head on the doors, a saracen's head on the hind Boot—and drawn by four strapping horses; but it wants the neatness of the other. The passengers may be, by a shade or two, of a lower order than those who had gone forward with the Comet; nor perhaps is the coachman quite so refined as the one we have just taken leave of. He has not the neat white hat, the clean doeskin gloves, the

well-cut trousers, and dapper frock, but still his appearance is respectable, and perhaps in the eyes of many, more in character with his calling. Neither has he the agility of the artist on the Comet, for he is nearly double his size; but he is a strong powerful man, and might be called a pattern card of the heavy coachman of the present day—in other words, of a man who drives a coach which carries sixteen passengers instead of fourteen, and is rated at eight miles in the hour, instead of ten. ‘What room in the Regulator?’ says our friend to the waiter, as he comes to announce its arrival. ‘Full inside, sir, and in front, but you’ll have the *backgammon board* all to yourself, and your luggage is in the hind boot.’ ‘Backgammon board! Pray what’s that? Do you not mean the *basket*?’ ‘Oh, no, sir,’ says John, smiling—‘no such a thing on the road now. It is the hind-dickey, as some call it; where you’ll be as comfortable as possible, and can sit with your back or your face to the coach, or *both*, if you like.’ ‘Ah, ah,’ continues the old gentleman; ‘something new again, I presume.’ However, the mystery is cleared up; the ladder is reared to the hind wheel, and the gentleman safely seated on the backgammon board.

“Before ascending to his place, our friend has cast his eye on the team that is about to convey him to Hertford-bridge, the next stage on the great Western road, and he perceives it to be of a different stamp from that which he had seen taken from the coach at Bagshot. It consisted of four moderate-sized horses, full of power, and still fuller of condition, but with a fair sprinkling of blood; in short, the eye of a judge would have discovered something about them not very unlike galloping. ‘All right!’ cried the guard, taking his key-bugle in his hand; and they proceeded up the village, at a steady pace, to the tune of ‘Scots wha hae with Wallace bled,’ and continued at that pace for the first five miles. ‘*I am landed*,’ thinks our friend to himself. Unluckily, however, for the humane and cautious old gentleman, even the Regulator was now to show tricks. Although what now is called a slow coach, she is timed

at eight miles in the hour through a great extent of country, and must of course make play where she can, being strongly opposed by hills lower down the country; trifling as these hills are, no doubt, to what they once were. The Regulator, moreover, loads well, not only with passengers but with luggage, and the last five miles of this stage, called the Hertford-bridge flat, have the reputation of being the best five miles for a coach to be found at this time in England. The ground is firm, but elastic; the surface undulating, and therefore favourable to draught; always dry, not a shrub being near it; nor is there a stone upon it much larger than a marble. These advantages, then, are not lost to the Regulator, nor made use of without sure discomposure to the solitary tenant of her backgammon board.

“Any one that has looked into books will very readily account for the lateral motion, or *rocking*, as it is termed, of a coach, being greatest at the greatest distance from the horses (as the tail of a paper kite is in motion while the body remains at rest); and more especially when laden as this coach was, the greater part of the weight being forward.

“The situation of our friend then was once more deplorable. The Regulator takes but twenty-three minutes for these celebrated five miles, which cannot be done without ‘springing the cattle’ now and then; and it was in one of the very best of their gallops of that day that they were met by the coachman of the Comet, who was returning with his *up* coach. When coming out of rival yards, coachmen never fail to cast an eye to the loading of their opponents on the road, and now that of the *natty* artist of the Comet experienced a high treat. He had a full view of his quondam passenger, and thus described his situation. He was seated with his back to the horses, his arms extended to each extremity of the guard-irons—his teeth set, grim as death—his eyes cast down towards the ground, thinking the less he saw of his danger the better. There was what is called a *top-heavy load*—perhaps a ton of luggage on the roof, and, it may be, not quite in obedience

to the Act of Parliament standard. There were also two horses at wheel, whose strides were of rather unequal length, and this operated powerfully on the coach. In short, the lurches of the Regulator were awful at the moment of the Comet passing her. A tyro in mechanics would have exclaimed, 'the centre of gravity must be lost, the centrifugal force will have the better of it, *over she must go!*'

"The centre of gravity having been preserved, the coach arrives safe at Hertford-bridge—but the old gentleman has again had enough of it. 'I will walk into Devonshire,' said he, as he descended from his perilous exaltation. 'What did that rascally waiter mean by telling me it was a slow coach? and, moreover, look at the luggage on the roof!' 'Only regulation height, sir,' says the coachman; 'we ain't allowed to have it an inch higher:—Sorry we can't please you, sir, but we will try and make room for you in front.' '*Fronti nulla fides*,' mutters the worthy to himself, as he walks tremblingly into the house—adding, 'I shall not give this fellow a shilling, *he is dangerous.*'

"The Regulator being off, the waiter is again applied to. 'What do you charge per mile posting?' 'One and sixpence, sir.' 'Bless me! just double! Let me see,—two hundred miles, at two shillings per mile, postboys, turnpikes, &c. £20. This will never do. Have you no coach that does not carry luggage on top?' 'Oh yes, sir,' replies the waiter, we shall have one to-night that is not allowed to carry a band-box on the roof.' 'That's the coach for me; pray what do you call it?' 'The Quicksilver Mail, sir; one of the best out of London—Jack White and Tom Brown, pick'd coachmen over this ground—Jack White down to-night.' 'Guarded and lighted!' 'Both, sir, blunderbuss and pistols in the sword-case; a lamp on each side the coach, and one under the foot-board—see to pick up a pin the darkest night of the year,' 'Very fast?' 'Oh no, sir, just keeps time, and that's all.' 'That's the coach for me, then,' repeats our hero; 'and I am sure I shall feel

at my ease in it. I suppose it is what used to be called the Old Mercury.'

"Unfortunately the Devonport (commonly called the Quicksilver) Mail is half a mile in the hour faster than most in England; and is, indeed, one of the miracles of the road. Let us, then, picture to ourselves our anti-reformer snugly seated in this mail, on a pitch-dark night in November. It is true she has no luggage on the roof, nor much to incommode her elsewhere, but she is a mile in the hour faster than the Comet, at least three miles quicker than the Regulator; and she performs more than half her journey by lamplight. It is needless to say, then, our senior soon finds out his mistake, but there is no remedy at hand, for it is the dead of the night, and all the inns are shut up. He must proceed or be left behind in a stable. The climax of his misfortunes then approaches. Nature being exhausted, sleep comes to his aid, and he awakes on a stage which is called the fastest on the journey,—it is four miles of ground, and twelve minutes is the time! The old gentleman starts from his seat, having dreamed the horses were running away with the coach; and so, no doubt, they might be. He is, however, determined to convince himself of the fact, though the passengers assure him all's right. 'Don't put your head out of the window,' says one of them, 'you will lose your hat to a certainty:' but advice is seldom listened to by a terrified man, and next moment a stentorian voice is heard, crying, 'Stop. coachman, stop—I have lost my hat and wig!' The coachman hears him not—and in another second the broad wheels of a *down* waggon have for ever demolished his lost head-gear. But here we must leave our adventurous Gilpin of 1742. We have taken a great liberty with him it is true, but we are not without our precedent. One of the best chapters in Livy contains the history of an event which never took place. In the full charm of his imagination, the historian brings Alexander into Italy, where he never was in his life, and displays him in his brightest colours. We father our sins, then, upon the Patavinian."

REVIEW OF THE RACING SEASON, 1832.

(Concluded from our last.)

As the Newmarket Meetings have reference to the Derby and Oaks, we may be excused for passing at once to Epsom, omitting for the present the intermediate races; the more so as the Chester, Liverpool, and York Meetings are in their influences connected only with the great northern prize, the St. Leger. To take our readers, therefore, to the Downs. Here we were pleased to find that everything evinced a marked improvement in the management. On inquiry it appeared that the old *mis-managers* had gone out, and that a committee of competent men had been formed; with the Baron de Tessier at its head. The indefatigable zeal of the Baron has already enabled him to improve the course and double the public additions to stakes; in another year the objections so long complained of will be entirely removed. The Craven Stakes on the Tuesday were won by Rubini so easily that the Perionites brightened up, and ventured a little more on their pet. Archibald won the Shirley Stakes, notwithstanding he was opposed to Sir G. Heathcote's clipper, Damascus, who proved himself anything but true metal. On the second day there was plenty of racing; Young Rapid carried off the Woodcot Stakes cleverly, and Lawnsleeves did the same with the Cup. The Derby was remarkable for the immense pace; Trustee was sacrificed for St. Giles, and for the same reason Margrave was not made use of; St. Giles, therefore, had nothing to fear but Perion, and of him he disposed without much difficulty. Kate and Emiliana had been crammed down the

public throat to the great profit of the book-maker. Taking the average running of the Derby horses we should say that had they all been *fit*, and all running *to win*, Margrave would have been first and Beiram second. When we look at the previous and subsequent running of Beiram, Margrave, St. Giles, and one or two others, we are almost inclined to join in the belief very generally entertained, "that every horse in the race was made safe except Perion." It is well known that he was the only one Messrs. Ridsdale and Gully had any fear of; at all events the effect of the race, or rather of the settling, was to put an end to the coalition between these gentlemen; the former won upwards of £40,000, and his friend, who had permitted St. Giles to win without making an effort with Margrave (allowable with co-partners), thought himself entitled to a moiety of the plunder; but upon this, it is said, "canny York" put a negative, and so the partnership was dissolved. The Oaks was won in a canter by Galata, Lady Fly second; Kate nowhere, although forced into the market at 5 to 2. Archibald, dead as a stone, was shamefully beaten by Roué; and thus ended one of the dullest meetings ever seen on Epsom Downs.

The Epsom running, although it effectually concluded many south country horses for the St. Leger, still left sufficient in the field to give Newmarket a respectable chance. Margrave and Trustee were evidently sacrificed for St. Giles—so Lord Cleveland thought, or he would not have given 2000 guineas

for the latter; Perion was also still formidable, but he of course is to be included in the north country lot. We here take upon ourselves to contradict the assertion that the first, third, and fourth for the Derby are "north country horses;" they were certainly foaled in the north, but it is now the custom to class horses in the country where they run and are trained; each of these three was trained at Newmarket, and having first appeared on this side of the Trent they are essentially *south* country horses.

We will now retrace our steps, taking the principal provincial meetings in their proper order. Chester first presents itself to our notice. Here we have hitherto found excellent sport, a brilliant company, and good old English customs. In this part of the kingdom it has for a long period been the custom for the leading families of the neighbourhood—ladies as well as gentlemen—to meet at the ordinaries and balls; and the Stanleys, the Mostyns, the Wynnes, and others, have invariably been foremost in the promotion of sport and good fellowship. We are sorry, however, to find this delightful vestige of the olden time wearing away even here, and rapidly giving place to the artificial manners and customs of the "march of refinement." The meeting did not go off so smoothly as usual, a schism in one of the great families having unfortunately occurred about this time, not a little increasing the dullness arising from general causes. The sport was excellent: Mr. Beardsworth, by the superior management of his horses during the winter (*viz.* by keeping them at constant work), brought them to the post in fine running order, and carried off

several of the richest prizes. Birmingham took the Grosvenor Stakes and the Stand Cup, and Colwick appropriated the other. The field for the St. Leger received an accession in Birdcatcher, who defeated a good field in a style of first-rate excellence. The Two-year old and other Produce Stakes served to make up a good bill of fare, without possessing any interest beyond the moment. Between Chester and Liverpool we find Durham and Clifton—the sport average, the horses inferior, and the attendance miserably thin. Liverpool Spring maintained its footing without betraying any marked improvement. Mr. Beardsworth gave them a second edition of Chester, with additions; for besides carrying off the two Cups with Birmingham and Colwick, he won the Derby Stakes with Chester, and the St. Leger with Ludlow (the only stakes worth winning), and left the Plates to be divided between Sir R. Bulkeley, Mr. Nanney, and two or three others: fortunately for them the Liverpool Plates hold just double the weight thrown into them at other places. Here we heard the first rumours of Ludlow's extraordinary superiority, and to this meeting, in fact, may be traced the commencement of that disgraceful procedure afterwards so thoroughly exposed at Doncaster.

Passing over Stafford, which was even worse than usual, we find ourselves at York. Here nothing off the race-course would have warranted a belief that a racing meeting was in progress. The principal stakes was the York Derby, being the "first time of asking." To the satisfaction of all who have the honour and prosperity of the Turf at heart it was won by Lord Kelburne's Retainer, beating Rich-

ardson's high-priced nag, Fang, and two or three others of "low degree." The race was terribly severe, and left us in the dark as to which was best of the two. Lord Scarbrough's stable was in great force; two fine colts by Falcon, and a four-year old, Brother to Tarrare, having appeared in uncommon good form. This truly honourable nobleman died shortly after this meeting, leaving a void on the Turf that will probably never be filled up. Julius won the Shorts in a canter; Britannia colt the Produce, beating William the Fourth; Westport the St. Leger in a canter; and a br. f. of Mr. Powlett's the Sweepstakes, Nitocris running a bad third. The two-year olds looked much better than they really were. Sir E. Dodsworth's c. by Jerry, out of Lady of the Vale's dam, beat a large field, including Lord Cleveland's Muley colt; the winner subsequently ran badly at Doncaster, where the Muley colt, lame as he was, beat a large field of *good* horses. Lady Elizabeth, one of the very few decent Lottery nags, won the Claret and the Cup, and all the Jerrys ran well—the worst of them is that they never improve on their two-year old form. The meeting altogether furnished more than the usual quantity of racing. The St. Albans races were *respectable* only. At Ascot things went off brilliantly; the company numerous and aristocratic; the sport plentiful, but lacking goodness. Rowton appeared in his Leger form, and carried off the Oatlands with a great weight on his back; he afterwards ran a dead heat for the Cup with Camarine, and was beaten in the second by the mare's superior stoutness. The first heat was allowed to be the most finished

specimen of fine riding that has been seen for many years. The Two-year old Stakes were severally won by Minima (a third-rater) and Revenge, who we strongly suspect to be an impostor. Young Rapid, who ran second to him, carried 3lb. extra, and had previously run himself off his legs, nor was there anything else in the field that was "fit." The Derby impostor, Spencer, met some worn-out wretches in a couple of Produce Stakes, and won cleverly. The other stakes were divided amongst Lords Jersey, Worcester, Lowther, and Orford, none of whom have latterly turned racing to much account. We had almost forgotten to mention the Eclipse Foot; it was won by the only horse that really deserved so magnificent a prize—Priam. At this time Lord Chesterfield was the possessor of the three great challenge prizes; two of them have since passed to Sir M. Wood, and the third (the Foot) must inevitably follow them, if Camarine continue in her present form.

The astonishing advances of the Liverpool Meetings in the estimation of the public, and the vast superiority of the stakes, cups, and plates over all other places, appear to have had a salutary effect upon Manchester and Newton; for at each of these places we have observed an inclination to put things on a better footing than formerly, and not before it was wanted, for both of them stood low in the scale up to the last two seasons. Accordingly we find that money—the "sinews" of racing as well as war—has been furnished with a more liberal hand, and a general improvement in the value of the stakes and the character of the horses has been the natural and

obvious consequence. At neither of these places, nor at Newcastle, had the running any influence on after events. We should mention, however, that the latter place seems looking up; but there is still much to be done before it can resume the station it once occupied in the list of sporting towns. Money and exertion, if liberally and judiciously used, would bring many of the best horses as well from the north of England as from Scotland, and until this be the case Newcastle must content itself to be classed with the third-raters. Beverley produced nothing but "Bounce," Bibury nothing but squabbling amongst the members, and accidents amongst the horses. At Stockbridge we saw the first of Glaucus, who won the same stakes in which Margrave made his *debut* last season, but with less formidable opponents. Notwithstanding the efforts of the Reverend John Day the meeting was flat, owing, no doubt, to the Bibury having preceded it over the same course; the effect was the same when this Club was held at Cheltenham. At Liverpool July Meeting, Birdcatcher was opposed to a larger field of horses than at Chester, and beat them with no less ease, notwithstanding he lost several lengths by running out at the start. The betting men did not appear to think much of this performance, if the Great St. Leger betting be taken as indicative of their opinions. Physician ran second, and having previously won a plate in two two-mile heats at Newton, he was occasionally backed at 25 and 30 to 1. The Trade Cup was won by Consol, who had been bottled up nearly two years, and came out with all the advantages of freshness and light weight. *Malgré* the cholera

the races went off with great spirit, Bath was an entire failure, thanks to the dangerous state of the race-ground. Under the directions of a liberal patron of the Turf it is now undergoing a radical repair, and by next season will be in a fit state for running. Newmarket July Meeting was a so-so business, no company and very indifferent sport. The great two-year old race was won cleverly by a grey colt of Mr. Hunter's, since called Forrester (a six-mile bottomer, and a Gustavus to boot), beating a numerous field of bad horses. Preston declines yearly; nor does Wells keep its ground. Cheltenham continues to advance on its new course, despite of saints and sermons; it will shortly be what Bath was three or four years back. Between this and the York August a host of country races occur, none of them of any considerable public interest, relatively or otherwise. It must suffice to our readers that all meetings not alluded to by name, have neither advanced or retrograded, nor furnished anything calculated to exercise any influence over the great betting stakes. At York all was gloom in the city, and mystery on the race-course; or, as Jack Ragg would say, "nothing stirring but stagnation." We in vain looked for some decisive Leger running, although several of the favourites for that stakes were engaged. Daxon won the Great Yorkshire Stakes, beating three brutes that could scarcely raise a gallop. Only three came to the post for the Great Produce Stakes; viz. Retainer, Lady Barbara, and Nitocris; the horse's gallantry suffered Nitocris to run in first without making an effort. On the following day he met Contest, a four-year old, and Voluna, on a two-mile course,

and won in a canter. This was sufficient to prove that the other race was a mistake, and yet the public was silly enough to back Nitocris for the St. Leger to a very large amount, to the great joy of the better round, who knew her to be bad, and laid on pretty thick. A very fine race for the Thirty Guineas Stakes was won with difficulty by Mr. Powlett's grey Figaro filly—Tartar, Conrad, and Trident, being well up. The Two-year Old Stakes was won by Mr. Watt's Belshazzar, own brother to Belzoni, beating a large field. If the attendance at this meeting was bad, the sport was excellent and deserving of better encouragement.

Goodwood surpassed all the races of the season; the company was aristocratic and numerous, the racing plentiful and good. After the Two-year Old Stakes, which was carried off by Lord Chesterfield's Weeper (a remarkably game mare), the Drawing-room Stakes was run for, and won by Beiram, fresh, full of running, and able at that moment to have beaten any three-year old in the kingdom; we are satisfied that he would have beaten Priam for the Cup (like him with 6lb. extra) if he had been nicely handled. Posthumus ran a bad second to Beiram for the Drawing-room Stakes, and on the last day beat Dryad and Roebuck in a canter; this, added to his own excellent running, brought Beiram into the betting for the St. Leger, and it is to be regretted that Lord Exeter should have preferred sending Byzantium. The Gold Cup served as a brilliant finale to Priam's racing career; although he won, his legs suffered so much from the severity of the race that Lord Chesterfield wisely elected to pay in his subsequent engagements: he now ap-

pears in the list of stallions; and if speed, stoutness, honesty, shape, and blood be recommendations, he cannot fail of becoming the most popular of his day. We had almost forgotten to state that St. Giles, winner of the Derby, and Lady Fly, second for the Oaks, cut a miserable figure in the Cup race. Oxford was wretchedly dull, it is evidently at its last gasp as a racing town. Pontefract betrayed bad times and worse management, albeit it can now boast of the patronage of John Gully, Esq. M.P. Egham was more like a watering place than any thing else; it rained incessantly, and spite of the King's presence with Tippoo Sultan's tents, entailed a heavy loss on all parties concerned. The horses ran up to their fetlocks in mud and mire—mere strength triumphing in every instance: this will account for the easy defeat of Weeper by a third-rater. At Warwick a list "full of promise" ended in moonshine; Eleanor won both the three-year old stakes, and Lord Warwick's Trepidation the two-year olds; this colt, like Margrave, has no personal recommendations, but as well here as at Wolverhampton and Lichfield showed fine racing qualities; it is a pity he is not in the Derby. Before dismissing Warwick we would suggest to those who have the management of the races, that if they do not wish to lose some of their very best supporters they must in future provide the Newmarket, or some other *professional*, judge; their *gentlemen* judges have made some egregious blunders (witness Jocko's race with Sarah in 1829, and that between Eleanor and Wolverhampton in the meeting just noticed) to the great prejudice of the races. We at last reached Doncaster, where we found every thing on

the wane; the sport moderate, the company thin, the inhabitants out of humour with themselves and their visitors. Several causes have contributed to the "decline and fall" of this once popular meeting, viz. the trickery of the minor breeders and trainers, the niggardliness and extortion of the townspeople, and the rapidly increasing popularity of Liverpool Races, which, we prophecy, will ere long be what Doncaster once was.

Passing over the *Ludlow affair*, already sufficiently exposed, we shall merely notice the principal races. On Monday the Champagne Stakes was closely contested between Lord Cleveland's Muley colt, and Belshazzar, the former winning solely through the incapacity of the rider of his opponent; several others were beaten off a long way. The same jockey (if he deserve the name) rode Belshazzar for the other Two-year Old Stakes on Thursday, and won, simply because the horses opposed to him were so bad as to enable him to do it cleverly; if it had been a close race Mr. Watt would probably have again suffered, and rightly so, for putting a leather-plater on so valuable a colt; the rider is the same that managed to lose the St. Leger with Saddler. On Tuesday the St. Leger disappointed the expectations of the north country people, all their favourites showing in very bad form. Margrave won it, Birdcatcher second, and Mr. Powlett's Figaro filly third—Fang, Retainer, Nitocris, and the book-horse, Brother to Maria, nowhere. The race was alike remarkable for good and bad riding; Robinson did wonders on Margrave, while the riders of the second and third took extraordinary pains to give him every facility; had the Newmarket jockey been

on Birdcatcher he must have won. The race was badly run, and proved that the north country lot were alike bad instead of being flyers, as generally supposed. Wednesday was a blank day. On Thursday, Margrave, with 4lb. extra, beat Julius in a canter for the Gascoigne Stakes; Gallopade beat a field of good horses for the Cup, and Wolverhampton pulled a snug 1400 sovs. into Mr. Beardaworth's pocket, by way of soothing his injured feelings on the Ludlow business. On the concluding day Birdcatcher and Physician met for the Thirty Guineas Stakes; the latter was victorious through the splendid jockeyship of Henry Edwards; and on the same day James Robinson, by a similar display of talent, enabled Emiliana to give the quietus to three or four mares of higher pretensions; in fact, the superiority of the Newmarket jockeys over their rivals of the north was so palpable as to be the subject of general conversation. Physician won another stake and ran two heats for a plate on the same day, and then (in spite of Mr. Martin's Act) was taken to Heaton Park, ran two races, one of which he won—travelled to Northallerton—and closed his labours for the year by beating Liverpool and Nitocris—having, in an unusual number of races, proved himself a superior horse at all weights, paces, and distances. Heaton Park, the only place where jockeys are not allowed to ride, displayed some good sport, but was dull. Northallerton, Richmond, Epsom October, and the remaining provincial meetings, went off with tolerable spirit, without acquiring any addition to their popularity.

The October Meetings closed the racing season, and it is notorious that they were never known

to excite so little attention, or furnish so moderate a quantity of sport. Some of the races, however, were highly important. Margrave, within ten days from Doncaster, started for the Grand Duke Michael, against Salute, Beiram, and another, and won it. Here he ought to have stopped; but no, there was a snug little four hundred in the shape of a St. Leger to be added to it, and although there was only one day's rest, the distance D. I., and the horse stale, he was started for it. As a lesson to his master not to force a willing horse we were glad to see him beaten; but it is clear that it was freshness alone that enabled Archibald to win. The great Two-year Old Stakes, in the second meeting, were severally won by Lord Orford's Clearwell and General Grosvenor's Glaucus, with ease; the two ran a kind of tie in the last meeting over the Criterion Course, and Glaucus won in a canter; he had previously ran a good second to Weeper for the Criterion Stakes, with extra weight and bad riding. A copious detail of these meetings in our recent numbers will excuse our going more fully into them now.

We have now disposed of the season 1832—a few remarks on the prospects for that ensuing may not be an inappropriate conclusion to the article. It is the opinion of old Forth, a good judge though a bad jockey, that the Newmarket two-year olds of the last season, as a lot, are better than those of the preceding; in this remark we are inclined to concur, for out of a large number we are enabled to select several of formidable pretensions for the Derby and Oaks. Glaucus is decidedly the most promising; he has deservedly ob-

tained the first place in the betting by the vast superiority of his performances; moreover, he is a large horse, with great stride and beautiful form—in short, a race-horse all over: he is in the same stable as St. Giles, with whom a trial will be no bad line. Forester stands next in our estimation, spite of his unfashionable blood and training: he has beaten a large field of horses with great ease, and with an indifferent jockey on his back. Weeper has the right sort of qualities for Epsom; is honest, runs well in difficulty, and has strong public recommendations. She is of course first favourite for the Oaks; it must be borne in mind, however, that scarcely any of the mares engaged in that stakes have yet appeared, and that the nomination comprehends several of first-rate blood. Lord Exeter's lot is dangerous, as it includes Sisters to Green Mantle and Augustus; the one has beaten a field, and the other is one of the finest mares in Newmarket. The mares most likely to be backed in addition to Weeper and Lord Exeter's fillies, are Sister to Oxygen, Sister to Frederick, Diversity (half sister to Variation), and Posthuma filly. His lordship's lot for the Derby is not so strong, and have no chance unless with the Emmeline and Marinella colts, both of good racing-like form and breed. The Duke of Grafton has no great strength in his stable; Divan is the fancy of the party, who represent him to have been 7lb. below his form when he ran in the October. Lord Jersey's three are cripples, and ought not to be backed till the day, for no one yet knows whether their legs will hold good. Nor do we fancy Boyce's stable, for the Moses' is evidently a book horse. Cooper's

stable is strong in dark horses, and has been backed to a large amount; condition does wonders for the Derby, and we know no one who takes greater pains than this trainer. Chifney has nothing, unless Lord Cleveland's Muley colt should come southward; if he should, his breed and running, and if not that, the party, will make him a prominent favourite. Forth's and Turner's stables have nothing as yet, nor is Sir M. Wood in better plight; great things were talked of, but all the worthy Baronet's swans turned out geese. Bloss and Rogers are out of the question. The country lot is shy in number, but not so in promise; Revenge beat Young Rapid and some others at Ascot, has plenty of friends, but is not entitled to be *second* favourite. Prince Llewellyn is spoken of as a clipper—is backed heavily, and won his race in a canter, yet we shrewdly suspect that he was opposed by very inferior cattle. For the St. Leger the north country lot is not so imposing as usual; Belshazzar and Lord Cleveland's

colt are the favourites, the running of all the other two-year olds in that quarter possessing only negative recommendations. The south country entry will be strong; it will include Glaucus, Young Rapid, Revenge, Clearwell, and Forester, besides Trepidation (a dangerous customer), and Prince Llewellyn, they have a fair prospect of bringing the Great Prize from the north, for we look upon the Yorkshire horses, generally, to be bad. The most likely four year olds for next season are Margrave, Archibald, Birdcatcher, and Perion, for in opposition to results, we do not expect that either St. Giles, Posthumus, Beiram, or Galata will improve on their three year old running. We venture to predict that all the great cups in the south are booked to Camarine. The prospect for the ensuing season is good, for notwithstanding all the reports that have been circulated, we do not miss above one or two influential names,—and these have succumbed to a power above mortal controul!

SHARP SHOOTERS.

A TALE OF SCHOOL-DAYS.

It was a pleasant thought—that of a mill to grind old men into young—and pleasant 'twere if such thought could be realized—pleasanter still if the metamorphosis might be extended to the better half of creation, and decrepid old women be transmogrified into sprightly young ones. Though we cannot effect this change in the actual world, we may do so in the mental, and by reverting to the anecdotes and adventures of our youth, live over again the happy “halcyon

days,” and endow ourselves with a temporary juvenility.

I was chatting, an evening or two ago, with an old friend—alas! I am ashamed to think *how* old, for we are contemporaneous—and among other trifling matters, which to us wore the aspect of deepest importance, a sporting adventure of our school-days became the subject of conversation.

Near the little country town where we learned our “Tityre tu,” was a large heath abounding in

game, but rigidly preserved by a whole battalion of keepers; on this common (*lucus a non*) it was our wont to indulge in a little shooting, whenever a holiday gave us liberty for the day, and our finances were equal to the hire of a dog and gun. On one of these occasions, when we had enjoyed a delightful morning's sport, and were congratulating ourselves on the skill with which we had evaded the green-coated guardians of the waste, a sudden turn round a heathy hill, brought us *vis-à-vis* with the most grumpy of the whole body. Here was a situation! the keeper on horseback, we on foot, and a wide, shelterless heath around; "give me the gun!" cried my companion, and before I could ask the utility of doing so, my swift-footed friend had seized the fowling-piece, and was scampering with all his might towards a bog, that lay between two hills hard by. In an instant the keeper's spurs were in his pony's sides, and with direful imprecations, he gave chase; luckily, my comrade was enabled to reach the edge of the boggy ground, before the keeper had gained very much upon him; and seeing my friend safely embarked on the soft turf, and our adversary fairly stopped in his career, I turned about and walked quietly away, in a contrary direction. Ponto, our canine coadjutor, had gone off in "the first flight," and though fired at by the keeper in the commencement of the chase, was now out of danger with my *other friend*. I had not proceeded many yards, before I heard the ranger behind me, calling out and swearing at me with all his might. As both my comrade and myself were known, and expected no mercy from the fellow, now caught in the fact, I made no attempt to

escape by flight; but quietly took note of all the man said, and kept an exact account of the oaths he uttered. My silence, perhaps, provoked a greater length and strength of vituperation than would otherwise have occurred; but however this might be, the worthy wight, before we parted company, gave vent to one hundred and thirty-two genuine oaths; besides numberless little expletives, which though they would scarcely have passed muster at the Lord Chamberlain's office, were hardly of sufficient heinousness to be censured by a great unpaid.

"Good morning, sir," said the old fellow sneeringly, as we parted at the corner of a lane, "we shall meet again at the squire's, and then I'll teach you what it is to go trespassing upon a nobleman's property, and shooting other people's game, without license, or qualification, or any thing else;" and he clinched his threat with a hearty "damn," which brought the number to one hundred and thirty-three.

Half an hour after this, Tom Bourne (that was my accomplice's name) and I, were sitting in a retired corner of the play-ground, lamenting our misfortune, and suggesting plans to avert the calamity which still threatened us; at last we hit upon a scheme, that promised to bring us off not only with credit, but with *éclat*. This was, that one of us should proceed immediately to the magistrate (to whom we were well known) and lay the information against the other; by this means, the penalty would be reduced one half, by the informer's taking his share, and in all probability a further reduction might take place, by the mitigation of the penalty.

This plan was no sooner matured

than we flew to execute it. The magistrate was at home and alone, and the enemy had not as yet taken the field: the business was neither long nor difficult, the squire was in a good humour, and viewed the trespass in the light of a boy's trick; a mitigated fine was inflicted,—which we paid with the greatest satisfaction,—and an invitation to dinner was cordially given and gratefully accepted.

We had scarcely made an end of this transaction, when we spied the surly old keeper, trotting up the avenue on his grey pony. He was admitted to the presence, and proceeded to tell his tragic tale; the old man's look, when the magistrate informed him of what had passed previously to his audience, I shall never forget. But when, with all the solemnity of a common informer, I proceeded to describe the manner and matter of his behaviour towards us, not all the painting, writing, and acting in the world,

could give you a conception of the miserable astonishment depicted in his face. One hundred and thirty-three oaths, at five shillings per oath, amount to exactly thirty-three pounds and a crown; and that was the sum charged against the poor fellow, supported by my *damning* evidence, and made more unbearable by the air of triumph we took no pains to conceal, and the stern aspect of the magistrate, which promised no hope of amelioration.

Of course we had no desire to extort the whole sum from our adversary,—indeed he had no means of paying it if we had,—but for some time we indulged our vindictiveness by an appearance of stern inflexibility; and at length gave him his discharge, with a small fine, and a long lecture on the expediency of discriminating between thoughtless youngsters and daring desperadoes.

SYLVANUS SWANQUILL.

THE FOX-HOUND, AND FOX-HUNTING.

Si non ad speciem mentiturosque decores
 Protinus : (Hæc una est catulis jactura Britannis :)
 Ad magnum cum venit opus, promendaque virtus,
 Et vocat extrema præceps discrimine Mavors;
 Non tunc egregios tantum admirare Molossos.—GRATIUS.

IMITATED.

Though British hounds no graceful form display,
 Nor specious beauties, which too oft betray;
 Yet, when the chase needs vigorous courage most,
 Molossian dogs not greater spirit boast.

THE hunting dogs of Britain appear to have been held in great estimation for their courage and stoutness from a very early age; and when we look at the general excellence of the many packs of fox-hounds now kept in this island, we have every reason to conclude

that they have not degenerated from their parent stock in point of spirit and bottom, while with respect to form, appearance, and speed, they are greatly improved. Gratus, who flourished in the reign of Augustus, about thirteen years before the Christian era, is the

first writer who notices the excellence of the dogs of Britain. Strabo, who lived about thirty years later, mentions them as being exported to Gaul on account of their excellence in the chase. They are described by Oppian (who flourished A. D. 204), in his admirable poem on the wild sports of his age, under the name of *Agassaps*; and they are also mentioned in terms of commendation by Nemesian, another poet who wrote on the chase, and flourished about eighty years later. During the middle ages the larger varieties of this breed appear to have been diligently cultivated in this island for the chase of the stag, the deer, and the wild boar; while others, more especially on the borders of England and Scotland, were exclusively kept and trained for the pursuit of offenders, and called, from their having but too frequently to track the blood-stained marauder, blood-hounds. The sleuth-hound of Scotland was precisely the same as the English blood-hound, the only difference being in the name, which was derived from the animal's sagacity in following the *sleuth* or *slot*, which latter word is still used in England to denote the track of a deer. It may here be proper to observe that the term *rache* in Scotland, and *lyemer* in England, was employed to denote the same kind of dog, which was also, though not generally, called the *talbot*. The name of *lyemer* was derived from the *lyem*, the thong or slip by which the dog was led previous to being cast off. "A brach," says the compiler of the Gentleman's Recreations, 1674, "is a mannerly name for all hound-bitches;" an observation which is confirmed by the following lines from the Beg-

gar's Bush of Beaumont and Fletcher:—

"Have ye any work for the sow-gelder, ho?
My horn goes, too-high too-lo, too-high too-lo.
Have ye any pigs, calves, or colts,
Or lambs in your holts,
To rut for the stone?
Here comes a cunning one:
Have you any braches to spade,
Or e'er a fair maid
That would be a nun;
Come, kiss me,---'tis done.
Hark, how my merry horn doth blow,
Too-high too-lo, too-high too-lo!"

Fox-hunting appears to have been generally neglected by the noble and the wealthy of this country until towards the latter part of the seventeenth century, when it seems to have come into repute as hawk-ing and deer-hunting declined. The disforestation of the royal chases, and the destruction and sale of the deer by order of Parliament during the time of the Rebellion, and the gloomy spirit of fanaticism which pervaded this country during the protectorate of Cromwell, did much towards extinguishing that passion for the chase which was formerly so characteristic of the lordly noble and the knight and squire of gentle blood. Many of the cavaliers, or adherents of Charles, were so heavily mulcted by the Parliament, and had made so many sacrifices during the civil war, that they scarcely possessed the means, even though they might retain the desire, to indulge in their former recreations; while the round-heads, who made great pretensions to superior sanctity, "thinking to merit heaven by making earth a hell," looked upon every thing that promoted cheerfulness as one of the snares of the arch-enemy, and regarded those who indulged in the chase as running for a sweepstakes to be paid by Old Nick. From 1640 to 1660 may be considered as a blank in the sporting annals of this country.

From the accounts of the Comptroller of the Wardrobe of Edward the First, for 1299 and 1300, we may form some estimate of the small degree of repute in which fox-hunting, if indeed hunting it can be called, was held at that period. The fox-destroying establishment of that monarch consisted of twelve "fox-dogs" (terriers not unlikely), with one man and two boys. The master of these "fox-dogs" and his two assistants were allowed sixpence a-day, or two-pence each; and three-pence a day for a horse to carry "the nets" was allowed from the 1st of September to the last day of April, while a half-penny a-day was paid for the keep of each of the dogs. From these items it appears that the expense for men and dogs was the same all the year round, except that the huntsman and his two whippers-in received each a new suit at an expense for the three of thirty-four shillings and four-pence. The horse provided for these worthies and their "nets" appears to have been a hired one, for there is no account given of the cost of his keep, except when engaged in active duty. The whole concern savours so much of rat-catching, that possibly the bipeds of the above royal establishment might employ their leisure time during the *mortua seisona*, or dead season—May, June, July, and August—in killing moles, merely by way of "keeping their hands in."

In hunting the deer in former ages, large greyhounds, it would appear, were employed at the same time with the common hounds, which ran by scent. The lyemers, accompanied by persons who held the lyem or slip, were chiefly used

to rouse the game, by steadily following the slot till they tracked the deer to his lair. When the deer was roused, the swift-running dogs, which were usually distributed in what were called relays, or raunt-lays, throughout those parts of the forest where the game was most likely to pass, were then slipped, and as fresh relays were from time to time let loose on the line of chase, the animal had seldom a chance of escape, except from a sudden change of direction. When this style of hunting became altered, and deer were no longer hunted by relays but by a pack of hounds laid on at once—this latter mode becoming more general in the reign of James the First—the lyemer, or old English hound, became merged in the buck-hound; and as deer-hunting declined and fox-hunting became popular, crosses of the buck-hound and the beagle, a dwarf variety of the old English hound, produced the fox-hound of the present day.

Old writers on the subject of hunting usually distinguish two varieties of the breed, known as the "hound" by way of eminence. The southern hound—so called from being most common to the south of the Trent—was a tall, heavy-bodied dog, with a large square-formed head, and long pendant ears; slow of foot, but stanch and enduring in the chase, and possessed of a most delicate nose. The northern hound, which was more generally bred in Yorkshire and the northern counties, was of a lighter make, with a smaller head and more pointed muzzle, and more swift and active than the southern hound, though not endowed with such acuteness of scent. Something like a cross between these

breeds was employed in Bedfordshire and Worcestershire, and in such counties as consisted of nearly equal portions of low open plains and woodland. Within the last fifty or sixty years, since the style of hunting has undergone so great a change, the slow southern hound has been almost, if not entirely, superseded by the breed which now prevails in every part of the kingdom. The improvement of the English hunter, and the pace at which sportsmen, in consequence of being better mounted, began to ride to hounds, rendered it necessary to bestow particular attention to the improvement of the latter. Speed is now an essential qualification; for with the thorough-going fox-hunter of the present time it is not merely sufficient *to kill* the fox—he attends as well to the style in which it is done. Length of time in a chase is no longer the fox-hunting boast; and instead of repeating a log-book sort of narrative of an out-and-in chase, at an easy, dodging pace through half the parishes of a county, he now delights to speak of a gallant run of fifty minutes without a check, at the end of which reynard proves a savory breakfast for the hounds, somewhere between ten and twelve miles from the cover where he was found.

Oppian, in his *Cynegeticon*, (book i. line 468,) speaks of British hunting dogs as follows:—“There is beside an excellent kind of scenting dogs, though small yet worthy of estimation. They are bred by the fierce nation of painted Britons, who call them Agassaeos. In size they resemble worthless, greedy house-dogs, that gape under tables. They are crooked, lean, coarse-haired, and dull-eyed, but armed with powerful claws and

deadly teeth. The Agassaeos is of most excellent nose; not only sagacious in finding the track of animals, but skilful to discover the aerial odour.” That this description refers to the original breed from which the modern fox-hound is descended there can be little doubt. The writer, it must be observed, was a native of Cilicia, and that when he speaks of the British dogs being coarse-haired, he probably does so with reference to the smooth-haired dogs of the Levant; and when he describes them as being small we must call to mind the large hunting-dogs which were then in request among the Romans, who appear to have hunted every animal that would run, from the elephant and the lion to the ichneumon and the rat. The term crooked applies to their knees, a peculiarity which still may be observed in some of the hounds kept by the farmers of Cumberland and Westmoreland, for the purpose of destroying the foxes among the hills. Shakspeare, who from his old habits of deer-stalking, must have had some idea of what were then considered good points in a hound, uses the term “crook-kneed” as one of commendation. The general expression of the old English hound, or lyemer, appears to have been dull and heavy, and the character given to the Agassaeos of being dull-eyed is indicative of a like appearance. Having thus traced the primitive stock of the modern foxhound, and noticed his affinity to the lyemer, rache, of old English hound—to the bloodhound, the buck-hound, and the beagle—I must now speak of him as he is.

The muzzle of the fox-hound is somewhat square; the head moderate-sized, neither so large as in

the Spanish pointer, nor so small as in the setter. The ears are naturally long and pendant; the legs strong and muscular; and the body rather long, but well ribbed and compact, at once indicative of agility and strength. The hair is short, and nearly of a uniform length all over the body; and the stern, the hair of which is usually longest on the lower side, is slightly curved upwards. The fox-hound hunts naturally—is endowed with a most exquisite sense of smelling—is ardent in the chase, and displays a considerable degree of intelligence. Its colour is various—dun, fallow, black, or brown, more or less mingled with white; but the most prevalent is pied or dark brown, growing lighter towards the belly and the inner part of the legs, intermixed with broad patches of white.

The shoulder of the fox-hound ought to be well thrown back, for it is not difficult to show on mechanical principles that this conformation is necessary to the light and easy motion of the animal. When the shoulder blades appear to stand forward, and the joints to project outwards, the dog, whatever may be his muscular strength will rarely run well, and will from his carrying too much weight perpendicular to his foot-fall, be always more liable to be beat in the feet when hunting over hard ground, than hounds of the former conformation. The fore-legs should be perfectly straight—for crook-knees are no longer considered signs of excellence—and the dog should stand well upon them, neither having his fore-feet too much under him nor the toes turning out. His back should be straight from the shoulder to the insertion of the tail, which should be strong and well

set on. The strength of the tail—which is only a continuation of the vertebrae or joints of the back—is frequently considered, and probably with truth, as indicative of strength in the loins. A perfect hound should not be round in the croup, nor thick and short in the quarters, but in these points should resemble the race-horse. He should be straight in the hams, not sickle-houghed; and if he goes rather wide behind it will not detract from his excellence; as it has been observed that both horses and hounds which go in this manner are frequently the stoutest and most enduring. A small head, a thin neck and cat-feet, are equivocal marks of excellence in a fox-hound. The small-headed, sharp-muzzled hound from the diminished development of the pituitary membrane has generally the sense of smelling in a proportionately inferior degree, and seldom runs a cold scent well; and in some districts where the scent lies indifferently, and checks are in consequence frequent, such would be absolutely good for nothing. A flat neck is certainly desirable, but a thin narrow one, when the head is of a proper size, is like a beam too weak for the weight which it has to sustain; and neither affords room for a free respiration, nor admits of sufficient muscular development to support the head in its long continued pendant position, without being extremely fatiguing to the animal. What is precisely meant by cat-footed, it is difficult to say; whether it relates to the division of the toes, the general outline of the foot, or the particular form of the sole, those who employ the term give no explanation. The foot of a fox-hound, it has also been said, ought to resemble the foot of a fox; now the foot of a cat

is not near so like the foot of a fox, as the foot of a hound is like the foot of a pointer; and yet the term cat-footed, applied to the latter, has been used to express a defect. If the foot be proportionable to the hound's size, turned neither out nor in, with the toes well indented, the claws strong, and the tubercles of the sole firm and sound, it may be considered perfect. Those who know what "cat-footed," applied to a fox-hound, clearly means, may continue to judge of a hound's feet with reference to that ancient standard.

Though harmony in the cry of a pack of hounds,

"Matched in mouth like bells,
Each under each,"

is unquestionably agreeable, yet the modern hard-riding, though less musical, sportsman is content with more simple harmony than his ancestors, and is not so nice in his ear as the fox-hunting squire of the reign of Charles the Second, and Queen Ann. When riding hard to keep up with the gallant pack, as they dash along at full cry, he is not so sensible of a discord, as a musical amateur on the first night of a new opera. A good hound is no longer dismissed, because his voice happens to be a bass instead of a counter tenor; and a pack is no longer selected by the gamut, like the rustic vocalists who "discourse sweet music" from the singing pew of a country church. The character of a pack of hounds, depends in a great measure on the taste of the person to whom they belong, and by whom they are hunted. A pack of fox-hounds, formerly celebrated for their fleetness and spirit—the hounds being still in every respect similar in size and breed to what they were twenty years ago—has undergone a mark-

ed change as the owner has advanced in years. The hounds which used to be famed for their dash and spirit, are now remarkable for their steady hunting and their skill in running a cold scent. Age has tempered the ardour and relaxed the vigour of the noble owner, and the effect of this subdued temperament, which can now discover truth in the old adage, "Slow and sure," is plainly to be seen in the altered character of his hounds.

Fox-hounds have frequently been exported to various parts of the globe, but in particular to France and Germany. In our East Indian territories the breed is not uncommon, and a pack has more than once been presented to a native Prince by the British authorities. The fox-hound when exported is apt to become deteriorated, and to lose in a considerable degree that ardour, stoutness, and discrimination of scent for which he is so much distinguished at home. This alteration may be partly the effect of a change of climate, and partly of circumstances which relate to his treatment, and the manner in which he is employed. When a pack of British fox-hounds are sent to the continent they are not generally accompanied by a field of British sportsmen, who have been familiar from their youth with the spirit-stirring chase of their native country, and whose joy is greatest when the pace is best. Fox-hounds when introduced to a foreign country, and trusted to the care of persons in a great degree ignorant of their character and inexperienced in their management, and hunted with less enthusiasm than in their own country, soon become careless and indifferent. Spirited riders no longer keep well up with and encourage them;

and their very excellence becomes a defect in the eyes of the French and German nobles, who are accustomed to hunt the wild boar and the deer at a hand gallop, attended by a numerous band of retainers. Where the excellence of the fox-hound is not justly appreciated, and where the peculiar qualities which

distinguished him in Britain are no longer encouraged or required, it is not surprising that his character should undergo a change and that in a short time he should decline from his former excellence, and sink to the ordinary level of the hounds of the country to which he has been introduced. L. M.

NIM SOUTH'S REPLY TO A HANTS FOX-HUNTER.

SIR,
In the last number of your "excellent and entertaining Magazine" (as the approved form runs), is a letter from a Hants Fox-hunter, signed "Foxglove," which though written in able and gentlemanly language, nevertheless contains one or two assertions that I cannot permit to pass unnoticed. The writer complains of the want of sociality among fox-hunters, and says, "How often have I seen people of good parts and respectability looked upon with as much suspicion as if they were highwaymen, simply because they were not personally known to any one in the field;" after which he gives an instance that came under his own observation.

Now, Mr. Editor, I believe I may say, that with the exception of Nimrod, I have hunted with as many packs of hounds as any man in England, and what is more, I have always selected countries in which I was a perfect stranger, never but once carried a letter of introduction, and have always preserved, both by myself and servants, the strictest incognito as to my scribbling propensities. This being the case, I may fairly lay claim to some experience as to the reception a stranger meets with, and I

can only say that so far from ever having to complain of being regarded with an eye of suspicion, I have frequently been puzzled to find excuses for declining the invitations of gentlemen I have met in the field—for the simple reason, that I might hear things which would not have been told were it known that I was present. And as on the one hand I did not choose to declare myself, so on the other, I was unwilling to incur the charge of being guilty of a breach of hospitality, by publishing what perhaps was never expected to go beyond the roof that covered me. Even in the writer of the letter's own country (and I record it with feelings of gratitude) I received as much kindness as any that I have ever been in, and was invited to the house of more than one master of fox-hounds, though I by no means agree with "Foxglove" in considering "that every master of hounds ought to regard himself in the light of a host, and view every person in the field as his guest for the time being." On the contrary, it has long been a rule with most of them not to address a stranger before he is presented by some one of the field, a regulation which is not only reasonable but necessary in these days of universal aspi-
re-

ment, when the man who yesterday was standing with an apron round his waist, pinching figs into parcels, may be throwing mud in the face of his customer on the morrow, decked out in scarlet, leathers, and tops. In saying this, I intend no reflection upon those whom smiling fortune has not blessed

"With large *démesses*, hereditary wealth,"

as described to be the qualification for sporting by Somerville, but I do think that men show great want of sense who sport scarlet coats, when their pursuits in life are not such as to entitle them to the appellation of gentlemen. Hence it is that a feeling of suspicion is engendered among fox-hunters, totally at variance with the natural and proverbial sociality of the sport; for after a man finds that he has taken a tailor, or perhaps a gambling-house keeper, under his wing, he does not so readily make up to

the next stranger that comes into his neighbourhood. These accidents will happen in the "best regulated hunts," and in the neighbourhood of London most certainly, at least so long as the "wen," as Cobbett calls it, continues in its present state. If "Foxglove" has experienced a coolness from the members of any hunt in the immediate neighbourhood of the Metropolis, he must attribute it to the locality and not to their natural dispositions, for "a fox-hunter is a fox-hunter all the world over."

Before I take leave of this subject, however, I must say that "Foxglove" seems to know how to handle his pen, and I hope he will frequently favour us with the results of his experience, for though his country is none of the best, it is no reason why it should not produce both good riders and good writers.

NIM SOUTH.

SHOOTING IN JANUARY.

THE state of the game upon the commencement of the new year is much varied throughout the country; in some places it is abundant, in others alarmingly scarce. In most quarters, however, the havoc of the four preceding months is very plainly visible; and it is only in the great preserves, where the principal *battues* do not generally take place till after Christmas, that the effects of that havoc are not to be observed. But it is ridiculous to complain indiscriminately of a diminution of the game at this period of the season: this is only what inevitably must, and in a great degree *ought*, to take place. It is against that destructive system,

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which almost borders on annihilation, that the fair sportsman should enter his protest, and call upon others to do the same. Though any thing in the shape of battushooting is my abhorrence, I must still equally deprecate that reckless manner of sweeping off the game at the early part of the season, which is so much followed in many parts of England. I remember, a few seasons back, to have walked a whole day in company with two friends over some of the finest land in this country (for it was in Worcestershire), and what, reader, do you think that our game-bag contained upon our return? Why, one teal, one snipe, and a brace of partridges.

Z

A part of the ground too was *pretended* to be preserved, our dogs were good, and none of us thought ourselves the worst of shots. This took place during the last week of December—five weeks before the close of the season; and such things are by no means of rare occurrence. *Solitudinem faciunt*, said a Roman writer, when speaking of the invading armies of his time, and his words may almost with equal propriety be applied to some exterminating sportsman of modern times. In the present instance we only found three small coveys of partridges and one hen-pheasant (besides the teal and the snipe) though we must have beaten over at least a thousand acres of ground. The brace of partridges we should not have killed had we known their scarcity at first, but they were brought down in a small coppice, which we tried almost at starting.

I have alluded, in the first instance, to this annihilating system because, in speaking of "Shooting in January," I should not wish to appear to advise men to shoot at all where there is not a sufficiency of game. In that case let them hunt, attend the neighbouring coursing meetings, or seek for shooting-grounds elsewhere. Preservation should alone be their motto for the present, and, for sport, they must be content to look forward to other seasons and better times. The more fertile a country is, the more easily may the game upon it be destroyed. This is evident for two reasons,—because there are generally more sportsmen, and fewer places of refuge for the game, than in wilder or worse cultivated districts.

To lay down a set of general rules for shooting in a country so varied by nature as Great Britain,

would only be ridiculous; like other things, this amusement must vary with varying circumstances. In some places the shooting during the winter months may be the *best* throughout the year, in others, it cannot for one moment bear a comparison with that of the autumnal ones; to exemplify this arithmetically, the Norfolk sportsman, who thinks nothing of killing his forty head of game a day, in September or October, would consider it extraordinary sport after Christmas had passed; but his brother sportsman in Cornwall or Caernarvonshire, would be likely to do more execution upon the first of January, than upon the first of September; the former would boast little about bringing home twenty brace of partridges in the beginning of the season, but would account it an unusual event to kill four or five woodcocks at any time; either of the latter would look upon the first feat with astonishment, but would deem the second only a common occurrence. When I say that "a Norfolk sportsman would consider it extraordinary sport to kill forty head a day after Christmas," I must be understood to exclude all battu-shooting, because I am well aware, that double the number may be destroyed where that system is pursued; in fact, I have often laughed at the pompous manner in which some great *battu* is described in the papers:—"five hundred head of game were killed in one day," writes the sapient and astonished Editor, and then, upon the strength of this wonderful announcement, adds, "his Lordship and his distinguished guests are supposed to be some of the best shots in England." I could have found a little Welsh keeper (standing scarce five feet six) who would

have beaten them all, one after the other, and thought but little of it.

As our shooting in January depends much in some parts of the country upon the arrival of birds from abroad, it must of course be in some measure regulated by the state of the weather; the severe weather that drives even the wild swan to our shores, will also bring us myriads of the smaller species of wild-fowl, which had the weather continued milder, we never should have seen. In looking over the travels of our gallant and enterprising countryman, Franklin, I was struck with his relation of the sudden departure of the wild-fowl from the "great Bear-lake," and as the subject is not an uninteresting one to sportsmen, I will hunt out the passage again, and insert it here: "much snow," he writes "fell on the night of the seventh (October), and on the eleventh, the small lake was firmly frozen over, and the ground in the same state; all the migratory birds being now gone, except a few ducks, which still lingered in the open waters of the Bear-lake, we considered this day to be the first of the winter." Thus then, as it is to the intensity of the frost in the more northern regions, that we are indebted for the arrival of these migratory birds, their numbers will be regulated by the rigour of the season. Many kinds of migratory birds, it is true, are of little consequence to the sportsman, but then the woodcock stands high upon his list, and the snipe, the wild duck, the widgeon, and the teal, hold respectable places in it.

The mode of shooting also, as well as the sport itself, must differ according to the nature of the country in which it is pursued; some parts of the country are so

open, that many men use no kind of dog but the setter or pointer, throughout the season; others again are so thickly wooded, that the springer is found preferable even before the month of November has passed away. Many shooters are partial to beaters, but for my own part, I consider this to be a tame method of proceeding; give me a good marker if you like (though I can do without him), but my dogs shall be my beaters. That man is but at the most half a sportsman, who, so that the game is flushed for him, cares not by what means. As for the kind of dog which it is best to use, this depends upon the nature of the country, and the fancy of the shooter himself; if the grounds which he has to beat, be for the most part open, with only a few coppices here and there, a good setter will answer the purpose well; but if the woods be large and thick, they can hardly be well beaten without springers: of course the most perfect way of doing the business, is to have *both* in the field, and use them in turns as occasion may require.

The pheasant is a close-lying bird at all times of the year, but the partridge of January is much altered from the partridge of September; it no longer waits to be kicked up from under the pointer's nose, but is now sufficiently ready to take wing, and once upon the wing, is not inclined to alight again in a hurry; it requires a workman now to bring home ten or twelve brace in a day, whilst a school-boy might have done it before; and I consider that the shooting matches, which are best calculated to try the relative skill of the contending parties, are those that take place late in the year, and at either grouse or partridges.

The well-known match between Mr. Cook and Captain Ross some years ago, which came off in September, was more a trial for superiority between the two manors, than the two men, and Holkam being the best, Mr. Cook outnumbered his opponent; that between the Captain and Colonel Anson, which ended in a tie, was a much more sporting affair, as it was later on in the season, and they both walked side by side. How any one can compare that tame amusement, pigeon shooting, with matches of this description, I cannot very easily imagine; but *de gustibus non est disputandum*, and the former may be more suitable for an idle man.

On lands that have not been unmercifully shot over in the earlier part of the season, good partridge shooting may occasionally be had to the last, and still a sufficient quantity be left for breeding. By "good partridge shooting," however, I do not mean to say that any thing like the same number may be killed as in September shooting; but then, as it requires quite as much skill to bring down one bird now, as it did to bring down three then, the amusement is nearly the same to a sportsman; yet even in these places some consideration should be exercised, and the coming season be remembered as well as the present. Pot-hunting at all times is bad enough, but it now becomes, if possible, more detestable than ever; not so, however, thinks one of the leading writers in another sporting periodical, for in his two last letters upon winter-shooting, he gravely recommends his readers to make "*family shots*," when in consequence of the advanced state of the season, the birds become wild. As the term may be new, and perhaps unintel-

ligible to many of the readers of the N. S. M., it may be proper just to state that by a "*family shot*," he means the unsportsmanlike act of shooting into the midst of the covey, or to use his own language, at "Father, mother, Sukey, and all." I allude not to this through any petty spirit of opposition, but let such advice come from whom it may, it deserves to be reprobated. The experienced sportsman, it is true, will only smile at it, but with the tyro it may have a very different effect, and being supposed to be the advice of a veteran, may be considered by him to be correct. The object of these "*family shots*," viz. the filling of the game-bag, is more frequently frustrated than crowned with success, by firing into the midst of a covey, instead of singling out a bird. This is, no doubt, the best mode to adopt if the object be to

drive them wide dispersed, Wounded, and wheeling various down the wind; but it is *not* the best way to kill them; and even if it were, its greedy and unsportsmanlike character would be a sufficient objection to it. But enough of this; I have not yet seen forty winters, but still I will with confidence leave our sporting readers to decide between us, and say which "holds the right."

Pheasant shooting in January depends more than any other kind of shooting, upon the manner in which the grounds have been sported over in the earlier part of the season; if in the three preceding months, they have been much frequented by shooting parties, the number of pheasants, more than that of any other kind of game, is likely to have been much diminished; and if that be the case, much forbearance ought to be used

in the concluding month; like the man, who has been for some time past out-living his income, the sportsman is then required to be more provident, and constantly to bear in mind the necessity of reserving a sufficient number of birds for the breeding season. But this cessation from pleasant shooting in the latter part of the season, need not be requisite upon any good manor, if it be properly shot over; and it is not very difficult to judge, how much shooting it will bear without its game being reduced too much. By a moderate share of judgment, therefore, the owner may so arrange things, that his stock of game shall hold out to the last, and yet afford a day's fair sporting at any period of the season.

It is essential to look well after, and to feed pheasants in January, for two good reasons, because it is generally the most severe month in the year, and that also in which they can find least food for themselves. The disturbing of the covers in beating for woodcocks (to say nothing of shooting at the pheasants themselves) is likely, too, to make them look out for new quarters, if they have not good reasons to be satisfied with their old ones; it ought to be remembered also, that if a hen pheasant takes to new ground, at such a late period of the season, she may be likely to stay and build her nest there, and thus a nidé may be lost in the following October. The very common opinion, that provided the hen pheasants be spared, the cock-birds may be destroyed *ad libitum*, is one with which I cannot agree, "Oh," say the advocates of this system, "the cock-pheasants will find their way hither from other places, if we do but take good care of the hens," this however, though

frequently true, is by no means certain, and it is not at all improbable, that in such a case, the hen birds will take to roaming themselves; besides at the best, we are drawing upon our neighbours, for which there is no necessity, and should they adopt the same plan, a falling off in the succeeding autumn must unavoidably be the result: for these, as well as other reasons, I like to see a little mercy evinced towards the most beautiful inhabitant of the British woods.

I have hitherto made no mention of shooting hares, and I shall say very little upon the subject now. In a part of the country that is coursed over, I think they ought not to be shot at all, unless very numerous indeed; and within the range of a pack of harriers, it should be a rule with every sportsman, to refrain from shooting them where they are scarce; I say where "they are scarce," instead of speaking in unqualified terms, because too many hares are worse than too few, for hare-hunting. Shooting hares is at best but dull sport, and I will only offer one word of advice upon it, and that is (for humanity's sake) *not to shoot at all if she be far off*; I consider thirty-two yards if crossing you, and twenty-seven if running from you, as the extreme distances at which a hare or rabbit ought to be fired at; they may to be sure be now and then turned over by a longer shot, but they are much more likely to carry away the charge, and die unseen. Of course the above-named distances refer to the common sized guns.

And now, having rambled on for some time from one sporting topic to another, both my watch and my paper remind me that it is time to draw towards a conclusion. Though

the month of January, about which I have been chiefly speaking, is by no means a favourite part of the year with the lover of the picturesque; and though long before its approach, many an effeminate modern dandy may have fled to the warmer climes of Naples or Milan, it is looked upon with very different feelings by the thoroughbred Englishman, more especially if he be a sportsman.

The dark and gloomy picture which the Poet has drawn of this season, has no influence upon him:

—“Thus winter falls,
A heavy gloom oppressive o’er the world,
Through nature shedding influence malign,
And rouses up the seeds of dark disease;

The soul of man dies in him, loathing life,
And black with more than melancholy view.”

For him the rough gales of winter have no terrors, custom has made him think lightly of them, and his habits of life enable him to welcome all changes as they arrive; if indeed the storm be so violent as to debar him from the pleasures of the field, he has always his study to fly to, and will find that the invigorating influence of the chase, lends him a new power to enjoy the diversions of the mind,—a zest which the secluded student looks for in vain,—a relish that is reserved peculiarly for the readers of the *New Sporting Magazine*.

N. O.

HABITS OF THE SNIPE.

EXCEPTING the woodcock, there is, perhaps, no bird the sportsman kills with more eagerness than the snipe. From its external figure it would seem to be not very distantly related to the woodcock; and is, like most of the long-billed family, a bird of solitary and melancholy habits. When seen on the ground (which is but rarely) it may be observed on the same spot for hours together, standing by the side of some marshy pool, or in the middle of a bed of weeds and rushes, its bill stuck into the mud, or moving with a slight horizontal motion, while the tail sways up and down. There is something peculiarly dull and melancholy in their aspect as well as in that of all marsh birds, whose whole time is occupied in providing for their subsistence, without leaving them leisure for anything but moving from one place, which has become inconvenient, to another. The great change which an alteration

of weather will make in this respect, will readily account for the sudden disappearance of snipes from a spot which the night before was covered with them. A dry night or a hard frost, by driving in the insects and worms on which they feed, will inevitably cause their departure; for I have reason to believe that it is not the cold they dread, or why should we find them, as we constantly do, during the severest winters, round the springs which never freeze? The same cause will also account for their arrival during a frost much more intense than that which drove all those previously in the country away: the reason is simply this—although the ground may afford them scarcely any food, in all probability the weather has been more severe in the north, and they only alight here for a few hours to recruit a little strength for their journey southward. Accordingly all those killed early in a morning

under such circumstances will be miserably thin and poor, unless a thaw intervene, and those shot in the afternoon will be quite plump; for it is a curious, but I believe well-known, fact, that the snipe or woodcock, but more particularly the former, will fatten in the space of a few hours when they find plenty of nourishment. The dryness of the places they inhabit in the north, occasioned by the frosts in winter, is the cause of their resorting to the southern parts of Europe on the approach of winter. Nevertheless there are a few who remain with us nearly all the year; they may be found near the warm springs in winter, and in summer in the thickest and most shady parts of the rushes and osiers: these instances, although rare, must be familiar to every sportsman who has been accustomed to traverse marsh land. While in our countries they seem totally insensible to the pleasures of society, or those of a tenderer nature, they are usually met with alone, but sometimes rise two, three, or four together. But this association is merely on account of the spot from which they have risen being more abounding in insects; for on being started they will, as not unfrequently after a short flight, branch off in different directions. Occasionally, although very seldom, they may be seen to flock together. I remember some years ago, in a very mountainous and rocky part of the country, where a river ran through a broad and deep valley, the stream overflowed its banks and entirely covered the fields, washing the base of the rocks. We were employed fishing with nets, when a flock of nine, and then of fifteen, birds, which from their flight I took to be ox-birds or sea-snipes,

made their appearance; they continued flying about and settling on the little patches of meadow from which the water had receded till a gun could be procured, when I shot two of them, and recognised them to be the real land snipe.

It is said that the number of snipes that annually visit us has of late years considerably decreased. This is easily to be accounted for by the quantity of marsh land that has been converted into terra firma. Now it is well known that these long-billed travellers prefer a surface with two or three inches of water: from this I am inclined to believe that the species has not at all decreased in number, and that they pass over our island in as great quantities as ever, although for want of meeting with suitable places of abode fewer of them descend from their flight. I once had a snipe's nest brought to me which had been taken in the month of June in the vicinity of the Essex marshes; it was made of hay and feathers, and had been discovered beneath the root of an old willow. The eggs, which were yet warm, were of an oblong form, and of a whitish hue spotted with brown. I was informed by an old farmer that three years before another nest had been taken, with the young half fledged, on the very same spot. He had found the eggs before they were hatched, and assured me that the hen seemed to take the greatest care of her young brood, feeding them by pouring a kind of liquid from her bill down their throat. He had watched the nest for some time, but it was at last discovered and taken by a cowboy.

The first flight of these birds is in August, but they are seldom at all plentiful till the middle of Oc-

tober, and they continue about our marshes till the hard weather sets in, and are again very plentiful in the spring on their passage homewards, although they seldom remain many hours in the places where they alight.

Sometimes snipes will lie very close, at others they rise rather wildly. Sometimes I have gone into the marshes on a fine frosty morning, and after walking a few steps a snipe would suddenly rise at fifty yards' distance, and fly along, piping and disturbing others as he went. The most favourable time to choose for snipe-shooting is when there is a slight frost and a strong easterly wind overnight; the sportsman may then fill his belt with No. 10, and be assured of good sport the next day. The jack-snipe is more commonly found in potatoe or turnip-fields, and requires to be almost trod upon before he rises. This species is never very numerous, but is to be met with during nearly all the season. The jack-snipe, independent of the difference of size, may be instantly recognised by the sportsman from his darting away in silence. He seldom flies far, and if disturbed a second time rises again in the same way and settles down at about the same distance. I have, however, observed that the third time a jack is flushed he darts away close along the ground in such a manner that a very middling shot may bring him down. The real snipe, at least when met with in the marshes, is far from being so accommodating: it is very rarely that the sportsman is able to mark them, and if twice disturbed they leave that part of the country entirely. Those that linger behind their companions, and frequent our low and swampy lands during the summer, cling even more

tenaciously than the jack to the favourite spots they have adopted. This certainly goes a great way to prove the assertions of those who maintain that none remain with us but such as nestle here, and that they continue to frequent the place where their domicile has been established.

For my own part, in snipe-shooting, I always prefer being alone, and consider the dog as rather an annoyance than anything else; for if one bird is pointed at least three are put up out of shot, and I have therefore invariably found better sport by trusting entirely to my own exertions than to those of my four-legged companion. A light cocking-gun is perhaps the best for shooting snipes; for as many of my readers must have observed, the snipe, in rising, flies for a short distance straight, and then twists and turns about in a manner that renders it almost impossible for the sportsman to cover it with his aim, and then darts away again, rising into the air. Now there are few who are able to kill these birds excepting as they skim away, and the second time they are very often at a distance that renders the effect of the shot uncertain. The first time, however, it requires considerable quickness, and of course the lighter the piece the easier becomes the task. For those who are not desirous of the discomfort of wet feet, water-proof boots or shoes are a great desideratum. There are many compositions and methods of preparing leather which profess to accomplish this end, and certainly will hold out for many hours; but the only things I have ever found that would thoroughly answer the purpose are the common fishermen's boots, which when new are



THE DYING WOODCOCK.

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hung up in the sun and covered with tar, which after some months so completely eats into the seams and pores, that they are rendered totally impervious even to salt water; after this they are soaked in the oil of the congar-eel, with which they are afterwards occasionally rubbed, and in that manner will continue serviceable for years. This secret was communicated to me by an old shrimp, who was in the habit of shrimpng for many hours every day up to his knees in the sea; but the oil of the congar-eel is rather a difficult commodity to obtain, and is, I believe, exclu-

sively to be bought from the fishermen on the coast. S.

THE DYING WOODCOCK.

Engraved by R. GOLDING, from a Painting by A. COOPER, R.A.

WE fearlessly challenge all the Annuals and "Books of Beauty" in the world to produce a more exquisite *morçeau* than that we now present to our subscribers. We are not unmindful of the proverb about self-praise—but our friends, we think, will agree with us that our commendation is justly merited.

THE WOODCOCK.

Scolopax Rusticola.—LIN.

THERE is no bird more eagerly sought by the sportsman than the woodcock; even among the oldest shots, when satiated with every other sport, the very announcement of a flight of cocks seems to rekindle youthful thoughts and a thirst for sport. This desire is, perhaps, derived from two causes—the one, that the woodcock is a migratory bird*, and uncertain in its appearance; the other, that it is the greatest delicacy that can be placed on a sportsman's table.

These birds generally arrive early in October, though the great flight does not make its appearance till November; they are then found in hollow places in covers, and are particularly fond of uneven ground, such as dells and pits, where holly, furze, and fern abound, and the

more so if there be cozings and rills in the neighbourhood.

Speaking of these birds, permit me to relate a circumstance that occurred to a friend of mine, while shooting, some years ago, on the coast of Ireland†. His servant looking seaward, observed a vast number of birds approaching the shore, of which he immediately apprized his master, who anxiously awaited their arrival. They turned out to be woodcocks, and in such a state of exhaustion that they fell around him in every direction; some he picked up and examined, and found them literally nothing but bone and feather. But still he flattered himself that a day's cock-shooting was at hand; the next morning, however, not one was to be found, though the night

* On the estate of C. Taylor, Esq., Hollycomb-lodge, near Liphook, Hants, I am credibly informed woodcocks regularly breed.

† In this country woodcock-shooting is to be had in the greatest possible perfection. I have heard of such vast numbers being killed there, that, in the absence of positive authority, I am afraid to repeat.

before hundreds might have been bagged with the greatest ease.

Bewick gives the following description of this bird:—"The woodcock measures fourteen inches in length and twenty-six in breadth, and generally weighs about twelve ounces. The shape of the head is remarkable, being rather triangular than round, with the eyes placed near the top, and the ears being forward, nearly on a line with the corners of the mouth. The upper mandible, which measures about three inches, is furrowed nearly its whole length, and at the tip it projects beyond, and hangs over the under one, ending in a kind of knob, which, like those of others of the same genus, is susceptible of the finest feeling, and calculated by that means—aided, perhaps, by an acute smell—to find the small worms in the soft moist grounds, from whence it extracts them with a sharp-pointed tongue. With the bill it also turns over and tosses the fallen leaves, in search of the insects that shelter underneath. The crown of the head is of an ash colour; the nape and back part of the neck black, marked with three bars of rusty red; a black line extends from the corners of the mouth to the eyes, the orbits of which are pale buff; the whole under parts are yellowish white, numerous barred with dark-waved lines; the tail consists of twelve feathers, which, like the quills, are black, and indented across with reddish spots on the edges; the tip is ash-coloured above, and of a glossy white below. The legs are short, feathered to the knees, and, in some, are of a bluish cast—in

others, of a sallow flesh-colour. The upper parts of the plumage are so marbled, spotted, barred, streaked, and variegated, that to describe them with accuracy would be difficult and tedious. The colours, consisting of black, white, grey, ash, red, brown, rufous and yellow, are so disposed in rows, crossed and broken at intervals by lines and marks of different shapes, that the whole seems to the eye, at a little distance, blended together and confused, which makes the bird appear exactly like the withered stalks and leaves of ferns, sticks, moss, and grasses, which form the back-ground of the scenery by which it is sheltered in its moist and solitary retreat."

"The female makes her nest on the ground, generally at the root or stump of a decayed tree. It is carelessly formed of a few dried fibres and leaves, upon which she lays four or five eggs, larger than those of a pigeon, of a rusty grey colour, blotched and marked with dusky spots. The young leave the nest as soon as they are freed from the shell, but the parent birds continue to attend and assist them until they can provide for themselves."

At times these birds are very difficult to shoot, their flight being rapid and devious; at others, no owl ever offered a fairer mark to the sportsman. They generally make a considerable noise on rising, and that, added to the great anxiety to kill, sometimes assists in the escape of this desideratum to a good day's shooting.

Yours, &c.
A. COOPER, R.A.

CHARACTERS OF HUNTING COUNTRIES.

No. VI.

SHROPSHIRE.

(Concluded from page 120.)

THE Albrighton country is very narrow, commencing near Cannock, in the neighbourhood of Mr. Littleton's and Lord Anglesey's, and stretching into Worcestershire, on the Stourbridge side; these points may be said to bound its length. Those denoting its width may be called Wolverhampton town and Newport. Mr. Walter Giffard's experience with hounds prior to taking this country had been confined to the hunting of his father's harriers, but, as a good rider over a country, he has been distinguished from his earliest years, and had the benefit of some experience in Warwickshire, during his visits to his relations, the Messrs. Cannings.

The pleasantest part of Shropshire, although not the most favourable to hounds in their work, is the country we are now speaking of. There are a few fixtures in it which can show fine runs, with no obstacles to going on with a good flying fox, which cannot be said of the greater part of Shropshire. For instance, the Lizard, between Shiffnal and Newport, the property of the Earl of Bradford; Snowdon-pool*; Patshull (Sir George Pigot's); High Onn-wood; Tongrough; Brewood-park; Chillington; Woodcote-park (Mr. Coates's); Sheriff Hale's; Bishop's-wood; Boscobel; Mr. Botfield's cover; the Manor Rough; Mr. Slaney's gorse; Ryton-gorse (Mr. Richard Molyneux's);

Wrottesley-covers (Sir John Wrottesley's), near Wolverhampton; Rudge-heath and gorse (Mr. Boycott's); the Ran-dans (Worcestershire); Gatacre-park; Davenport-house; Enville (Lord Stamford's); Dudmaston; Whitty-moor, &c. &c. On the Bridgenorth side, likewise, are some good wild fixtures; such as Apley-castle (Mr. Whitmore's); Stanleys (Sir Tyrwhit Jones's); Morf-forest; Pudsey's-gorse. White Ladies is another of the Albrighton fixtures. Within a mile of it is a place celebrated in ancient history as having been the refuge of the unfortunate Charles after the battle of Worcester; and in modern, as, for more than forty years, the residence of one of our first sportsmen—the late John Lockley.

The subscription to the Albrighton hounds being on rather a limited scale, admits of no unnecessary display, but a huntsman of the name of Beardshaw, and two whips *decently* mounted, always appear in the field. The former, who hunted Mr. Shaw's pack, is a civil, painstaking man, and, when he has had more experience of his country, will no doubt correct the only fault we have occasion to find in him. In a light-scenting country like his, and with few covers for his foxes to hang in, he should carry his hounds forward as much as he can, and eight casts in ten should be *forward*. It was objected to Ned Bates, when he hunted the Emral

* Sir Bellingham Graham found fifteen foxes in sixteen days' draw, in this cover, when Mr. R. Slaney had it.

pack, that he hurried his hounds in their casts, not making allowance for the light nature of the Shiffnal country; but, although extremes should be avoided, it is one in which delays are dangerous, when a good fox is on foot.

What is termed "the field" is not numerous with the Albrighton hounds, seldom exceeding fifteen or twenty red coats, and perhaps a score of others of divers shades, not excluding black. It is hard to say who is the best man at any game in these days of celebrity, but it may be doubted whether any country can produce a more really scientific sportsman than Mr. Smith of Badger. Among the principal attendants on the Albrighton hounds are the following:—Mr. Holyoake (father of the Leicestershire flyer); Colonel Horton, an excellent sportsman, and always in a good place; Messrs. Herden, Wrottesley, and Pigott; the two Messrs. Eytons, of Wellington; Mr. St. John Charlton; Mr. John Aston, an old and zealous sportsman; Mr. Boycott; Mr. Evans, of Wolverhampton, renowned for the condition of his horses, and consequently for the good prices he has received for them; Mr. Botfield, of Deckerhill; Mr. Gatacre, of Gatacre; Mr. Charles Whitmore, a zealous sportsman; Sir Thomas Boughay, the best mounted man in the country; Messrs. Jasper, Bedford, Jones, and Wright, good men over a country; Mr. Slaney, M.P. for Shrewsbury, and his brother, occasional attendants on these hounds—the former hunting chiefly with the Shropshire hounds, and the latter residing in London, but now and then making his appearance on a good one; Mr. Smith, of Badger, never missing a day; Mr. Charles Giffard, brother to the master of

the pack, a lively boy in the field; *cum multis aliis*—too numerous to mention.

Having named the Messrs. Eytons, it may not be amiss to give the following anecdote of Mr. Charles Eyton. Coming up one day to the Hatton-brook (no trifle at any part of it), as the hounds were drawing over the country, some one sang out that there was a ford close at hand. "So much the better," said he; "but my horse has seen the brook, and he will be quite uncomfortable for the rest of the evening if I don't let him jump it; so *here goes!*" Another good anecdote is related respecting the establishment of the Albrighton packs, when Mr. Giffard succeeded Mr. Boycott. He purchased Mr. Dansey's pack, when that gentleman relinquished Herefordshire, as Mr. Boycott was desirous that his hounds should go to a distant country. He consented, however, that a few couples of them should be offered to Mr. Giffard, provided the selection were made by a *stranger*. The stranger appeared; and having selected the very best hounds in the pack, Mr. Boycott declared off, protesting against playing longer at that game!

The principal part of Shropshire, as a hunting country, is occupied by what are called the Shropshire hounds; but it has for many years past been but very irregularly hunted—indeed, for several seasons without any hounds at all. It was, however, at last taken by J. Cressett Pelham, Esq., of Gound-hall, near Shrewsbury. The eccentricity of Mr. Pelham's character is too well known to need remark; neither is it necessary to add that as a man of honour and a gentleman it stands high everywhere. But we believe we may state with-

out the chance of contradiction, that eccentricity of character, and the management of a pack of fox-hounds, very ill accord. The man to shine here is your straight-forward, plain-dealing matter-of-fact-man, firm in purpose, and still firmer in action. Of Mr. Pelham, then, as a master of hounds, we have not much to say; but the thanks of sportsmen are always due to a gentleman who hunts a country so long as Mr. Pelham hunted Shropshire, all at his own cost. Mr. Pelham was succeeded by Sir Edward Smythe, Bart., of Acton Burnell-hall, near Shrewsbury, a sportsman of many years' standing, and very popular among the Salopians.

In 1823, the resident gentlemen of the Shrewsbury side of the county, determined upon building a kennel and stable, suitable to a proper fox-hunting establishment, and their resolutions were put into effect in a very masterly manner, at an expense of £1500, which sum was raised by subscription. The kennel, capable of holding a hundred couple of hounds, and complete in every respect, with stalled stabling for twenty-six hunters, and six loose boxes, were built within two miles of the town, on the Whitchurch-road, and, as soon as the walls became dry, were occupied by the hounds and horses of Sir Bellingham Graham, who took to the country with a subscription in 1824, and hunted it, together with the Shifnal country, two years and a half. The principal covers the Shropshire hounds hunt are within reach of this kennel, but there is also a temporary one at Lee-bridge, when they meet on the Press side, where some of their best covers lie.

Shropshire, as a hunting coun-

try, varies more than any other with which we are acquainted, some part of it being good, a great deal of it indifferent, but by far the greater part bad. All this, however, is very easily accounted for. In the first place, the large river Sever runs through the centre of it, and is consequently a serious interruption to hounds. The mountain called the Wrekin also presents itself in nearly the best part of it for sport, and the generality of the covers are large and rough. Nor are these all the objections to it. The low lands are deep, and, in many parishes, boggy; and black, false-bottomed drains—the most unpleasant obstacle to the sportsman—abound in some directions, and, unfortunately, in those in which foxes are much given to run. As to those parts of the county contiguous to Bridgenorth, Much Wenlock, and Ludlow, they are perfect antidotes to fox-hunting; but still they have been hunted by fox-hounds as long as we can remember, and we hope they will long continue to be so.

Shropshire is an easy country for horses as regards fences. They are on banks, with single ditches, and by no means large, but they come thick, and being thorny are injurious to horses' legs. In short, all the provincial countries are of this character. But Shropshire requires a hunter, and a good one, to carry a man with hounds, as three fields in four are ploughed, and almost every field in the Shropshire hunt is deep in the winter months. In the Shifnal country this is not the case. With the exception of the turnip-fields (and they are many), the soil being light, that country carries the horses above ground, and the fields, particularly on the Newport side, are

larger than those about Shrewsbury.

The best part of the Shropshire country lies between the towns of Wem and Drayton, where there is a great expanse of level, fertile plain, which, though described by one of its topographical historians as "flat, dirty, and unpleasant," is on that account favourable to hounds. It is in this flat, dirty, and unpleasant vale that the best cover in the hunt is to be found, called the Twenlows, the property of Sir Rowland Hill, Bart. This place is really capable of showing a run, should the fox be inclined to fly from it; for there is a large expanse of deep country before him, such as keeps the horses back (a good brook generally at starting, for instance), and gives the hounds a chance. But the great evil in Shropshire is its hollowness, which almost makes it impossible to keep foxes above ground for any length of time. We remember the curious fact of Sir Bellingham running thirteen of sixteen of his foxes to ground the second season he hunted it; but this might be remedied by digging out many of those which are not breeding earths. It is, however, a roomy country, and admits of four regular days a-week; is generally full of foxes, and is (the part hunted by the Shropshire) very well for scent, considering the great portion of ploughland.

A grand feature in the Shropshire country is Hawkestone-park, the seat of the Hills, among whom was one of the best sportsmen England ever saw—the late Sir John Hill. As a meet for hounds, Hawkestone is anything but good, as not one time in ten will a fox fly from the security of its rocks

and covers; but it is an excellent nursery for foxes, and they make for it, before hounds, from various parts of the country. As connected with fox-hounds, and in character with the natural predilection of the family for the noble diversion of fox-hunting—to which, perhaps, may be owing the prowess they have displayed in arms—one of the lions of the place, to which the stranger is conducted by the guide, is a singular crag of a pyramidal form, finely clad with ivy-bound trees and strong underwood, called "The Fox's Knob," from the circumstance of a fox having been unkennelled there, which leaped into the valley beneath. The fall being great, reynard was killed on the spot, and also some hounds that followed him. The terrace at Hawkestone is one of the finest in England; and in the grounds, which are most extensive, there is every variety of hill, vale, wood, and water.

There are two other conspicuous places in the Shropshire hunt—Hayman-hill and Nesscliff. The former is on the property of the Corbets of Sundorne, and commands a splendid view of the Shropshire-vale. It is needless to observe, that being on the Sundorne property it is always a sure find, and often shows a run—sometimes to Hawkestone, at others to Acton-burnell, &c. &c. The other fixture, noted in ancient history, is Nesscliff, ten miles from Shrewsbury, on the Oswestry road, so called from a cliff which overhangs the place, in which is a cave said to have been the hiding place of a notorious robber, who plundered that part of the country. Nesscliff is a sure find, and a Halston fox affords a pretty run, over a stiff and deep country.

Acton Burnell-park, Sir Edward Smythe's, is one of their best meets, and, as the property of such a dear lover of the sport, and joint master of the pack, of course well preserved. Here are the remains of the old castle in which a parliament was held in the reign of Edward the First, and in which the sovereign himself was entertained.

Sir Richard Puleston hunts part of Shropshire from his own kennel at Emral. The Duke of Bridgewater's covers are some of his chief preserves for foxes, and Petton, Boreatton-park, Oatley-park near Ellesmere, are among his best fixtures in the county. His country is chiefly divided between Flintshire (in which he resides), Denbighshire, and Cheshire, which counties all mingle together in the space of a few miles. Some part of his Flintshire (Iscoed-hall*, for example) and Cheshire country is quite above par, but much interrupted by the river Dee—not fordable any where in the winter—which runs through the best part of it. Sir Richard has kept fox-hounds upwards of thirty years, but has taken the field this season with as much spirit as ever. He has no subscription to his hounds.

Mr. Mytton hunted different parts of Shropshire for two or three seasons, having at one time the Shiffnall country, which he hunted alternately with his own. His kennel then was at Ivetsy-bank, on the old Chester road; and strange to say, Mr. Mytton used frequently to ride from Halston

to covers, even beyond Ivetsy-bank, to meet his hounds and return home to dinner,—making upwards of eighty miles on the road, and he has been known to do this on two successive days. We certainly envy the strong physical powers that enable any man to perform such Herculean feats as these, but we consider them very prejudicial in their effects, and an unnecessary waste of horse-flesh. The best runs Mr. Mytton's hounds had, were from the covers in his own neighbourhood, with wild, travelling foxes that came down from the Welch hills. Sir Bellingham once found one of those bits of Welch vermin at Bobbin's-wood, which led his hounds nearly to the romantic town of Llangollen, on the Holyhead road, where they killed him. With another, which the Halston covers produced, he had, perhaps, as severe a day for hounds and horses as was ever experienced in Shropshire, the chase continuing for two hours and forty-five minutes, at the end of which he was killed. Those who know the country can judge of the severity of this run, when we state that after going with extraordinary swiftness nearly to the town of Ellesmere, the fox put his head right about, and crossed the deep and extensive vale to Lord Dunggannon's woods near Chirk. Here he was again headed when he boldly faced the Welch mountains, and died near Llansillen in Denbighshire. Three horses died also.

Some part of Shropshire is also hunted by Mr. Wickstead's hounds,

* In 1826, Sir Richard's hounds had an extraordinary run from Fen's-moss, near this place. After traversing a vast extent of country, with the hounds close at his brush, he sought refuge in the good town of Malpas; first in the house of the doctor, then in the kitchen of a cottager; but finding his pursuers were at hand he bolted into the churchyard, where the friendly tomb of some Cheshire sportsman is said to have opened to receive him, for he vanished like a spectre of the night!

and a small part of it, on the Oswestry side, was hunted by the Welch pack, a few years back, kept by a gentleman named Jones, of Maesmawr, near Welch-pool, the sale of whose horses, when the pack were given up, excited so much interest. Every thing connected with this establishment was conducted on the old system,—*the real hunting to death of the fox*; and in proof of their prowess, we are proud to acknowledge the well known fact of their having killed fifty-four out of sixty-three foxes, the last season of their hunting.

The Shropshire gentlemen meet twice in the season at Shrewsbury, for a week each time. These weeks are called the Old and the New Shrewsbury Hunt-weeks,—the former in November and the latter in January. The gentlemen dine together in the great room at the Lion Inn, and each hunt gives a splendid ball and supper to the ladies. Perhaps no other county in England, but Salop, can boast of such gay doings as these. But the “proud Salopians” are very sociable people, and generally do these things in good style.

Shropshire was never hunted in a form equal to that in which Sir Bellingham Graham hunted it, in consequence of the magnificence of his establishment. The celebrity of the man, also, gave much éclat to his proceedings, and in spite of one disastrous season for *scout*—very generally acknowledged as such—his hounds afforded excellent sport. He likewise found many congenial spirits among the natives, and has often been heard to say, he quitted the country with regret. There are several excellent riders in Shropshire; but there is one—Mr. Leycester of Rounton-

Castle, near Shrewsbury—of whom Sir Bellingham pronounced the following flattering opinion—namely, that he never saw a better, *any where*.

As we have before stated, the Shropshire country, since the retirement of Sir Bellingham, has been in the hands of three gentlemen who have long been known as sportsmen, viz. Sir Edward Smythe, as having once hunted the country himself; Mr. Smythe Owen, as having hunted several years in Warwickshire; and Mr. Lloyd of Aston, one of the best of the provincials, and not unknown in Leicestershire.

We now take our leave of Shropshire, undoubtedly one of the chief of our sporting counties, being celebrated for the sporting character of its aristocracy, and still more so of its yeomanry. In fact it presents a true picture of the genuine English character, as exhibited in the state of the various classes of society; and its proximity and relation to North Wales, contribute to heighten the colouring. The gentry are not, perhaps, wholly free from that species of pride which common consent has allowed to them, but it consists more in dignity than haughtiness, and is consequently more a failing than a vice. Indeed it may admit of a question, whether, in these levelling times, it tends not to encourage, rather than to impede, the exercise of those social virtues which ameliorate the condition of the people? One thing, however, is certain:—The middling classes in Shropshire are well informed and enlightened; celebrated for their good fellowship and hospitality; and their example has not been lost upon the labouring classes who are dependant upon them.

Noctes Nimrodianæ;

OR,

SPORTING CONVERSATIONS WITH NIMROD.—No. III.

Dining Room in the Chateau d'Ami—Nimrod with a book in one hand and a glass in the other.—Time, 7, P. M.

EDITOR.

WHAT have you got there, Mr. Nimrod? The Old Sporter, eh?

NIMROD.

Yes it is, indeed—the November number of it. I have been amusing myself by comparing their criticism of “Wild Sports of the West” with the review of it in your number.

EDITOR.

And what do you think of the two?

NIMROD.

Why, that they are as different as chalk and cheese; but I am puzzled to make out how an editor of a sporting periodical could so far forget himself as to state that the subjects in sporting works “are commonplace and unvaried, their details dry, with little to excite the imagination of the writer, and less to fix the attention of the public.” It used to be a common saying that “no one cried stinking fish;” but the editor of the Old Magazine seems to adopt a contrary rule.

EDITOR.

He is a funny fellow, that old Coachman, to be sure; but you don't suppose *he* wrote the review? Not a bit of it. I'll bet five pounds the author of “Wild Sports” wrote it himself. A man only performs half his task, now-a-days, who writes a book; to complete it, he must review it too. Lend me the copy, and let us review the review. P. 34—November number of Old Sporting Magazine:—“Stodious and sporting habits seldom belong to the same individual; and it has been observed that those who have written upon field-sports were unknown in the world of letters. Their descriptive talents have been of the humblest order; and with the exception of the authors of *Salmonia and Stories of Waterloo*, for many years no persons of literary reputation have employed their pens in elucidating British sports”!!! Bravo! That's a clencher, at all events.

NIMROD.

Then Beckford, Cook, Daniel, Hawker, Lloyd, Lord Harley, Nim North, and all the host of periodical writers, are mere nobodies?

EDITOR.

I suppose what he means to say is, that none of them have figured in the field of general literature, like Sir Humphrey Davy and the author of *Stories of Waterloo*. But, confound his impudence, what does he
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mean by stating the talents of sporting writers to be of the humblest order? I'll back old Jorrocks, fool as he is, to produce as good a *sporting* paper as the author of "Wild Sports and Stories of Waterloo." We must take the conceit out of this gentleman. Hear the self-praising critic:—"As a book, the Wild Sports is novel and unique. The out-breakings of an enthusiastic sportsman are apparent in every page." This is what the publisher sticks to his advertisements, with the dazzling authority of the "Sporting Magazine." And here is another *morçeau* in the next page:—"To say that the author understood his subject well is unnecessary: none but a thorough-bred sportsman could write the book, and very few sportsmen write such a book." Now I say that he is no sportsman, except so far as a little water-whipping or shooting goes, and I should like him to contradict this by giving us some account of "hounds, horses, and men." The fact is, that booksellers know nothing themselves about sporting, though they may about puffing, and the publisher has blown a rare trade-breeze into the sails of "Wild Sports of the West." But it is a mistake altogether—the very name is a misnomer; and as a critic said of the same author's "Stories of Waterloo," any other name would have done equally well, for there was less about Waterloo in them than anything else. The public, however, is not to be caught with newspaper or magazine paragraphs now-a-days; at all events, not by the praise of a thing that has so completely established its own incompetence as the Old S. M.

NIMROD.

I always wish to see gentlemen who hold the sporting literature of this country cheap, try their hands upon an article themselves. There are far more people who think they can write than who really can. I was thinking the other day that it would be a good thing to ask Colonel Hawker to write you something; he is a practical man, and an authority to boot.

EDITOR.

I did apply to him a short time ago, and received a very polite answer, stating that his time at present is fully occupied with another edition of his own excellent work on shooting, but holding out hopes for a future day. But the field of sporting writers, as you know, is very limited.

NIMROD.

It is, indeed; but you seem to have the choice of the market. "Sylvanus Swanquill" is a capital fellow, and a great acquisition. There is a gentleman in Calais who has copied all his "Months," from January to December. There were two very elegant writers lost to the world about the same time—Lord Harley and Nim North. His lordship, you know, was the "Old Forester," and wrote those admirable reminiscences of a "Christ Church Man," and several others equally good. Nim North, too, was a very neat writer.

EDITOR.

Aye, and *rider*, too. He was one of the best men that ever appeared in Northumberland.

NIMROD.

What, you knew him, did you?

EDITOR.

Oh, yes, for many years. The last time I saw him was at Geneva, in the summer of 1825. He was in Switzerland on a fishing and shooting excursion, and I was there on a touring one. I remember strolling along the banks of "the blue Leman" with him on a fine summer's evening, when the setting sun was just tinging the snowy summits of the Alps with that soft pink hue that marks the close of day, and scarce a breeze disturbed the still surface of the lake; there, as we passed "with careless steps and slow," we chatted over distant scenes and friends, until at length the Old Sporting Magazine was brought upon the tapis, and the cause of his retirement canvassed, though I little thought then that I should ever be connected with it.

NIMROD.

And what was the cause of his leaving it?

EDITOR.

Why simply this—that being a man of retiring habits, and the secret of his being the author of Nim North's letters having transpired, he did not fancy himself so much at home in the hunting-field as before, and of course no man who is independent in fortune will do what is disagreeable to himself. He has since taken leave of the hunting-field altogether.

NIMROD.

He hunted in Northumberland, I think.

EDITOR.

Yes, and in Durham. He used to go to Sedgefield, also, I believe.

NIMROD.

Did you ever see the Northumberland hounds?

EDITOR.

Yes, both in the field and kennel. I remember them ten or twelve years' ago, but they are much improved since then, and make as good an appearance now as most of their brethren. They have got some of the best blood in England in that kennel now; among the rest that of your friend John Warde's; also, some of Mr. Ralph Lambton's, Lord Middleton's, Duke of Rutland's, and Mr. Foljambe's. The huntsman, they say, is a turn "too slow," but that is the common complaint against half the huntsmen in England. But, talking of hounds, can you recollect the fastest thing you ever saw with any pack?

NIMROD.

Yes, you will find it in one of my letters, written soon after I commenced writing in the Old Magazine. It was a burst of twenty-two minutes with the Duke of Rutland's hounds, when the renowned Mr. Shaw, his Grace's huntsman at that time, and one of the sharpest fellows in the world over a country, declared publicly to the field that he was beat two miles in twenty-two minutes! (I think I see him before me

now, with his watch in his hand, and hear the *emphatic* words fall from his lips.) Quere.—Could that be a treat? Yes, to the late Jack Storey, on old Cockspinner, the race-horse, who was the only man that lay well with the hounds. We may safely affirm that for one man who rejoiced in that triumph of speed, there were ninety-and-nine who wished the hounds had not gone so fast.

EDITOR.

But you are getting old, Nimrod, and slow.

NIMROD.

Were I five-and-twenty, and my horse had the wings of the morning, I should not like to see hounds go so fast as they now do, because I am convinced it is a great draw-back from the real pleasure of hunting. On the day I have alluded to, I rode a plate-horse, and there was not a fence in the run that required turning a yard right or left to avoid; but I saw none of the *execution*, if I may be allowed the expression, which the pack must have displayed in this memorable burst. Even Lindow on Petruccio, could not see it; no, nor Bruin on the General, nor Davy on his old white horse—nor Forester on Bernado—nor Lockley on Confidence—nor Charles Manners on a thorough-bred one!! Now, if the pace had not been *quite* so quick we should most of us have seen it and enjoyed it; and the fox, instead of going to ground in a stone quarry, with one hound catching at his brush, as Jack Storey told us was the finish, might have given us a delightful hour, by making for some distant earths.

EDITOR.

But if I recollect the day to which you allude, there was some obstacle at starting?

NIMROD.

It is true, the hounds slipped away very quickly, and there was a very awkward double fence out of the cover that bothered the horses in getting over; and Jack Storey was lucky in getting first through a bridle-gate. When he was through, what a splitter he went! catching him was quite out of the question, and old Cockspinner with his big and scarified legs, could go the pace well. Poor fellow, his bones have long been "bleaching in the northern blast," and his rider is also gone to ground.

EDITOR.

Is it possible that hounds can so beat horses, as to pace?

NIMROD.

If you doubt it, look to Blue-cap, Wanton, Richmond, and Merkin, over Newmarket heath. Plate horses could not live with them. Hounds have a still greater advantage over horses in crossing Leicestershire, than they would have over a race course, and for this reason: there is nothing on the race course to stop either, provided the scent serves the hound. Over Leicestershire, the hound runs under the fences, six times in eight, whereas the horse that follows him has to leap them. I once found a horse of my own, a winner of several hunter stakes, put quite to the extent of his speed, to lie alongside Lord Middleton's

hounds, over an open field in Warwickshire. I need scarcely add, that this occurred on a day on which the atmosphere was peculiarly favourable to scent.

EDITOR.

Then by your own showing, the speed of the fox-hound was very great, many years back.

NIMROD.

No doubt there were individual instances of it, and the hounds I allude to we may conclude were pattern cards; but speaking of hounds generally, and *in a body*, their speed has been greatly increased within the last twenty-five years. The whole system has undergone a change, the result of modern experience.

EDITOR.

Now then, without dealing in superlatives, tell me what hounds you would fix upon as the pattern to breed from, for the purpose of hunting the fox.

NIMROD.

Why it might be considered presumptuous in me, to answer that question; but I should like to trace my parent stock to some of our old fox-hound kennels, renowned for stoutness and nose. Amongst the foremost of these are the Monson's, the Vernon's, John Warde's, Lord Yarborough's, Mr. Ralph Lambton's, and one or two other old sorts that have been distinguished for hunting a low scent, and combining stoutness with speed sufficient for all purposes of hunting; but I would make no sacrifices to high form or speed. Some of the best hounds I have seen—hounds that have pre-eminently distinguished themselves upon a pinch,—Meynell's Gusman, Musters's Pilot, Chute's Woodman, Villebois's Trouncer, were ~~coarse~~ in their appearance; but handsome is that handsome does, should be the motto for horses and hounds, in their work. I remember a hound in Sir Bellingham Graham's kennel, and another in Nicoll's, which their owners said they did not like to look at, yet they were so useful they could not find in their hearts to draft them.

EDITOR.

I don't wonder at that; such hounds must be a treasure.

NIMROD.

Indeed they are. Fancy yourself a huntsman, with your pack at fault,—your ground stained by sheep, your fox turned short, or having taken a dry path-way. You have a hundred and fifty fellows at your back, panting to go on,—some crying out, *how unlucky!* others, *what a bore!* the steam from the horses every moment making things worse. "It's down the road!" not a hound can own it; "try over the stain!" it's not there; "try back! that man at plough has headed him," it won't do; "that green headland! you are sure of it there, if that's his line," not a whimper; "then try the road again, that *must* be his point; *old Vulcan has it!*" you recover your fox, and after a good fifty minutes, you kill him. Quere—*what is Vulcan worth?* he is an ugly brute to

be sure, with his chitterlings throat, and his elbows out; but why did not Venus make the hit? Venus could not do it; *she had not his nose.*

EDITOR.

Have you witnessed many such instances?

NIMROD.

Scores, I had nearly said hundreds, to the delight of my heart; although, as I never hunted hounds, I've tasted but half the pleasure. Only once, however, did I see what I am now going to relate; we had run our fox smartly to a point, with Villebois's hounds, but we came all at once to a check; Foster made his cast with his usual good judgment, but not a word was said. At last a hound called Trouncer brought the scent through the rest of the pack and the horses, heelways, as it were, and turning to him in an instant, away we went and killed our fox handsomely. I also remember another instance of superiority of nose, with a distinguished bitch of this kennel; we had lost our fox, having run him hard, in short he was quite beat, and was obliged to have recourse to his tricks. Foster tried every chance to recover him, but no luck; "you must leave him," said his master Foster appeared not to hear him, but probably turned a deaf ear; "come come," said Mr. V. "it's no use, we are losing time;" "Countess won't believe but he is here, sir," answered his huntsman. "Yoi, do it old bitch," said Foster; "have at him there, old lady, through the gateway,—he's here, by Jove;" when up he jumped in view, about a hundred yards down the ditch, and we killed him in five minutes. I well remember Mr. Warde's Sovereign, being the only one that could own a scent, even in his low-scenting pack.

EDITOR.

Do you remember how those hounds were bred?

NIMROD.

Not exactly. I think Mr. Villebois had two Countesses in his kennel, at the time I speak of, one, I recollect, was bred by Lord Harewood, out of his own Daphne; Warde's Sovereign was by his Sentinel, which he reckoned his best blood; but I don't exactly remember it, and I am sure no one in France can tell me. If I wanted the pedigree of a fiddler, I might stand some chance of getting it.

EDITOR.

But would you breed from Vulcan, with his chitterlings throat, his elbows out, and his yellow-pied sides?

NIMROD.

To be sure I would; I would have his blood without his form. I would pick the Venus of my kennel, provided she was a true line hunting bitch; if her produce was not quite to my eye, I would cross them again, with the best and the handsomest hound in my pack, but I would not lose sight of Vulcan's good nose. But was not this always the case? had not King James the First, his "*most principal and special* hound *Jewel*," which his queen killed by accident, and which

grieved her so much, that he sent her, the next day, a diamond worth two thousand pounds, *as a legacy from his dead dog?*

EDITOR.

What an act of chivalric gallantry in a cold-hearted man, as James is said to have been! I believe you found that anecdote in D'Israeli's "Curiosities of Literature," a most amusing work, indeed. But to return to our subject: you think then there is great superiority apparent in some hounds over others.

NIMROD.

So much so, that I am persuaded a fourth part of the hounds which go into the field in England, are not worth five shillings a piece, when any real difficulty occurs. Indeed I'll go farther than this,—in chase, the guiding of the pack depends chiefly on a chosen few; the body of the hounds, as the term is, chime in, it is true; but if left to themselves their music would soon be at an end.

EDITOR.

Does not Osbaldeston swear by the old Monson blood?

NIMROD.

He does. His famous stallion-hound, Vaultier, was a Monson; also Clinker, both of whom he has been heard to say were *perfect*, and never told a lie in their lives. The Pytchley Abelard blood is also in great repute.

EDITOR.

Are you speaking of hounds in cover or out?

NIMROD.

Out of cover. The worst pack of hounds in England will kill the best fox in England if he hang in cover, but it is in the open where the guiding of the pack is called for. I think it is John Hawkes, in his Meynellian System, that speaks of *wise hounds*, and rely on it he does not misapply the term. It is not because a hound can distinguish himself in hard running, with a breast-high scent, that his merits are to be prized, but he must combine patience, and something like judgment, to make him perfect. He must be a true hunter as well as a hard runner. He must turn short—throw up so soon as the scent fails him, and be very cautious with his tongue. He should have his eyes and ears open, and come very quick to horn or holloa, and still more so to cry; and above all, he should never quit the line in chase, or hang upon a scent, when the rest of the pack are forward. As to his being steady to his game, I take that for granted, because he is unworthy the name of fox-hound, if he be not.

EDITOR.

What do you deem perfection in a pack of fox-hounds?

NIMROD.

Decidedly *carrying a good head in chase*, because this combines all the qualities I have mentioned. Towards the conclusion of a good

run, it is the very essence of perfection, and to masters of hounds, a scene of unspeakable delight.

EDITOR.

Can you give me any particular instances of the last mentioned qualification?

NIMROD.

A score at least; but one or two immediately present themselves, for they made a lasting impression upon me. One was in a run of an hour, with Osbaldeston's hounds, from Owethorpe, near Welford, to Gumley; and the other with Mr. Ralph Lambton's, at the end of the second hour, with a second fox. In the first, I was riding alongside Frank Forester, ever perhaps the finest country in the world, and although we were not exactly in the first flight—for the pace was severe—we could command a view of the pack. Moreover the country we went over greatly favoured our view, as it was of an uneven nature, and the enclosures very large—I have them in my mind's eye—about a quarter of a mile to the right of us, on the side of a sloping hill; “look at them,” said I to Forester, “see how a sheet would cover them! see how beautifully those six or eight men are riding to them! how straight they go, when the hounds go straight, and how they turn their horses, as the hounds turn to their fox!” With Mr. Lambton's hounds, the impression was equally deep; I could command them for the last two miles, of the last of those brilliant runs we had from Long Newton, and I wish I could use the pencil, that I might give you a faithful sketch. There was their worthy master, on Beanstalk, himself in raptures with the sight; his hounds had been running for two hours, and not ten minutes of the time at check. Their second fox, for you will recollect we changed at the end of the first hour,—was dying before them, and almost every horse had deserted them; *but nothing could subdue their mettle*; nor, as the soldier would say, could any thing break their ranks; they streamed over the country in a body, forming a Lilliputian phalanx. Victory and blood was in their cry; and their fox died gallantly and game.

EDITOR.

Capital! capital! but don't shout so loud, or you will disturb the people at Calais, for the wind sets in for that quarter. But Mr. Ralph Lambton's are a gallant pack of hounds, though their fame is not often trumpeted to the world, in consequence, I suppose, of the great distance of his country from London, and the want of a local reporter. The fact is, in those distant countries the writer of a letter is soon discovered, and we know that it is a difficult thing to produce a paper that shall please every one.

NIMROD.

Could not you manage to give a character of Durham, as a hunting country, like Leicestershire, and the others you have done?

EDITOR.

I don't know but I could, and I think I'll try my hand at it, and who knows but we may have it in our next number. And now fill a bumper, “if you ne'er fill a bumper again,” and we will drink health and long life to Mr. Ralph Lambton!

General Monthly Miscellany.**THE CHASE.**

SINCE our last the weather has been unusually open for the season, and with the exception of a sharp frost on the 19th and 20th, and again after Christmas-day, we have as yet had no indications of winter. The cold fogs in the southern counties have not, however, been propitious to scent, but we hear no complaints on this score from our friends in the north.

DURHAM.

THE first Sedgefield meeting of the season closed on the 17th ult. after affording a more than usual quantum of sport. Both in his stable, his kennel, and his own constitution, Mr. Lambton is uncommonly strong. His men, as well as himself, are excellently mounted. His kennel contains about seventy couple of as fine hounds as England can produce; he rides up to them in a manner truly surprising, considering the disadvantage he still labours under from former accidents in the field. He had two falls during the last week of the Sedgefield Meeting; in the first, his horse fell with him, and shook him a little, but he soon recovered; the second was caused by loosing his stirrup at a leap, and, we are happy to add, was not attended with any ill effects. Though the members of the Sedgefield Club never mustered very strong in the course of the meeting—many of them having been engaged in soliciting the “sweet voices” of the people at the different places for which they or their friends were candidates,—still there have been some very large fields with the hounds in the mornings, and some very pleasant convivial parties in the evenings, at the Club and the different gentlemen’s houses in the town and neighbourhood. Perhaps a stronger proof of the estimation in which this celebrated pack of hounds is held, cannot be adduced, than the fact that several of the officers quartered at New-

castle, and gentlemen residing in the neighbourhood of that town, were in the habit of leaving home in the morning and riding to cover and back (a distance of at least fifty miles) for the purpose of hunting with them, and this too, several times in the course of a week. The country was never known to be better stocked with foxes than this season, and one favourite cover (Elwick) was only disturbed once in the course of the meeting, when, we need not add, it honoured the call at sight, and sent a gallant fox away, who saved his life in the labyrinths of Castle-eden Dean. On the 10th inst. they had a regular Leicestershire burst of twenty minutes, without a check, and a burning scent, from Greenside-whin to beyond Thornley, killing in the open, in the course of which run, many gentlemen saluted their mother earth.

The servants remain the same as before; John Winter huntsman, Robert Hunnam (commonly called Robert Fenwick) first whip, and Tom second, and Fenwick Hunnam (the first whip’s father) feeder, and capital fellows they all are.

Mr. Ferneley, the celebrated animal painter of Melton Mowbray, has been at Sedgefield, partly for the purpose of giving the finishing touch to his picture of Mr. Ralph Lambton and his hounds, and partly to paint a “skurry” for that good friend to fox-hunting Mr. Bell, of Thirsk; a very excellent and animated picture it promises to be. The horses introduced, with the exception of the one Mr. Ralph Lambton is riding, are the property of Mr. Bell, as are also two couple of the hounds, though they were drafts from Mr. L.’s kennel; at one end of the picture, the fox is seen going away, and the first prominent figure in the scene, is Major Healey on a chestnut horse, in the Raby-hunt coat, going full split; then comes Mr. Williamson, who is just

going to mount; then Mr. Bell, Mr. Lambton, and a gentleman in black, all portraits and very like; indeed we should class this picture among the very first of Mr. Ferneley's performances. Besides these, he has taken an admirable likeness of John Winter, on Mr. Lambton's Richard horse; also one of Mr. John Dawson Lambton; so that on the whole, the arts as well as fox-hunting, may be said to be flourishing in the North.

All good sportsmen will regret to hear of the abating vigour of the Marquess of Cleveland, who since giving up the Bedale country, has confined himself to hunting two days a week, or rather confined his hounds to hunting that number of days; for he has had a severe attack of his old enemy the gout, the greater part of the season. Mr. Milbanke has been getting on brilliantly in the Bedale country, and has got together a very fair pack of hounds, twenty couple of which came from Mr. Hay, of Dunse-castle; Mr. Hanbury's old huntsman, George Barwick, is giving great satisfaction in the country.

Lord Middleton, we understand, has had very good sport in Sir Tattan Sykes's late country.

MELTON MOWBRAY.

November 24.—Sir Harry found a fox at Mundy's-gorse; went from thence to Shoby-schols, then in a direct line for Caunts Thorns, and then nearly to Kettleby-village, where a short check ensued. Pug now made for Wartnaby-stone-pits, but not liking to face the Vale of Belvoir, turned short to the right for Halwell-mouth, where he was killed, after a fast burst of forty-two minutes.

November 27.—Lord Lonsdale, at Brook-hall; found a fox at Pryor's copy, which made in a direct line for Thorpe Tatenville, where he was killed in good style, after a smart run of forty minutes. Lord Forester had also a splendid thing to-day, from Newton-wood, killing his fox in one hour and twenty minutes, in the open, near Asbournby-village.

It would be impossible for me to

convey to you any idea of the sport we have had for the last three weeks; it has been most brilliant, indeed it would require a volume to give you the whole in detail; I cannot say which of the three packs have shown the most sport, but thus much I know, that in case the weather continues open, the horses will soon show symptoms of distress. We have little or no alteration in the number of our visitors at present, neither do we expect any till the elections are over.

Melton, Dec. 17, 1832.

THE OAKLEY HOUNDS.

MR. EDITOR.

IN your last Number I promised to give you a further account of Mr. Berkeley's hounds, and although I cannot boast of very splendid sport, yet, considering it has been with us the worst scenting month ever remembered, we ought not to complain.—I think I left off at Wollaston-gorse in your last Number; after I went home in the wet, they did no good and had a middling day.

Monday, 11th, at kennel; found in Odell-wood, a fair scent in cover but bad out; ran about an hour in a thick fog, part of it at a fair pace, but lost him. It is rather amusing to see men scuffling for places in a thick fog.

Thursday, 12th, Clifton-spiny, found in a wood adjoining, but the fog as bad as ever, there was a large field out notwithstanding. Ran up to Clifton-hall, and back again as hard as they could split, then a cold hunting in a wide ring, round by Turvey, Turvey-gorse, Grub's-wood, Thickthorn as if for the Havington-woods; here we came to a long check, but a wide and well judged cast back for Clifton-spiny (about two miles) gave us the line of the fox into a cover; hunted coldly up to him near the road that runs at the head of the spiny (by-the-by, I should say that the said cover called a spiny, is an immense wood, and very difficult to get a start from), the whole pack here opened with a fine crash, he broke over the road, but was headed short back, through the cover.

and away in view, Scarborough close to his brush (this hound was bred up by Mr. George Battams, of Carleton, who received that year the silver cup, annually given for the most promising hound when brought in from their walks); from thence to Clifton-hall, and to ground in a drain, the fox going in as Scarborough fell over the moulds in the drain. The terrier bolted him immediately, and they killed him in the gardens at Clifton-hall, after two hours and a half of hard work.

Thursday, Cranfield-windmill; — found several foxes in Marston Thrift, got one away at last for Hulcote and Moulsee, and after a fine run, though in rings, for two hours, killed in Hulcote spiny. A large field out, and among them that veteran sportsman, Mr. Hugh Hoare, who seemed to enjoy himself as much as the young ones.

Monday 19th, at Colworth; the worthy master not out; killed our first fox in an hour and a quarter, and a good run with a second, but lost him.

Wednesday, at Chickeley-hall; running a long time in cover; but finished with a most beautiful burst of fourteen minutes, and ran into him in the open before he could reach Clifton-spiny, old Roman catching him by the brush as he was topping a hedge.

Saturday, Shelton-gorse; or, as it is now called, Shelton-thistles; some one happened to cough before the hounds arrived, and away reynard went: thus perhaps a good run was lost in consequence of the shameful treatment the gorse has received from the hands of individuals who like to be thought sportsmen.— Found in Melchbourne-wood, but no scent. Trotted down to that well-known sportsman's cover, Mr. John Fletcher's, Rushden-moore, found and had a cold hunting run of above an hour and stopped the hounds at dark.

Monday, Reynold; found in a small spiny belonging to Captain Polhill: he was headed continually and killed in fifteen minutes. Found a second fox in Roxton, and had a splendid run of fifty minutes, without a check, and killed him at Hail Weston. Mr. Samuel Rogers, of Carleton, went well on a bay horse, which he afterwards

sold to Mr. Bailey, who I am sure will not disgrace himself on him.

Tuesday, Bromham-bridge; found in a cover near Grub's-wood, and had a good hunting thing to Harrold, where he crossed the river, all scent died away in an instant, and we could do no more good with him.

Thursday, Halcote-house; found a fox, but made nothing out with him. Up to this day this *varmint* pack have killed nineteen brace of foxes, and ran two brace to ground.

From the 1st of December to the 7th, there was little or no scent, and we had nothing very brilliant.

Saturday 8th, Ravensden-grange; could not find on that side the water. came over to Pavenham-spiny, found a brace of foxes, and in making a cast a third jumped up, away they went from Felmersham, Hardwick, to Clifton-spiny, about nine miles (the way they ran), in thirty-two minutes, round Clifton, by Newton, Turvey, and Grub's-wood, and over the large grass grounds at Hardmead, and back upon Turvey, where they killed him in the open, in an hour and forty minutes without a check; all the horses were completely done up, and this served to prove, were such proof wanting, the sound and beautiful condition of this pack, for it was a third fox found at twenty minutes past two o'clock, and killed so gallantly at four. The Rev. W. Dickens (known more commonly among sportsmen as Bill Dickens), had about the best of it on a large bay horse.

Monday, Kimbolton-castle: plenty of foxes but no scent. Trotted down to Shelton-thistles and found a fox, as nobody coughed to disturb him; hunted him with a bad scent through Stanwick-pastures (a cover of Earl Fitzwilliam's) and lost him.

Tuesday, Pict's-hill-gorse; a pretty twenty-five minutes from Grub's-wood to Turvey, where we changed foxes, had no scent, and did no more good.

Thursday 13, at Cranfield-windmill; found in Marston-thrift; the hounds had drawn over their fox, and were in the lower end of the cover, and I never saw hounds come so quick to the halloa in my life; the halloa was dis-

tant and over the hill, and soon several hounds came into the cover, and stood with their heads going from side to side, listening in evident doubt as to its correctness and its situation. The moment it was confirmed by the "hark, halloo" of their master, away they flew, and a most brilliant thing followed. Not the least brilliant was an admirable cast made by the master; he set off at a hand-gallop down wind for three miles, and succeeded in getting up to his fox in Wooton-wood, where he broke into view over Cranfield open field, and after a brush of forty minutes they came unto him.

I am, your's &c.

A NORTHAMPTONSHIRE FARMER.

THE BELVOIR HOUNDS.

MR. EDITOR,

If you think your readers may like to know how things are going on in this country the following account is at your service. In the first place I must tell you that Lord Forester's hounds never were in finer condition. They hunt steadily; and if they have a fault it is that they are too fast. They had a capital day from Newton-wood the last week in November—the day they met at Newton toll-bar. They found in the middle wood, and after rattling about in cover for about ten minutes, got away with their fox at a good pace, leaving Hanby to the right, through Haydor Southings to Culverthorpe, where they turned to the right, up to Aunsby-village. Leaving the village on the left, pug scampered away down to the brook by Scot Willoughby, where he showed strong symptoms of sinking; he then turned to the left to Osbournby town, where he was run into after a chase of an hour and seven minutes.

There was a capital field on the following Tuesday at Ancaster, and a brilliant party of ladies enlivened the scene. The hounds first drew Wilsford Carrs: the find was beautiful, and away we went at a flying pace, Mr. Willerton and Lord Forester leading. Fifteen minutes brought us to Patman-wood, where the fox and hounds were altogether in the same field. Here

the multiplicity of foxes (so well are they preserved by that staunch sportsman, Mr. Handby, of Culverthorpe) saved his life. No less than five were seen to go away at once; the hounds unfortunately selected the worst, and he ran round and round the house until every one was tired. On Wednesday the same pack had a capital run from Stonesby-spiny. Part of the country over Garthorp was exceedingly deep, and all the horses were much distressed.

On Friday, the 7th, we met at the beautiful village of Hough—Lady Thorold, and a party of ladies being out. We found at Shield's-gorse—an excellent cover below the hill; but, unfortunately, the fox was headed back at his first attempt to fly. At last he went away very prettily, and was killed, after a short ring, in Reeve's-gorse. Our next fox was found in one of Col. Reeve's plantations, but showed no sport. On Tuesday, the 10th, we met at Cranwell, and found a capital fox, who went away at the best pace over the heath for forty minutes; then over the strong country below Sleaford, leaving off near the town, after a very severe day, in which many of the horses suffered considerably. On Friday we met at Weaver's-lodge. We found in Dembleby-gorse, away through Haydor Southings, where we turned to the left across the turnpike-road, by Pickworth town to Newton-gorse, and on nearly to Silk Willoughby. Here reynard being dead beat turned to the right for Aswerby-thorns, and was killed in the open, after a run of an hour and five minutes. On Tuesday, the 18th, we had another excellent run from Falkingham-gorse, through Trekingham—all fine grass country—by Swaton, to below Heppringham-hall. After an hour's good running, pug crossed an immense drain, followed only by Mr. Willerton and the Whips. Goosey (the huntsman) joined soon afterwards, and they ran neatly to Boston, and at last whipped off near Wigtoft. The hounds did not get back to Belvoir till near twelve o'clock at night.

These are a few of our best runs; but I fear you must be growing tired. Our leading riders are Lord Forester,

who is always with his hounds; Mr. Housin, Mr. Willerton, Mr. Turner, Sir M. Cholmeley, and Lord Manners.
Yours, &c.

OXFORDSHIRE.

OUR friend Esau writes us word that his journal of the last month was stolen from his pocket, "at the chairing of the Berkshire members." These elections have played the deuce with sport for the last month, but we hope now to be annoyed no more by them. The hunting at Bicester, writes our correspondent, has been "most brilliant" — "a fortnight's better sport than that immediately preceding Christmas has not been witnessed in any part of England. The Duke of Beaufort has not been less fortunate than ourselves. We have had some rare runs indeed."

ROYAL FOX-HUNTERS.

DEAR EDITOR,
You will already have heard by the papers, that we have had a royal hunt in this quarter, and a very pretty thing it was, I assure you; the weather fine though rather cold, and the field a large and well-mounted one. We met (the East Sussex hounds) at Southease, a few miles from Brighton, on the Rottingdean road. Our "beloved queen," as they say in the newspapers, arrived in good time, in a carriage and four, accompanied by the Princess Augusta; the Marchioness Cornwallis, Lady Cornwallis, Lady Mary Fox, Lady Kennedy Erskine, Mdle. d'Este, Sir A. Barnard, and Messrs. Hudson and Davis, followed in two other carriages. The Earl of Errol and Lord Frederick Fitzclarence were present (well-mounted, of course), and Prince George of Cumberland, soon after joined them on his pony.

We found our fox in very good style, and went away at a slapping pace; we ran him nearly three quarters of an hour, at the end of which time, very luckily for her Majesty, if she really wished to see sport, reynard passed close to the royal carriage. Soon after this, we ran into him; and of course, like a set of gallant fellows, presented the brush to her Majesty.

I had the good luck to obtain a pad of this *For Royal*, which you shall have squeezeen into a bowl of punch; the next time you honour us with your august presence.

Ever yours,

AN OLD RED COAT.

Brighton, Dec. 17, 1832.

FOX-HUNTING, shooting, horse-racing, swimming, rowing, driving, cricket, skating, are exercises which keep almost all ages in perpetual motion. Like the Greeks, the English think gymnastics unbecoming to no age whatever, and to no profession. In hunting, at cricket, and at skating, I have found myself in company with boys, with clergymen, and men advanced in years, all mixed together: in all these exercises, the object is not to beautify, but to fortify; to *steel*, as they call it, the body. There are few Tartars, who would be able to support the fatigue which is sometimes borne with cheerfulness by the young Englishmen, in a hard day's fox-hunting.

On the first day of the present year (1828) there was a hunt near York, in which the horsemen, in following a very strong and wary fox, rode fifty-two miles in six hours and a half, without a check, except for about ten minutes.

Count Pecchio's "*Exile in England.*"

THE gentlemen of Hertfordshire have presented to Sampson Hanbury, Esq. a handsome Gold Cup. It is thus inscribed:—"Presented by the Subscribers and Friends of the Puckeridge Hunt to

SAMPSON HANBURY, Esq.

in token of their respect and esteem, and of their sense of the urbanity and liberality with which he has conducted that Establishment for Thirty Years."

The Cup is beautifully embellished with the following appropriate designs:—On the one side, in bas-relief, is a group of hounds; on the other, a vixen fox and cubs; the cover is surmounted by a fox running, and the whole tastefully enriched with the leaves of the oak and vine.

This piece of Plate reflects honour on all parties. It is honourable to that veteran and true sportsman, Mr. Hanbury, to receive so handsome a testimony of attachment from his friends; and it is honourable to those members of his hunt who have presented this

memorial of their esteem that they entertain a due notion of his deserts; and, lastly, great praise is due to Messrs. Rundell and Bridge for the taste and skill displayed in the design and execution of the Cup.

THE TURF.

LIST OF THE TWO-YEAR OLD WINNERS, 1832.

(Concluded from our last.)

MANTILLA, b. f. by Sultan, out of Dulcinea, by Cervantes, Lord Exeter's, 100 sovs. at Newmarket Houghton Meeting, beating Lord Worcester's c. by Zealot, dam by Canterbury.—50 sovs. at the same Meeting, beating Mr. Wood's ch. c. Ambrosio, by Middleton, 3 yrs.; Mr. Grant's b. f. Flora, by Partisan, 3 yrs.; Mr. Forth's b. f. by Longwaist, out of Lacerta; Mr. Henry's ch. f. Deva, by Partisan; Mr. Ridsdale's b. f. by Comus, out of Ringdove's dam; Mr. Greville's b. f. Dryad, by Whalebone, 3 yrs.; Sir S. Graham's b. c. Emery, by Stainborough; Mr. W. Edwards's c. Master Walter, by Centaur; Gen. Grosvenor's b. c. Santillane, by Wrangler, 3 yrs.; and Lord Wilton's br. f. by Reveller, out of Jenny Sutton.

MARPESSA, b. f. by Muley, out of Clare, by Marmion, Mr. Forth's, the Nursery Stakes of 200 sovs. at Newmarket Houghton Meeting, beating Mr. Chifney's b. c. by Swiss, out of Galena; Mr. S. Day's f. Ceres, by Emilius, out of Mangel-wurzel; Mr. Henry's ch. f. Deva, by Partisan; Duke of Rutland's b. f. by Emilius, out of Sal; Duke of Grafton's b. c. Emir, by Centaur; Col. Peel's b. f. Malibran, by Whisker; Mr. Sowerby's br. f. Tigress, by Skiff; and Gen. Grosvenor's ch. f. Mountain Maid, by Zealot.

MINIMA, br. f. by Sultan, out of Aspasia, by Pericles, Lord Exeter's, 250 sovs. at Ascot Heath, beating Mr. Sadler's ch. c. Dangerous, by Tramp, and Mr. Wreford's gr. c. Wonford, by Grey Middleham—80 sovs. at Stamford, beating Lord Tavistock's ch. c. Anglesey, by Sultan; Gen. Grosvenor's b. f. Felucca, by Johnny or Skiff; and Mr. Platel's ch. c. P. P. brother to Toulours.—50 sovs. at Newmarket Houghton Meeting, beating Duke of Grafton's

br. c. Emir, by Centaur; Lord Berner's ch. c. by Oscar, out of Tippettywitchet; Mr. W. Edward's c. by Centaur, out of Problem; Mr. Lane's b. f. by Woful, out of Sister to Rob Roy; Lord Lowther's b. f. by Truffle, out of Bizarre; Mr. Forth's b. f. by Longwaist, out of Lacerta; Gen. Grosvenor's ch. f. Mountain Maid, by Zealot, out of Ynysmaengwyn; and Lord Orford's ch. c. by Dunsinane, out of Sister to Romano.

MOSSELLE, b. f. by Chateau Margaux, out of Ludlow's dam, by Smolensko, Mr. Lacey's, 100 sovs. at Nottingham, beating Mr. Walker's gr. f. Augusta, by Gustavus; and Mr. Houldsworth's b. c. Hawk, by Buzzard, out of Simon's dam.

PRINCE LLEWELLYN, br. c. by Waxy Pope, out of Princess Royal, by Castrel, Mr. Mostyn's, 275 sovs. at Holywell Hunt, beating Sir T. Stanley's ch. f. Le Grace, by Battledore; Mr. F. R. Price's br. c. Caliban, by Camel; Lord Westminster's br. f. Decoy, by Filho; Sir R. Bulkeley's ch. f. by Waxy Pope, out of Mrs. Suggs; and Mr. Charlton's b. c. by Manfred or Master Henry.

PARTIALITY, b. f. by Middleton, out of Favourite, by Blucher, Mr. Ley's, 30 sovs. at Epsom, beating Sir G. Heathcote's ch. c. Samercand, by Blacklock.—25 sovs. at Newmarket Houghton Meeting, beating Mr. M. Stanley's c. by Buzzard, out of Minster's dam.—50 sovs. at the same Meeting, beating Mr. Thornhill's ch. c. Silly Billy, by Bedlamite.—50 sovs. at the same Meeting, beating Mr. Pettit's b. f. Little Fanny, by Middleton, 4 yrs. old.

REMEMBER, br. f. by Jerry, out of Decision, by Magistrate, Mr. J. Smith's,

70 sovs. at Catterick Bridge, beating Mr. Serjeantson's b. f. by Lottery, out of Douceur; Duke of Leeds's br. f. by Lottery, out of Young Mary; and Mr. Jacques's b. f. by Swiss, dam by Walton.

REVENGE, b. c. by Fungus, out of Ruby's dam, by Ditto, Mr. Rawlinson's, 290 sovs. at Ascot Heath, beating Col. Peel's b. c. Young Rapid, by Stainborough; Lord Chesterfield's b. f. Weeper, by Woful; Sir G. Heathcote's b. c. Samarcand, by Blacklock; Mr. Forth's b. f. Marpessa, by Muleyy; Lord Exeter's b. f. Minima, by Sultan; Sir M. Wood's b. c. Dromedary, by Camel; and Lord Lowther's b. c. St. Julien, by Chateau Margaux.

ROUSSEAU, br. c. by Blacklock, dam by Whisker, out of Voltaire's dam, Mr. Stephenson's, 125 sovs. at Newcastle-upon-Tyne, beating Mr. Tarleton's ch. f. by Grey Walton, out of Miss Tree; Mr. Orde's ch. c. the Dancing Master, by Felton; and Mr. Attwood's b. c. by Tinker or Young Phantom, dam by Macbeth.—175 sovs. at Richmond, beating Mr. Jaques's ch. f. by Swiss, out of Comedy; and Mr. Whitelock's b. c. All Max, by Swiss, out of Gin.

SAMARCAND, b. c. by Blacklock, out of Jane, by Moses, Sir G. Heathcote's, received 45 sovs. at Egham.—45 sovs. at Epsom October Meeting, beating Mr. Lawrence's b. f. by Phantom, out of Miss Skim.

SCURRY, b. f. by Partisan, out of Scratch, by Selim, Lord Lowther's, 100 sovs. at Newmarket First Spring Meeting, beating Lord Wilton's br. c. by Waterloo, out of Gavotte.

TANTALUS, ch. c. by Straitwaist, out of Wilful, by Waxy, Sir J. Boswell's, 120 sovs. at the Western Meeting (Ayr), beating Mr. Alexander's Little Go, by Lottery, and Mr. Taylor's b. c. by Grey Walton.

TEMPERANCE, b. f. by Lapdog, out of Sentiment, by Selim, Mr. Wreford's, 50 sovs. at Newmarket Houghton Meeting, beating Sir M. Wood's b. f. by Partisan, out of Fawn; Col. Peel's b. f. Frailty, by Bedlamite or Paul Pry; Mr. Thornhill's b. f. Enchantment, by Merlin; Mr. Ridsdale's b. f. by Comus, out of Ringdove's dam; and Mr. Clover's b. f. Chamois, by Antelope.—25 sovs. at the same Meeting, Mr. J. Day's, beating Mr. Smith's b. f. by Partisan, out of Fawn.

TESANE, b. f. by Whisker, out of Lady of the Tees, by Octavian, Mr. S. L. Fox's, the Convivial Stakes of 190 sovs. at York Spring Meeting, beating Mr. Walker's br. c. Boscobel, by Chateau Margaux, and Lord Kelburne's br. f. by Jerry, out of Georgiana.—160 sovs. at Leeds; beating Mr. G. Robinson's b. c. by Brutandorf, dam by Glowworm; Sir J. Gerard's b. f. by Partisan, out of Scribe; Sir R. K. Dick's gr. c. Allegro, by Jock; Mr. Skipsy's br. f. by Lottery, dam by Walton; Mr. W. Marson's gr. f. Vesta, by Arbutus; and Mr. Mill's b. c. by Tramp, dam by Middleton.

TIGRESS, br. f. by Skiff, dam by Tiresias, Mr. Sowerby's, 60 sovs. at Bedford, beating Gen. Grosvenor's b. f. by Chateau Margaux, out of Selina, and Mr. W. Edward's ch. c. by Centaur, out of Promblem.

TREPIDATION, b. c. by Centaur, out of Niobe, by Sir David, Lord Warwick's, 200 sovs. at Wolverhampton, beating Mr. E. Peel's ch. f. Frenzy, by Bedlamite; Mr. Tomes's b. c. by Sir Gray, out of Miss Hap; Sir G. Pigot's ch. f. by Sultan; Mr. Nanney's ch. c. Ratcatcher, by Langar; Mr. Giffard's br. c. by Filho; and Mr. Giffard's b. c. by Truant.—325 sovs. at Warwick, beating Mr. Bristow's ch. c. Uncle Toby, by Gain; Mr. E. Peel's ch. f. Fear, by Phantom; Sir G. Pigot's ch. f. by Sultan, out of Active; Mr. Tomes's b. c. by Sir Gray, out of Miss Hap; Mr. Sadler's ch. c. Dangerous, by Tramp; and Mr. West's ch. c. Cricket, by Claude Loraine.—100 sovs. at Lichfield, beating Mr. Lacey's b. f. Moselle, by Chateau Margaux, and Mr. Peel's ch. f. Frenzy, by Bedlamite.

TUTOR, br. c. by Lottery, out of Governess, Mr. F. Richardson's, 100 sovs. at Doncaster, beating Mr. W. Crompton's br. c. Satan, by Lottery, out of Dairymaid.

UNCLE TOBY, ch. c. by Cain, out of May, by Friday, Mr. Bristow's, 75 sovs. at Cheltenham, beating Mr. Sadler's ch. f. by Middleton, out of Little Folly, and Mr. L. Charlton's b. f. Gazette, sister to Gnostic.

WEEPER, b. f. by Woful, out of Theresa Panza, by Cervantes, Lord Chesterfield's, 50 sovs. at Newmarket Second Spring Meeting, beating Sir M. Wood's gr. f. Mouse Deer, by Buckfoot Arabian.—315 sovs. at Goodwood,

beating Lord Egremont's b. f. by Whalebone, out of Harpalice; Mr. Gardnor's b. f. by Whalebone, out of Gift; Lord Exeter's ch. f. Deception, by Mountebank; and Mr. Grant's b. f. by Emilius, out of Duckling.—The Criterion Stakes of 890 sovs. at Newmarket Houghton Meeting, beating Mr. Ridsdale's b. c. Glaucus, by Partisan; Duke of Grafton's b. c. Divan, by Sultan; Lord Exeter's b. c. Cactus, by Sultan, out of Dahlia's dam; Mr. Forth's b. f. by Longwaist, out of Lacerta; Mr. T. Wood's br. c. by Filho, dam by Merlin; Sir S. Graham's b. c. Jason, by Centaur; and Mr. Batson's ch. f. Revelry, by Reveller, out of Harriet.—100 sovs. at the same Meeting, beating Mr. Batson's b. c. Mixbury, by Catton, out of Harriet, 3 yrs.—received 25 sovs. at the same Meeting.

YOUNG RAPID, b. c. by Stainborough, out of Young Rhoda, by Walton, Col. Peel's, 100 sovs. at Newmarket Second Spring Meeting, beating Sir S. Graham's b. c. Will Scarlet, by Robin Hood, 3 yrs.—175 sovs. at the same Meeting, beating Sir M. Wood's b. c. Dromedary, by Camel; Lord Lowther's b. c. St. Julien, by Chateau Margaux; Lord Chesterfield's b. f. Dirce, by Partisan; Mr. Cooke's b. f. Gertrude, by Lottery; Mr. Wood's br. f. by Filho, dam by Merlin; and Mr. Ridsdale's b. c. by Comus, dam by Rainbow.—The Woodcot Stakes of 210 sovs. at Epsom, beating Lord Egremont's b. f. by Whalebone, out of Harpalice; Mr. Rawlinson's b. f. Funny, by Fungus; Mr. Ley's ch. f. Partiality, by Middleton; Lord Lowther's b. c. St. Julien, by Chateau Margaux; and Mr. Lawrence's b. f. Flirt, sister to Fashion.

HORSES GONE ABROAD.

The following horses have been sent abroad, since our last notice.

1. Hazard, by Waverley, dam by Camillus, Sister to Orphan.
2. Bay colt, 4 yrs. old, by Whalebone, out of Tredrille, by Walton (the dam of Medina, the Moslem, &c.)
3. Vilellina, by Comus, out of Willow, by Waxy, in foal to Camel.
4. Chestnut mare, 7 yrs. old, by Irish Holly Hock, out of Timidity, by Pot8os, in foal to Drone.

The above sent to his Serene High-

ness the Duke of Holstein Augustenburg.

1. Bay filly, 3 yrs. old, by Waterloo or Middleton, out of Electress's dam (unbroke).
2. Chestnut filly, 3 yrs. old, sister to Hesperus (unbroke).
To Count Bassewitz Schlitz.

1. Lady Bluefoot, sister to Spectre, in foal to Wamba.
To Baron Biel.

1. Carthago, by Pioneer, out of Reserve, by Waxy.
2. Chestnut gelding, 6 yrs. old, by Tiresias, out of Bizarre.
To Baron Lowenberg, Vienna.
The above were all sent by Mr. Tattersall.

1. Captain Arthur, by Bobadil.
2. Whiskey, 4 yrs. old, by Tiresias, out of Totozum.
3. Titania, 4 yrs. old, by Merlin, out of Dahlia.
4. Bay filly, 2 yrs. old, by Bobadil, out of Lady Slipper.
Bought by Count Sezechinye.

1. Chestnut mare by Middleton, out of Pranks, covered by Zingane.
2. Celerity, by Flibbertigibbet, dam by Don Cossack.
3. Syma, by Swiss, out of Sister to Benedict, covered by Pacha.
4. Chestnut mare, by Raphael, out of Tiny, by Sir Peter (this mare is the dam of Blythe), covered by Chateaux.
5. Hurdy Gurdy, by Partisan, dam by Rubens.
6. Yearling filly, by Whalebone, out of Sister to Godolphin.
7. Bay colt, by Rolla, out of Rebecca, by Recorder.
8. Bay colt, by Partisan, out of Bugle's dam.

The above eight were bought by Mr. Litchwald, besides near thirty others in various parts.

Middleton, the best bred son of Phantom, and winner of the Derby, will cover this season at Mr. G. Tattersall's, Dawley-farm, near Hays and Uxbridge, twelve miles from London. His stock are very large and strong. He is the sire of many winners.

GRAND STEEPLE CHASE.

A steeple chace was run on Wednesday, by the Officers of the Queen's Bays, which excited considerable interest. The ground selected for the occasion, was between the village of Corstorphine and Gogar, on the property of Sir Robert Dick. The distance agreed upon, two miles across the country; to start a mile from the south side of the brook, which runs parallel to the Glasgow road, taking a north-easterly direction, passing the farm; to accomplish this, it was necessary to leap the brook, which is from twelve to thirteen feet wide, the banks being so soft and rotten, the odds were very much against its being effected; men however with ropes were stationed in readiness to render assistance, should any accident occur. A great concourse of people had assembled to witness this novel spec-

tacle. Seven officers started, Captain Copland, Lieutenant Dyer, Assistant Surgeon Home, Lieutenants Salmon and Dyer, Cornets Campbell and Elliott. During the first mile, although several formidable fences occurred, all kept their places well. The brook was first cleared in fine style by Mr. Dyer, followed by Elliott; Home's horse came next, but although he cleared it with his fore-legs, could not get his hinder to land; Captain Copland's horse refused altogether, and he was therefore thrown out. The remaining part of the ground was heavy, with several double ditches. The race was ultimately contested by four of the officers, three of whom entered the field together, and won by Lieutenant Dyer; the whole distance having been accomplished, in the short space of five minutes.

REVIEWS.

Anatomy of the Horse, by Dr. E. F. GURLT, professor in the Veterinary College, at Berlin; with a translation, by J. WILLIMOTT.—Part 1. Schloss.

This work, though one, consists of three distinct volumes; a folio of plates, thirty-five in number; the original book of Dr. Gurlt, in German; and the translation of Mr. Willimott, in English.

The plates are lithographed with great care, and, from their size, give an opportunity of considerable detail. The letter-press of the volume accompanying (the first part, the only one at present published) is merely an index to the plates.

This work, important to the student and useful to the amateur in veterinary science, deserves, and no doubt will have, a considerable circulation. Its cheapness too, in consequence of the prints being drawn on stone, will put it within the reach of many, to

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whom a work of this importance would be otherwise unattainable; Dr. Gurlt is already well known, from his "Manual and Pathological Anatomy," and "Anatomical Plates of Domestic Mammalia;" and we cannot suffer this opportunity to pass, without adding our mode of thanks to Mr. Schloss, for having introduced the present work to the British public.

FINE ARTS.

Sporting Anecdotes. Hunting versus Reform, or the Sporting Sweep.—Ackermann, Regent Street.

Number one of this series of Sporting Plates, from the gallery of that spirited publisher, ACKERMANN, of Regent-street, is now lying before us. The subject of the present print, is the anecdote of the electioneering sweep "wot 'unts with the Duke;" and

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when we add that the design is by Henry Alken, we believe it will be needless to say a word on the merits of the drawing. As some of our readers may not have seen, and others may have forgotten the anecdote, we shall here insert it.

"At Chipping-sodbury, in Gloucestershire, resides a certain chimney sweep, who by industry has accumulated some property; he happens however to be very fond of the chase, and is often seen with the Duke of Beaufort's hounds in the neighbourhood, striding across the country in his sooty habiliments, to the great amusement of the gentlemen of the hunt, amongst whom, however, he never fails to maintain a conspicuous place. The sweep is a reformer, but the Duke's brother, Lord Edward Somerset, is a candidate for one division of the county, on opposite principles; the sweep was consequently rather puzzled as to the disposal of his vote, and hesitated between hunting and reform. The Hon. Mr. Moreton and his colleague, the two reform candidates, were the first to put him to the test, and understanding that his political creed was favourable, they solicited his vote with confidence; to their surprise, however, the sweep refused them, and on being pressed for his reason, said, "*To tell you the truth gemmen, I can't vote for you; cause I wnts with the Duke.*"

Mr. Ackermann's print is richly coloured, and no doubt will have a rapid sale; its appropriateness to the present bustling time, when men are running so eagerly from poll to poll, will not be without its effect in helping off a large impression.

MR. ACKERMANN'S ST. GILES.

THE winner of the Derby of 1832, has been added to the Eclipse Sporting Stud in Regent-street, and does great credit to the artists, and the spirited proprietor of this splendid gallery. Having seen the horse both on his losing and winning days, we are enabled to form something like an opinion of the merits of the portrait,

which is not only excellent, but the general character of the picture is sporting and correct.

The Veterinarian, Nos. 59 & 60.

Edited by W. PERCIVAL, M. R. C. S., & W. YOUATT, *lecturer on veterinary medicine and surgery, at the University of London.*—Longman & Co.

The numbers before us contain much useful matter relative to that interesting animal, the horse; information not merely addressed to the veterinary student, but intelligible and useful to the general equestrian. From an article on the food of horses, by Mr. Dick, of Edinburgh, we extract the following: "a considerable time has elapsed since the practice of cutting hay and straw, and bruising oats was first recommended; but it has never yet, in my opinion, been sufficiently practised, and the benefits of it have not been rightly appreciated. Some cannot see the advantages to be derived from it, some will not take the trouble, some find their men will not attend to it, some think their horses will not eat it, some think they will not thrive on it, and some are afraid that horses will purge and get soft if so fed; these, however, are all imaginary evils, which a fair trial would soon dispel."

With regard to the use of bruised oats (or *kibbled* oats, as they call them in some countries), we perfectly agree with Mr. Dick; having found the advantage of this system in our own stables, and heard much of its success in those of our friends. The greedy manner in which many horses feed, renders it necessary to mix their corn with bran or chopped straw, to help the mastication. This, however, is by no means so efficient a plan as the *kibbling* system, not one grain in seven being divided as it ought, for the purposes of digestion. When the grain itself is bruised, previous to placing it in the manger, the whole of the farina is exposed to the action of

the gastric juice, and all its nutritious particles appropriated.

The expense of preparing the oats is very trifling, nay, it is a positive saving on the whole, as a less quantity of food will by this means be found sufficient, and a greater portion of sustenance be obtained. Chopped hay or bran may be mixed with the bruised oats, if necessary; but this depends entirely upon the nature and work of the horse.

HOOD'S COMIC ANNUAL, 1832.

Mr. Hood's book has come forth so late in the month, and our columns are so fully occupied, that we must be obliged to defer our usual notice until next number. For the present, we can only say, that the volume before us is not a whit* inferior to any of Mr. Hood's former productions.

THE ENGLISH FARMER.

It is pleasant to see these English farmers, mounted on fine strong horses, in little troops of five or six, well clothed and fed, taking their way to the town at a brisk trot or full gallop, and in the evening returning to the village still rosier and jollier than in the morning. Their wives and daughters are often to be seen on horseback, riding with such elegance that they could not be distinguished from ladies, if they were not betrayed by their round, anti-sentimental, full-moon faces. The farmers are in almost every country the finest race of men; and in England this appears most strongly, from the contrast between them and the numbers of the population whose look is spoiled by the manufactures. There are as many races of men as there are different professions: what a difference between a sedentary watch-maker, in a heated atmosphere, peering through a microscope at a hair's-breadth of gold, and a farmer of England (or

Lodi), with plenty to eat and drink, and continually in exercise in the wholesome open air! In Yorkshire, which produces the finest horses in England, I have often seen farmers mounted on animals that on the Continent would be worth a hundred guineas.—*Count Pecchio's "Exile in England."*

TATTERSALL'S

THE betting has been extremely dull since our last report, owing to the absence of many of the most influential subscribers, on electioneering business. So slight and uninteresting have been the fluctuations, that a quotation of the odds on the last betting day, will give a correct estimate of them throughout the month:—

DERBY.

- 9 to 1 agst. Mr. Ridsdale's Glaucus,—taken.
- 9 to 1 agst. Mr. Rawlinson's Revenge,
- 11 to 1 agst. Mr. Hunter's Forester.
- 12 to 1 agst. Mr. Hunter's Prince Llewellyn.
- 17 to 1 agst. Lord Cleveland's colt,—taken.
- 17 to 1 agst. Duke of Rutland's c. out of Moses's dam,—taken.
- 22 to 1 agst. Col. Cosby's Bravo.
- 25 to 1 agst. Duke of Grafton's Divan.
- 25 to 1 agst. Lord Exeter's Emmeline colt.
- 27 to 1 agst. Lord Jersey's Ishmael.
- 27 to 1 agst. Lord Exeter's Marinella colt.
- 27 to 1 agst. Mr. Ridsdale's Y. Petuaria colt.
- 33 to 1 agst. Sir M. Wood's Brother to Margrave.
- 33 to 1 agst. Mr. Walker's Boscobel
- 60 to 1 agst. Mr. Gratwick's Sister to Frederick.

OAKS.

- 10 to 1 agst. Lord Chesterfield's Weeper—taken.

* "Query wit?" **PRINTER'S DEVIL.** "No such thing—please to mind your own business, Mr. Devil!" **EDITOR.**

ST. LEGER.

10 to 1 agst. Mr. Watt's Belshazzar—
—taken.

2000 GS. STAKES.

5 to 2 agst. Mr. Ridsdale's Glaucus—
—taken.

RIDDLESWORTH.

3 to 1 agst. Lord Tavistock's Anglaise.
—taken.

Mr. Roberts's Derby colt, the Brother to Cloudeley, died a short time since at Newmarket.

TO SUBSCRIBERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

Our Belvoir friend will perceive that we have availed ourselves of his letter. We shall be glad to hear from him again.

Our Coaching article from the Quarterly has occupied so much space that we have no room for the observations of "4 in 10."

If some of our Fox-hunting Correspondents would take a little more care in writing their **PROPER NAMES** we should be much obliged. Our Printer's Devils are continually making complaints, and declare they could more easily *set up* Cleopatra's Needle than many of our country communications.

Venator's Letter, though dated the 22nd of October was not received until within a day or two of the 22nd of December, it is consequently a little out of season; but our thanks are due to him for his attention.

The article from our Peterborough Correspondent has come safely to hand, but too late for immediate insertion.

Advertisements for the Wrapper are received by Messrs. BALDWIN and CRADOCK; and also by our Printer, Mr. SPIERS, 399, Oxford-street, up to the 25th of each month.

THE New Sporting Magazine.

VOL. IV.] FEBRUARY, 1833. [No. 22.

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COURSING.

Engraved by ENGLEHEART, from a Painting by BRISTOW.

By some mistake at the copper-plate printer's, Mr. Cooper's name has been affixed to this plate, instead of Mr. Bristow's, who is the painter of it. We are indebted to the kindness of a gentleman at Cardiff for the loan of the picture, and we hope the young artist who has engraved it has executed his task to our friend's satisfaction.

The scene represented is Bagshot-heath, a place well known to all south-countrymen; and the greyhounds, which were very celebrated, were got by Sir Charles Bunbury's famous dog "Spring," out of a bitch that was daughter to the celebrated "Snowball." The yellow one for three seasons was never beaten.

A FEW LINES TO THE AUTHOR OF "DASHWOOD'S" LETTERS.

SIR,

It was only last night that I chanced to stumble upon the opening part of your address to "New Year's Eve," in the Old Magazine, wherein I find a passage so ambiguously worded as to admit of a double construction. . . .

If you intend it to convey any insinuation respecting the treatment you have received from the proprietors of this Magazine, I am happy that you have provoked an explanation; and if it be merely one of those soaring flights of fancy in which you occasionally indulge your pegasus, you may consider that you have drawn this notice upon yourself by not having sufficiently guarded your meaning from misconstruction. The passage to which I allude is the following:

"It is, alas! when looking back upon *the living dead*, the lost, the

separated alliances of the past year that the iron enters most deeply into the soul; when contemplating, as how many amongst us *must* do, the hollowness, the insincerity, the ingratitude, the malice, it may be, of many of that little band amongst whom one short twelvemonths since we perchance deemed our lot was cast happily and well—Oh! the least endurable fetter that can clank upon the limb, is the shattered bond of unrequited and injured friendship!"

Now this is all very fine writing, and unconnected with other circumstances would never have called forth a remark; but when I look back upon your late connexion with this Magazine, and remember that the paragraph is contained in your first paper on your return to your former friends, I feel it is due to the sporting world, and to

the individual characters of the gentlemen owning this work, that no insinuation, however remotely thrown out, or however artfully worded, should be permitted to remain unanswered.

Assuming then that it is directed at us, I beg to say, that before you complain of the treatment of others, it had been well if you had examined your own conduct, by which you might have saved me the disagreeable task of reminding you, that you endeavoured to embarrass the proprietors of the *Old Magazine* in 1830, by breaking off in the middle of an article, and leaving the Editor to finish it the best way he could. You then retired from the *Old Magazine*, and were not heard of until the announcement of this, when you offered your services, which were accepted; and by way of proving your disinterestedness, you proposed a remuneration within one shilling a page of double what you had ever received from the *Old Magazine*. This the proprietors acceded to, allowing you an unlimited number of pages; and the correspondence that passed between us will show with what punctuality you performed your portion of the agreement; though I cannot help reminding you that after re-

peated disappointments and remonstrances in the months of August, September, and October, 1831, I was at length obliged to address you to inquire whether we were yet to consider you as a contributor to the *Magazine*; and yet in April following you *claim* to have fourteen pages a month reserved for your contributions, or to be allowed to lay them elsewhere; which being refused, you have recourse to your alternative.

One word upon the second sentence I have quoted from you. I have always understood that an *acquaintance* is a necessary preliminary to *friendship*. The manner in which you deserted the *Old Magazine* in 1830, and the terms you made with us in 1831, not being calculated to inspire us with much confidence, we declined the former, consequently there can never have been any injury to the latter. I may now conclude, and perhaps I cannot do it more appropriately than by retorting the last words of a letter we received from you prior to the one which caused your retirement—viz. "*My best love to the Old Sporting!*"

Your obedient Servant,

THE EDITOR OF THE N. S. M.
January 25.

THE COMIC ANNUAL.

BY THOMAS HOOD, ESQ.

TILT, Fleet-street.

THE *Comic Annual* acts as a sort of whipper-in to all the rest, and gloriously does it discharge its duty. The authoris the "*Priam*" of the merry world, and out-strips all competitors, nay more than that,

he gives them a distance into the bargain; his period of publication however, so near Christmas, affords us little opportunity of doing justice to its merits at the time when these presents are most in request,

2 E 2

and though the "Annual season" is somewhat on the wane, still as Mr. Hood's good things are never out of date, we shall proceed to notice the fourth number of the Comic Annual, for the benefit of such of our unlucky friends as may not have seen a copy.

The first thing in our line is "shooting pains," where a gentleman is represented with his pointers, Rover and Ranger, who true to their names, are ranging almost out of sight of the sportsman, and in the same article, is an excellent idea, "canvassing a burrow, come to the pole," where a huckster is represented with his pole over his shoulder, eyeing a whole batch of rabbits, which his dog is sending scampering off into their holes; but the piece which most tickles our fancy, is one called "Sketches on the Road," "The Observer," where a coachman delivers the result of his observations.

"I have set on the box man and boy," said Bat, looking strait a-head between his leaders, "a matter of full thirty years, and what's more, never missing a day, barring the Friday I was married; and one of my remarks is, I never see a sailor in top boots." Now this certainly is an observation worthy of notice, and at once shews Bat's deep penetration, for it is an old adage, "that nought's new under the sun," and it is much more difficult to hit upon something that no one has seen, than to find something that may be only rarely observed; but hear Bat again, "I'll tell you another remarkable remark I've made through life, I never yet see a Jew pedlar with a Newfoundland dog." This also is a very important observation, and though there is no saying why a Jew pedlar should not have

a Newfoundland dog, if such be his fancy, still we cannot charge our recollection with ever having seen such a sight; but Bat is confident on the subject, and we must therefore cede the point, for he says to a gentleman whom he was enlightening from his box, and who appeared to be rather sceptical, and would not undertake to admit that he had never met with such "an association;" "if you have, your'e a lucky man," "I belong to an association too, and we've none of us see it, there's a hundred members, and I've enquired of every man of em, for it's my remark. But some people see a deal more than their fellows, mayhap you've seen the other thing I've observed through life, and that's this, I've never observed a black man driving a long stage."

"High and dry" is an excellent idea, a pigmy groom on the top of a seven teen hands horse, trying to reach a quart of beer from a pigmy pot boy on the ground; but indeed there is nothing in the volume but what is ludicrous in the extreme, and Mr. Hood seems to get better and better every year, so that before long, we may expect "this boy to be the death of us."

Of course our extracts are chiefly confined to subjects within the range of our peculiar field, but as usual, he has hit off all the passing follies and events of the day, from Pedro and Miguel, to the report of the Zoological Society; perhaps the keenest bit of satire is contained in the ode to Admiral Lord Gambier, G. C. B. the President of the Temperance Society: after quizzing his name and addressing him as "Admiral Gam," because he dare not mention *bier* in such a temperate ear, he says,

Consider—'ere you break the ardent spirits,
Of father, mother, brother, sister, daughter ;
What are your beverage's washy merits ?
Gin may be low—but I have known low water !

and shortly after, in the same ode, we have the following beautiful lines :

Consider—'ere you bid the poor to fill,
Their murmuring stomachs with the "murmuring rill ;"
Consider that their streams are not like ours,
Reflecting heav'n and margin'd by sweet flowers ;
On their dark pools, by day no sun reclines,
By night no Jupiter, no Venus shines ;

and he concludes by bidding Lord Gambier consider, that if his Majesty should make all the temperance society Peers, the titles, Duke of Draw-well ! Marquis of Main-pipe ! Earl New River Head ! and Prince of Pumps ! "would be very far from trumps," But we will turn from this dry subject, and conclude our notice by extracting a piece more in our way a good deal, called "a Fox-hunter," which is somewhat in the style of a paper that appeared in the first volume of this magazine, p. 94, though we do not think that in this instance, the two great genius's will be found to have "jumped together."

"A fox-hunter is a jumble of paradoxes:—He sets forth clean, though he comes out of a kennel, and returns home dirty ; he cares not for cards, yet strives to be always with the pack ; he loves fencing, but without carte or tierce, and delights in a steeple-chase, though he does not follow the church ; he is any thing but litigious, yet is fond of a certain suit, and retains scarlet ; he keeps a running account with Horse, Dog, Fox and Co., but objects to a check ; as to cards, in choosing a pack, he prefers Hunt's ; in theatricals, he favours Miss Somerville, because her namesake wrote the chase, though he

never read it ; he is no great dancer though he is fond of casting off twenty couple ; and no great painter though he draws covers, and seeks for a brush ; he is no musician, and yet is fond of five bars ; he despises doctors, yet follows a course of bark ; he professes to love his country, but is perpetually crossing it ; he is fond of strong ale and beer, but dislikes any purl ; he is good tempered, yet so far a tartar as to prefer a saddle of horse to a saddle of mutton ; he is somewhat rough and bearish himself, but insists on good breeding in horses and dogs ; he professes the church catechism, and countenances heathen dogmas, by naming his hounds after Jupiter, Juno, Mars, and Diana ; he cares not for violets, but he dotes on a good scent ; he says his wife is a shrew, but objects to destroying a vixen ; in politics he inclines to Pitt, and runs after Fox ; he is no milk-slop, but he loves to tally ; he protects poultry, and preserves foxes ; he follows but one business, and yet has many pursuits ; he pretends to be knowing, but a dog leads him by the nose ; he is as honest a fellow as needs be, yet his neck is oftener in danger than a thief's ; he swears he can clear anything, but is beaten by a fog ; he esteems himself pros-

perous, and is always going to the dogs; he delights in the Hunters' Stakes, but takes care not to stake his hunter; he praises discretion, but would rather let the cat out of the bag than a fox; to conclude,

he runs as long as he can, and then goes to earth, and his heir is in at his death; but his heir does not stand in his shoes, for he never wore anything but boots.

INSTRUCTIONS TO YOUNG SPORTSMEN IN ALL THAT RELATES TO GUNS AND SHOOTING.

BY *LIEUT.-COL. P. HAWKER.*

LONGMAN AND Co.

THIS is the seventh edition of Colonel Hawker's book, and whether we regard it as a work of instruction, or one wherewith to beguile an idle hour, it stands unrivalled; indeed (without intending a pun), the simple fact of its having reached so many editions, speaks volumes in its favour, and if any thing more is wanting to establish its celebrity, the yelping of the curs that follow in his rear, would effect it. These he treats as a Colonel should do, though they would be more fitly rewarded, if he were to follow the example of Bewick's large dog.

To state the bare contents of the volume, would far exceed the space we can this month afford, for, between the reader and ourself, strange as it may appear, the first eight pages of our magazine are always printed off the last, and we are obliged to jockey the matter in these eight pages, so as to dove tail it in with those that follow, which are printed off early in the month; therefore we must content ourselves with a short notice this month, and the general observation that it contains every possible in-

formation, instruction, direction, and precaution, requisite to be known and practised in the pursuit of game and birds of every description, together with much amusing narrative, and personal adventure, and that the whole is conveyed in an agreeable, sportsman-like manner; the work itself forming a very handsome octavo volume, illustrated with plates from designs by the author.

To the curious in the rise and fall of eminent tradesmen, the introductory notice, describing the revolution among the gunmakers of London, since the publication of the fifth edition, will be interesting.

"Joe Manton," says he, "the life and soul of the trade, obliged to dispose of all his valuable machinery, and sell off every thing in Hanover-square; then rallied at Marylebone Park-house, where all was again soon wreck and confusion; and the best workmen in the world left wandering about like a disbanded army! Poor old Asell, the father of the working trade, died in Marylebone hospital—his son started off as a regimental ar-

mourer—John Hussey, the flash borer of the age, obliged to fly, from his lathe from the Philistines, and get a crust for his family where he could—the prince of lock finishers, Penn, driven to do by-jobs for a temporary existence,—and others condescending to go and work for masters who knew not half so much as themselves!”

So much for the establishment of the only man whom any first rate judge of work would consider qualified for a leader or king among the gunmakers! Such was the *esprit de corps* among his men, that they rallied round him till the very last, rather than serve under any artist in whose abilities they had less confidence!”

Our author then observes that little had occurred between the publication of the sixth and present edition of his work, except the death of Egg, who did not prove to be a golden one, as far as money matters were concerned, and adds, that the gunmakers remain like the frogs without a king; all complaining bitterly about the dulness of trade. This, however, is nothing remarkable, for it is an universal complaint; but Col. Hawker does not rest satisfied with stating the fact, but proceeds to explain the cause of the depression in that particular department.

“For this,” he says, “they have to thank their introduction of the detonating system, by which they have got caught themselves in the very trap that was laid for their customers. When *flint* guns were the order of the day, few sporting gentlemen of distinction ever thought of using any thing but the gun of a first rate maker, for the simple reason that—on the *goodness of the work* depended the quickness in firing, and conse-

quently the *filling of the bag*. But now a days every common fellow in a market town can detonate an old musket, and make it shoot as quick as can be wished; insomuch that all scientific calculations in shooting at *moderate distances*, are now so simplified that we, every day, meet with jackanape apprentice boys who can shoot flying, and knock down their eight birds out of ten. Formerly shooting required *art and nerve*, now for tolerable shooting (at all events for the use of one barrel) *nerve alone* is sufficient. Formerly a first rate gun was a *sine qua non*; now, the most we can call it is a *desideratum*, since all guns are now made to fire with nearly equal velocity. Still, however, fortunately for the leading gunmakers, there are yet left many requisites which induce good sportsmen, though a much smaller number than formerly, to go to the heads of the trade: viz. 1. Soundness and perfect safety in guns. 2. The barrels being correctly put together for accurate shooting. 3. The elevation being mathematically true, and raised strictly in proportion to the length of barrel; and 4. The stock being properly cast to the eye, and well fitted to the hand and shoulder; I say nothing of the balance, because any good carpenter, with some lead and a centre-bit, can regulate this to the shooter's fancy.”

The Colonel then proceeds to speculate upon the best gunmakers of the present day, among whom we are happy to see our deserving friend, Purdey, holding a distinguished situation,—indeed it seems that Joe Manton ranked Purdey next to himself,—Lancaster, Long, Wilkinson, Nock, Moore, Smith, Billy Moore (of pigeon shooting ce-

lebrity), Westley Richards of Birmingham, Parsons of Salisbury, all come in for a share of the Colonel's recommendation, who seems to wish to do every one a good turn, without disparagement to his compeers.

"Many wiseacres," says Col. Hawker, "abuse all the heads of the trade, and swear that they can *always ensure having the best of guns, at a quarter the price, from Birmingham!* This, (says he,) may be, provided a person has such good judgment, or interest there, as to get *picked workmen* for the *whole process* of his order; but in *general* the immense business carried on at this place is for the *wholesale line*, and only requires to be in the rough; from which circumstance the workmen are not so much in the habit of finishing as those employed daily for that purpose. Moreover, if there is a first rate and enterprising workman, he hears of high wages, and contrives to get off to London. I should however except those who work for Westley Richards.

"But as far as the judgment of some people goes, it would certainly be a wanton extravagance to give more than fifteen pounds for a double, or eight for a single gun. I allude to those who, on being shown a superior one, would view it like a fossil or a picture; and on being requested to 'feel how fine the lock is,' thrust their fore-fingers as far as they can into the guard, sticking up their thumbs as if going to be dressed for a wound, and often finish their inspection by breaking one of your locks, and abusing the man who made them."

The following bit of ornithology is interesting, and must be within scope of many a man's experience:

"With regard to the proper names of *land* birds, there is little difficulty in selecting them; but for those of *water* birds and particularly *wildfowl*, there are so many provincial terms that it would be a dull and endless task to construe the appellations given them by the decoy men, poulterers, and gunners, into their proper names in natural history. For example: the *dunbirds* are called *redheads* on the south and west coasts, and *Parkers* or *half birds* in the fens. This is also a general term *here* for all birds under the size of the common wild duck. The *morillons** are called *deuckers* in Scotland, and *gingling curre*s in the West. The *tufted ducks* are *blue-billed curre*s on the western, and *dovvers* on the eastern coast, in many parts round which the *wigeon* are only known by the name of *winder*. The *golden eye* is commonly called *pie*d *curre*; and the *scamp duck* is known by the name of *grey back curre*, in the south and west, and that of *teal drake* in the north. For these, and all the various tribes of smaller *wildfowl*, the decoymen and poulterers have a sort of *sweepstakes* appellation, by putting them down as *dun-birds* and *divers*. Again there are many absurd names for other birds, such as *Tommy Loos* for the *divers*, *Isle of Wight parsons*, for the *cormorants*, and so on.

"On the French coast the same; we here find the *dun-birds*, and others of their kind, provincially called *vignons*; the *wigeon*, *sarcelles*; and *coots*, *marcareux*, &c. &c."

We shall take an early opportunity of returning to this very interesting publication, which we heartily recommend to our subscribers.

* Or young Golden Eye, according to Leadbitter.

February.

BY SYLVANUS SWANQUILL:

"February hath twenty-eight alone,
All the rest have thirty-one."—PRIMER.

FEBRUARY, the youngest brother of the months, the minikin child of the year, has always appeared to us to have been villainously ill-treated by his kinsfolk. Why, forsooth, should he alone be deprived of his quantum of days, and continually be subjected to the freaks of a vexatious leap-year? Why not let the twelve calendars take turn and turn about? January, December, August, wherefore are they to be excused—March, April, September, what is their ground of exemption? Poor February suffers for all! the very saints, who seldom leave any hole unoccupied that they can possibly creep into, seem to have taken a peculiar dislike to this month: Blaise, Agatha, Valentine, and Matthias, forming a sad average of one a week only. We are now speaking of *our own* red-letter days: the Romish calendar can furnish at least a saint *per diem* all the year round.

Valentine, to be sure, is a saint of the first water, and worth all the rest put together. Oh! the ecstasies of the Valentinian orgies! happy Fourteenth! then does the fond lover, too bashful to breathe his tender tale at any other time, boldly assume thy mellifluous name, Valentine, and assure his "most dearest" that

"The rose is red,
The violet blue,
Carnation sweet,—

and so is she! What a bustle the postman is in that morning—though he pretends not to like it, and assures you he has no profit from

the tender traffic. Well, perhaps he has'nt; but what penn'orths of paper and hap'orths of pens are sold in consequence! and how cunning the pretty maid from the Rose and Crown looks, when she comes to the bookseller's to buy a sheet of bath post, "for a gentleman as is at their house." Now it is, that the waggoner at farmer Sample's, regrets that he did not "go on with his writing;" and bribes the blacksmith's boy, with an old waggon whip, to execute a billet-doux for his beloved Sally. Oh! and with what delight does that Sally unravel the pothooks and hangers of her Geeh's epistle! how hangs she on his ardent protestation, that

"No wife shall eat there love in 2,"

how fondly does she dwell on the welcome assurance that he will be "her true Valentine!" At this time too, if a poor fellow happen to squint a little, how charmingly his goodnature is exercised by receiving caricatures of himself and pupils; accompanied by satiric lines in a neat female hand, that only renders the thing more poignant by stamping it the production of some one that "ought to know better." Then what a fine opportunity it affords to lash frivolity, or to lecture foppery! show me the dandy who does not dread Valentine's day—name me the coquette who does not tremble at the fourteenth of February! it is of no use for them to turn a deaf ear to the call of the postman, for if they do not

take in the letters, their servants will; and which is the lesser evil I leave the gentle reader to guess.

It is a pleasing fiction of pastoral life, which time and rustic credulity have almost exalted into a fact, that on the anniversary of St. Valentine, there is a general sweet-hearting among the feathered tribes; and so far as it determines the "now about" of ornithological hymeneals, this is a useful datum; St. Valentine's being to the little warblers, what Easter week is to the Romanists—a very great time for weddings. But the most ardent lover of the season—and you would'nt think it, to look at him—is the Raven. Long before the generality of birds have declared their soft pangs, or even obtained an introduction, this Othello of the grove has finished his lofty bower; and by the time they have gone through the necessary squabbles and jealousies of courtship, he finds himself the happy parent of a nest full of youngers, where father's beaks and mother's *raven* locks, salute him on every hand. But the raven is becoming so rare in every part of the country, that we shall not be very greatly surprised, some eighty or ninety years hence, to hear our grand-children call in question our testimony on this subject, and rank the "chief of the pie kind" as a mere fabulous companion to the roc and the basilisk. Indeed at this day, we know but of one pair in our neighbourhood; and though the old man who lives at the cottage by Maple-wood side, can generally point out their nest, in some lofty tree or rocky cliff, we have wandered for hours in the forest without being able to obtain a glimpse of them.

One strong feature in February—and by no means a pleasant one—

is the breaking up of the frost, which usually takes place some time in this month. A general thaw is certainly one of the least lovely things that nature exhibits in her whole round. A general fast, or a general election is bad enough—but a general thaw!—how sloppy one feels at the very thought of it! the snow now is soft and splashy, and wherever you set your foot, a blue impression of your sole is taken, which becomes ice before morning. The fact is, that it still freezes when the sun is away; and like Penelope, Jack Frost undoes in the night what has been accomplished during the day. Icicles become more numerous from the same cause; the warm roofs of houses distilling tiny rills, which are frozen when exposed to the cold air. On walking abroad during this sloppy weather, one is surprised at the extraordinary effect of the melting snow upon one's feet; they feel as if they were wet through and through—and we are certain they are so, indeed—but when we take off our shoes, we are astonished to find them as dry as tinder: I cannot account for this—but the philosophers know all about it. I believe I once knew myself, but have forgotten it now—something about double refraction and the centripetal force—but upon my soul, I can't tell the particulars! as you pass along the streets, eaves drop upon your head, and spouts are pouring away like cascades. Roofs run in, and spite of all your scheming, you are obliged to send for the masons, who half untile your house, and leave you to be blown up the chimney. Gravel walks are soft and clammy, and boards are laid along upon them to preserve their smoothness: wo be to that thoughtless servant-maid,

who over-careful of her delicate limbs, ventures upon that pebbly path in pattens! oh! the harrowing thought to prim old bachelor, or enthusiastic horticulturalist!—Turnpike roads are heavy now, and the Tallyho coach is twenty minutes behind time. Stage waggons can hardly get along at all, elephant caravans are at a dead stand-still, and a bit of newly macadamized road is quite a treat. On the pools you see little boys—for as my grandmother says, little boys will be little boys still—floating about on ice islands, like so many Parrys or Franklins: ever and anon, a too-venturesome youth slips off some “sweet little isle of his own,” and after being half choked with mud and water, and half killed by the Humane Society in bringing him to life, he gets a thorough cudgelling from his parents “to make him remember.”

The frost is gone at last—fields are green again, and roads are tolerably dry; though here and there, under some high bank, or deep in some shady ditch, a patch of snow may be seen, and the thickly-frozen ice is not yet thoroughly melted in the ponds. Now as you walk in the garden, looking how your little flower friends have escaped the inclemency of the season, you discover the first peeping of the snowdrop—the “fair maid of February,” as they called her in the good old times—the crocus, the hepatica, and the aconite; rapidly they mature their growth, and multitudes of little white bells are hanging about at your feet, and rich blossoms of purple and gold are glowing in every border. Gooseberry and currant bushes put forth their leaves, and that little fairy thing, the ladybird, is seen fluttering about on the sunny side of the

garden-wall. The gorse on the heath is beginning to flower—never was such a determined flowerer as that gorse—and the throstle, black-bird, and woodlark, with a long etcætera of little birds, pipe out blithely in the grove and among the “hedgerow elms.” The catkins of the hazel are seen in the lanes and fields, and the flower-buds of the elder expand themselves.

As soon as the sap has risen in the trees the woodman stalks forth with his desolating axe, and for the next three months one can scarcely take a morning's ride or walk without discovering the prostrate trunk of some dear forest friend—oak, elm, or ash. Now that the ground is fairly thawed Lubin is abroad with his plough: Dobbins, Smiler, and Snowball (a jet black) have no rest for the soles of their feet—up and down, up and down, how patiently they go!—Lubin meanwhile whistling a rustic melody in a minor key, whose cadence seems to regulate the motion of the team. Wheat, oats, pease, and beans are got into the ground with all convenient speed, and the farm-house is once again a scene of general bustle. And now “gentlemen sportsmen” resume the pleasures of the chase, and write accounts of “capital runs,” headed with six lines out of Somerville, and concluding with a prayer for the prosperity of the N. S. M.

February—or *February*, as our parish-clerk calls it—is a good month for COURSING: hares run stoutly, and dogs are fresh after their Christmas vacation. On Heathbell-common is the rendezvous—just under the windmill—and ten o'clock is the hour fixed for commencing operations. At ten o'clock what groups are seen,

here and there, within shadow of the mill-sails—like pictures by Morland. Here is the squire of the parish, on his well-fed grey pony, receiving the civilities of his tenants, and paying them compliments in return—through the medium of their dogs. There is the *tryer*, a great man for the time-being, mounted on a stout cob, and attired in a green jacket, with white unmentionables, and top-boots. His great coat is strapped behind him; and in his hand he holds a scroll, containing the names of the dogs, how they are matched, and the order of their running. This gentleman is of exceeding importance to-day, gives orders and asks questions with unusual rapidity, and thinks himself at least on a par with the squire himself. If you get into an inclosed country he considers himself in the light of an absolute monarch, directs which fields are to be beat, cries “War-seeds!” with a stentorian voice, and remonstrates against kicking horses in no very measured language. Up and down, in different parts of the heath, groups of farmers are seen, variously caparisoned and variously mounted. Loud bursts of laughter issue, ever and anon, from these merry meeters, as some joke of the last market-day is broached by one of the party; or, in more serious mood, they discuss the merits of their respective dogs, and lay half-crown wagers on the issue of a course. The miller himself stands out upon the terrace of his wind castle, making bargains for March (his favourite month) with some sagacious old farmer, who loves to unite pleasure with business, and never travels without a pocketful of samples. Apart from these, in the warmest possible corner of the heath, stand the greyhounds them-

selves—some of the choicest in warm flannel jackets—with their keepers, Tom, Jack, and Bill, in smock-frocks and velvetene coats. What a contrast between those beautiful, flexible creatures, and the rough, unwieldy fellows that are hauling them about! What lines of beauty are lying along over their elegant bodies, and what graceful combinations are formed with every motion of their delicate limbs! Metaphysicians, painters, and poets, have been puzzled for a standard of grace—there it is!—there it is! That greyhound, rampant in his endeavour to escape from the youth who is leading him, is the very beau ideal of elegance in the animal creation. Even man, that unreasonable “reasonable animal,” who vaunts so loudly of the supreme beauty of his form (see Buffon and Locke *passim*), has no chance against him, and must acknowledge himself a mere ourang-outang in competition with a long dog!

Now the sport begins. The *tryer* cons his paper—“Mr. Smith’s Mars and Mr. Brown’s Venus” (always plenty of Venuses)—straightway Mars and Venus are led forth—the beaters march forward—and all eyes are strained to catch a sight of poor puss. “Halloo-loo-loo!”—the hare is up, and bounding away like a mad thing—the dogs are slipped—they don’t catch sight at first, but now they see her, and away at the top of their speed in an instant. Away, away they go—flying is nothing to it—up the hill, half a mile off already—we shall lose them in a moment—no; puss turns at the hill top, and scampers along towards the gorse-bushes—the dogs are upon her—they have her—no, egad, she has bolted into the patch of furze and

her pursuers are dissatisfied! How foolish they look now, curvetting to and fro along the gorse side, staring wildly about them, and perking up their little sharp ears in the hope of a directory halloo. "Here-'ere-'ere-'ere! Mars—Venus!—here-'ere-'ere!"—and Venus and Mars are taken up and marched to the rear with all possible speed;—just two minutes and twenty seconds having elapsed since they were led forth to take their trial.

"Dull for an hour and mad for a minute" has been the description given of coursing; and where hares are scarce this is a tolerably just definition. Here, however, no such scarcity exists; but the madness of the minute is felt in all its force: the flash of speed, almost too quick for the eye to mark—the rapid zig-zag, like the course of a lightning stream—and the speedy termination of the chase so bewilder an inexperienced observer that all the best points of the course are lost to him: none but a veteran eye can mark the minutiae of the chase, and detect the various little nice points by which the superior sagacity or speed of this or that dog is manifested, and the victory obtained.

"Mr. Thomson's Bluebell and Mr. Johnson's Spot" are now called. Spot and Bluebell step forward; they take their position in front, and the company moves forward. "Halloo—halloo!" cries

an unfortunate wight in the front rank; the dogs are slipped prematurely, and away with all their velocity after a poor RABBIT. Bunney, however, soon pops into a hole and gets out of harm's way; but the dogs keep galloping on in spite of her, and Messrs. Thomson and Johnson make up to the offending party, and vent their disappointment in what he considers very unsportsmanlike language.

These accidents will happen; but never mind, all becomes smooth at last. There are plenty of hares, and they run stoutly. The dogs are a match for them, and their masters are delighted. The boys who carry the game, slung across long poles, are tired to death with the weight; but they say nothing, for their character as sportsmen is at stake. A good dinner ensues at the "Hare and Hounds," where the healths of the king, and the squire, and the winning dogs, are drunk with uproarious applause; and waggoners, and gardeners, and stable-boys, are kept sitting up at the various farm-houses till twelve or one o'clock, in anxious, though sleepy, expectation of their merry-making masters. If it were not that the dairy-maid had consented to watch with the waggoner, and the house-maid with the gardener, and Peggy, the maid of all work, with Jack, the stable-boy, it would be quite unendurable.

THE CLOSE OF THE SHOOTING SEASON.

THE first month of the new year is the last of what is generally called the shooting season. After it has passed, the law wisely interferes for the protection of certain kinds of

game from any farther molestation, and even stronger than all the laws of our statute book is the sportsman's code of honour upon this point. The man who should be

seen *intentionally* to kill a partridge or a pheasant after the stipulated day—and, for my own part, I would almost as soon be caught robbing a church—would not get over it in a hurry. The pecuniary fine might be paid and done with; but the contempt, which as a sportsman he would incur, would be deep and lasting. In this respect our customs in England are very different from those which prevail on the opposite side of the channel, where, though there *are* some protective laws, the French sportsman generally takes the field as soon as the corn is down and he considers the game worth shooting, and lays up his fowling-piece only when it appears fit to himself to do so. Contrasting the two systems together, let us say, by changing one word in a celebrated sentence, *Nolumus mores Angliæ mutari.*

The change, however, that takes place upon the first of February is not at all uniform throughout this country. While in Hampshire or Staffordshire the sportsman considers his occupation, as far as shooting is concerned, to be nearly gone, in the Highlands of Scotland, the west of Ireland, or the wilder parts of Wales, the alteration is comparatively slight. Being well acquainted from experience with both the wild and the more cultivated parts of the kingdom, I will endeavour, by the following calculations, to show the different effects which the ending of January will have in different places. As I have sported much over them both, I will take the two very opposite counties of Stafford and Merioneth; and will suppose that upon the 31st of January an English sportsman kills twenty head of game in the one, and that a Welsh sportsman kills an equal number in the other.

At the close of the day, the contents of the Englishman's game-bag would be something like the following:—

7 pheasants
4 partridges
3 hares
2 rabbits
2 woodcocks
2 snipes

Total 20

Now, by merely subtracting the pheasants and partridges, which can no longer be *legally* shot, this list would be reduced to nine; but this is not all. Few men are inclined to fire at hares in February; and, even if such were not the case, as both hares and rabbits generally lie on the same ground with partridges and pheasants, the reluctance which all true sportsmen must feel to disturb the latter would act as a safeguard to the former. Thus then, in reality, the reduction is from *twenty* to *four*—only one-fifth part of the original number remaining.

On the other hand, let us take a peep into the game-bag of our Cambrian friend at the end of his day's sport. What find we there?—

5 woodcocks
9 snipes
3 wild-fowl of different kinds
1 hare
2 partridges

Total 20

“Hold hard,” methinks I hear the Staffordshire sportsman exclaim, “what are you giving us here?—only three head of native game to seventeen foreigners! I begin to suspect that you are making a good shot yourself—with the long bow.” I can assure the asto-

nished gentleman, however, that I am doing no such thing, which he will be ready enough to admit if he should ever happen to have a fortnight's winter shooting in that part of our island of which I am now speaking. I could mention particular days in which this disproportion was still greater, but, in speaking generally, the average must be looked to. It may just be mentioned, however, that I have found it no very uncommon occurrence, in this part of the country, and at the close of the season, to kill nothing during the day besides the woodcock, snipe, and wild-fowl, and yet to be without any just reason to complain of the day's sport. A well-known sporting writer says that "the pursuit of woodcocks, with good spaniels, may be termed the fox-hunting of shooting;" and in such places as I am now speaking of, very good cock-shooting may be had in February. The great objection to beat covers, in which game of other descriptions may be plentiful, is removed in this case—because there is very little of it to disturb in most of the woods, and the more favoured ones may easily be avoided. The snipe-shooter may also follow his amusement with still less danger of doing any mischief, as neither the mountain morass or the marsh below are likely to contain anything else, unless it be a wild-duck, a widgeon, or a teal, and they are welcome at all times and in all places. From such causes as these it is evident that in many parts both of Great Britain and Ireland the shooting campaign is by no means ended upon the 1st of February. In others, however, the case is very different, and to them let us now look.

I may be singular in this respect, but in fertile countries, where hares, pheasants, and partridges were numerous, I have seldom taken up my gun with much pleasure after January had passed away. Like most other men I have done so occasionally, when informed of a woodcock or two being flushed in a certain coppice, or of a flight of snipes having alighted along the neighbouring brook; but still, as I went quietly along to the appointed place, with one steady dog following as quietly at my heels, I did not feel as I was accustomed to do when starting for a day's shooting. That "alacrity of spirit," so common amongst sportsmen, whether on horseback or foot, seemed to have partly deserted me, and therefore the amusement was but slight.

Then again there is the chance of misrepresentation to be encountered.

"Rumour is a pipe
Blown by surmises, jealousies, conjectures,"

says Shakspeare, and it is one upon which a tune like the following may easily be played:—"Ah," says Mr. Smith, meeting neighbour Brown, "who can be shooting away to-day in the Brookside-coppice?" "Cannot possibly tell," replies the latter; "but I just saw a pheasant fly across the road. Whoever they may be they are disturbing the game finely, to say the least of it." "It looks to me," rejoins Mr. S., "as if they were shooting hares in the cover;—fine pot-hunting work after the season has closed!—and we, I suppose, shall experience the benefit of it on the next Coursing Meeting." "Very likely, very likely; for, as for woodcocks, I do not believe

there is one in the whole cover." We will here leave the two gentlemen to finish the rest of their conversation by themselves, as from a part we may learn the tenour of the whole. In one respect—namely, disturbing the game—they are not far from the truth, however slight and untenable the foundation may be on which they rest their more vague and dark surmises. The game certainly must be more or less disturbed, and at a time, too, when it is much in need of repose.

The best plan to beat a cover for woodcocks in such a case as this, if it must be beaten, is to send two or three keepers on before, with orders to walk slowly through it almost from end to end, making as much noise as they can all the time. By this means most of the pheasants will run on to the further end of it, or perhaps into a neighbouring wood, if there be one near; and thus they will be much less frightened than if the shooter's themselves went first into the preserve. If there should be no other cover beyond the one which is to be beaten, they will then most likely only run to the farther end of it, as they are unwilling to leave the wood for the open country, unless the hedge-rows should be very strong indeed. In that case, this farther end of it ought to be avoided. Should the cover be of a square or circular form instead of oblong, more men will then be requisite to drive the pheasants to one point by disturbing them from all others.

Against this plan it may be objected that the same beaters, who are to drive the pheasants to one part of the wood, would drive the woodcocks there also; and that therefore, if it was to be kept inviolate for the sake of the former,

the latter would receive the benefit of the neutral ground. To a certain extent this is undoubtedly true, but not so much so as it may appear to the inexperienced at first sight. The woodcock will not run from the noise of the approaching beaters as the pheasant does; if he should run at all, it will only be for a very short distance in comparison to that of his longer-legged companion of the wood. When flushed, also, he more frequently flies in a semi-circular than a straight line, and if disturbed two or three times will mostly, like the hunted hare, return towards his old quarters again. Thus, upon the approach of the shooting party, three woodcocks out of four might be found in those parts of the wood from whence the pheasants had been driven; and, besides this, several of them may have been marked down. The best mode of proceeding will then be to beat *from* that portion of the wood whither the pheasants have been driven; and, of course if springers be used, they must be under very good command, as otherwise by chasing a hare they would soon get upon the prohibited ground.

But the least objectionable day's shooting that can be obtained after the close of the season, in a part of the country where partridges and pheasants are numerous, is to follow the course of a brook after a few days of continued frost. The woodcock or the snipe, the teal or the wild-duck, in a word every kind of bird which the sportsman then desires to find, is more likely to be there than anywhere else; and, what is of more consequence than this, if he do not deviate from his line he is not likely to cause much disturbance to such descriptions of

game as ought to be kept quiet at this period of the year.

These instances, however, are but exceptions to this general rule that in such parts of the country as are highly cultivated and well-stocked with native game, there is, comparatively speaking, but little shooting after January. Thus the actual shooting season may be said to continue longest in the wilder and more remote countries of Great Britain; but this is an advantage to the sportsman which is more than counter-balanced by other circumstances. The red-coat of the fox-hunter, and his gallant pack, are seldom seen amid the heath-clad hills of Caledonia or North Wales, or, if they should make their appearance by some odd accident, are looked upon as a wonder. A mountain fox, who has roamed far from home in search of prey, will now and then lead his fierce pursuers back to his rocky haunts after a chase of many a long mile; but such occurrences are,

"Like angel visits, few and far between."

Thus, then, if in champaign countries the shooting season closes first, their sporting residents can best afford to dispense with that amusement.

Whilst I am now writing this letter, battu-shooting is the order of the day throughout those parts of the country into which this new and foreign fashion has been introduced; but before the new Paternoster coach (by which, being the fastest thing upon the road, I have booked the said letter) shall have borne it to our country friends, all will have been over. The last day will have passed, and our grandees will then, with few exceptions, be hurrying up to London upon other, and more important affairs, than

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shooting pheasants or partridges. At present however, the rattling that is repeatedly heard in some of our large and neighbouring game preserves, is absolutely awful, and more resembles a party of rifle-men annoying the enemy upon their march, than any thing else. But the battu-shooter is not the only man at present upon active service, for the generality of sportsmen are mostly inclined to have as much amusement as they can, at the close of the season; and it is only when that event has absolutely taken place, that many of them look seriously at the havoc which they have been making: then, however, they behold it clearly enough, and regret may perchance come, when it is too late. This does not so much apply to the battu-shooter, because where there is game enough to afford what is properly called a battu, in the month of January—say even on the first day of that month—the subsequent shooting must be severe indeed, if a sufficient quantity be not left for the breeding season; but in many places, where preservation has been less strict, I fear that the scarcity will be found to be great. Whether this scarcity is to be mainly attributed to the operations of the sportsman by day, or of the poacher by night, is another question.

From the fact of the present season being the first in which the new Game Bill has been at work, it will be looked to, and not by sportsmen alone, with more than usual interest. "How has it worked?" will be the general question, but this cannot be thoroughly answered, until certain public documents are laid before Parliament. We are not, however, quite in the dark respecting it even at present; enough has become known to con-

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vince every man, who is open to conviction, that the Utopian views of the most ardent supporters of this measure, have turned out to be mere moon-shine; still in many respects, do I believe that it will do good. In the first place, it will be the means of dispelling a great deal of that delusion, which had before existed upon the subject. Often and often have I read accusations against our country gentlemen, of which the following may be taken as a fair specimen:—"Look to our crowded jails, and there see what mischief these selfish men are doing, by refusing to legalize the sale of game; only admit the fair trader into the market, and he will soon beat the poacher out of it." Well, the fair trader is now admitted into the market, but has the latter prediction been verified? Verily the public writers who made it so vauntingly, though some of them may bear the high-sounding name of political economists, ought to feel a little ashamed of themselves. If their philosophy cannot enable them to see more clearly than they have done in this instance, truly may we describe it to be, in the bitter language of the Poet,

"The merest word that ever fool'd the ear,
From out the schoolman's jargon."

It may be said in justification of these writers, that they are generally the inhabitants of large towns, and therefore know little practically of the state of things in our agricultural districts. This is true, but surely ignorance is no justification for presumption—especially that kind of presumption which flings unmerited odium upon a large portion of their fellow-countrymen. Our over-stocked game preserves are undoubtedly one main

cause for the increase of poaching, but it will be a very difficult matter to prove that the old law, which prohibited the sale of game, had a similar effect. It may certainly be said that the poacher has not now the market to himself, but is not *his* share of the new and extended trade, more than the whole of the old one? At all events who can now assert that he has been beaten out of the market?

As for the changes respecting qualification, there can be but one opinion about them—namely, that they were most beneficial; in fact, the old laws were so absurd and unreasonable upon this point, that they had pretty nearly fallen into disuse; informations against persons duly licensed were rare, and convictions still rarer, for the magistrates, much to their credit, generally treated such cases with all the leniency in their power. Still we heard now and then of a hard case, and it was therefore high time to abolish such legal anomalies. How the idea, that younger sons were not fit persons to sport over their father's estate, though it should be the largest in the county, could ever have entered into the head of any legislator, it is difficult to imagine; and as it is now gone, it is not worth while to inquire into its origin. I will only say therefore, in conclusion, that this change has been found a great relief to many a young sportsman, who before could not deem himself quite secure even with his license in his pocket; it is true, that the odds were high against his getting into any scrape, under those circumstances, but still no one likes to have what the lawyers call "a flaw in his title."

N. O.

THE HISTORY OF HORSEMANSHIP, ILLUSTRATED BY STATUARY AND SCULPTURE.

THE RIDING-HOUSE AT DESSAU.

THE want of decoration in our public and private riding-houses can scarcely have escaped the notice of even the most inattentive observer. Every Englishman—at least every one deserving of the name—is a horseman from his youth, and learns to stick to a horse's back from the time that he begins his A B C.

"Nescit equo rudis
Haerere ingenuus puer,
Venarique timet,"

is an objection that does not apply to the youth of Britain. No, our brave boys *grow* to their steeds as if horse and rider were one; and so far from dreading the chase, they not unfrequently follow the hounds at the risk of limb or even of life itself. Nor does this fondness for horses and the chase continue only during the period of youth;—"It grows with our growth, and strengthens with our strength." In the vigour of manhood the boy's pony becomes a noble hunter—such as I have this moment in my eye—a bright bay, just fifteen hands and a half—skin sleek as a mouse's ear, with the endurance of an ox, the spirit of a lion, and the bound of an antelope. In the downhill of life, when the hand of time has somewhat relaxed the strength and mellowed—not chilled nor soured—the ardent temperament of the lover of field-sports, he proceeds to the field on his quiet cob, witnesses the *find* and the *burst*, and as his juniors,

"Of the raging instinct full,"

sweep past in gallant pride, he thinks with joy of the days of his

strength, and he cheers those onward with his voice whom he no longer leads.

Considering this partiality of the English for exercise on horseback and field-sports, and looking at the numerous beautiful illustrations of these subjects that have been contributed by the painter and the engraver for the ornament of our dwellings and our books, it certainly does seem rather surprising that the kindred art of the statuary should not have been more generally employed in the decoration of buildings appropriated to the exercise of the equestrian art. Whatever may have been the cause of this neglect, it cannot have proceeded from want of money in an age when immense sums have been lavished on meretricious architectural decoration, both in public and private buildings, from a palace to a park lodge; and still less can it have been owing to a dearth of native talent, as the compositions in front of many public erections in the Metropolis would testify were they not in general so crowded, and placed so high, as to be unintelligible in our dingy atmosphere without a pocket glass. Why a subject so admirably adapted to receive illustration from the designs of the statuary should have been so little attended to in this country, can only have arisen from public attention never having been directed toward it.

Enter the riding-house attached to the stables of a nobleman, a lover of horses, and who always keeps a numerous stud, and you

find yourself in a large building like the shell of a theatre, whose blank, dreary-looking walls afford not a single object to relieve the eye, except two or three saddle-frames, and as many pegs for the grooms to hang their coats on; beyond these all is "earth and sky;" that is to say, a floor well strewn with saw-dust, and a high roof, through the numerous joists and bracers of which you here and there perceive a pane of glass "shedding its dim religious light" on the profane below. Having glanced at the inside, let us now take a view of the ornaments with which the exterior is decorated, and which, we might expect, would have some relation to the use of the building. The front is of stone, well wrought and jointed certainly, but—except for a sort of loopholes, meant for windows—bearing a marvellous resemblance to the blank wall of the Old Bailey. In a niche over the entrance stands a marble urn, such as we see on tomb-stones, and a couple more of these funereal mementos occupy niches on each side of the door. A "patience smiling at grief" is only wanted for the former, and a pair of cherubs for the latter, to render the monument complete. It is unnecessary to dwell upon this point; the general nakedness and want of appropriate decoration in our riding-houses—a bad term, by-the-bye, but still better than riding-school—is unquestionable, and a sketch of one may serve, with a little alteration, for all.

Notwithstanding the partiality of the English for exercise on horseback, and the advantage of acquiring an easy and graceful, as well as a firm, seat in the saddle, places in this country, where such instruction is given in public, or

which are erected for private gratification, are less frequented than might be expected from the character of the people. It is needless to enter into a lengthy examination of all the causes which may have produced this effect, but it is highly probable that an indifference on the part of the proprietors to the appropriate decoration of such buildings may have been one. Such establishments at present are almost exclusively appropriated to the mere acquisition of the equestrian art, without offering much inducement to the accomplished horseman to display his skill in the management of one of the noblest animals which the power of man has subjected to his service. Our riding-houses are as simple as they well can be; they offer little inducement to enter, except to such as go expressly to learn; and should a person be tempted to pay a visit merely as a spectator, he sees nothing beyond the mere exercises to attract his notice and relieve that tedium which ever will be occasionally felt in witnessing exhibitions which, though interesting, are not exciting.

Having thus noticed what is *not* done in England, it may not be uninteresting to give an account of what has already been effected in this respect in Germany, where the riding-house (Reitbahn) at Dessau affords an admirable specimen of that style of decoration which it is the chief object of this paper to recommend; from a conviction that wherever the arts of design, whether in sculpture, painting, or engraving, can be made subservient to the ornament or illustration of any subject, they open new sources of pleasure to all who feel interested in it, while they seldom fail to effect an improve-

ment in the subject itself. History is embellished by the beautiful productions of the sculptor and the painter, and it is not hazarding too much to assert, that it is in a great degree owing to the talent with which such subjects have been illustrated by some of our most eminent painters and engravers that field-sports in this country are so highly appreciated and so well understood.

The interior of the riding-house of Dessau is of an oblong form, and is decorated on three of its sides with twenty-two subjects in stucco, in high relief, illustrative of the history of horsemanship. They occupy the intervals between the windows, and each is about seven feet and a half broad by six feet and a half high, except the two which are on each side of the doorway at the end, which are about one half larger than the rest, as they contain an additional figure. The subjects, which were modelled on a smaller scale by Döll of Gotha, and executed by his pupil, Schulz, are said to have been suggested by his highness, Prince Francis of Anhalt-Dessau; and a learned Professor*, eminent for his classical attainments and the vigour and purity of his native German, has not thought it beneath him to write a particular description of the whole, and to recommend others to follow, though without servilely copying, the example thus afforded.

No. 1 represents the creation of the horse by Neptune, according to the old Greek fable, which pretends that this god, in his dispute with Minerva for the honour of presiding over and giving a name to the newly-founded city of Athens, struck the earth with his trident,

from which there immediately sprung a horse. In his character of creator of the horse the statue of Neptune was placed in the Hippodrome, or race-course, of antiquity, and horse and chariot-races were under his protection. The artist has represented the god of the sea as he appears on the best monuments of antiquity, of a majestic mien, and athletic breadth of shoulders and chest, but without his garland of sea-weeds, considered so indispensable in those fresh-water Neptunes who empty their urns in our gardens. The horse appears inactive, as if scarcely yet conscious of his powers and strength.

No. 2. Castor, the horse-tamer. From this epithet, which is given by Homer to Castor, and from his being so frequently represented on the remains of ancient art standing beside a bridled horse, he is considered the first who broke this noble animal. He appears here bridling the horse created by Neptune, which is rearing as if impatient of the bit.

No. 3. The young Achilles, riding on the back of the centaur Chiron. Horses appear to have been employed for draught, or yoked to chariots, long before they were used for riding. Homer, though he so frequently speaks of the war-chariots of his heroes, makes no allusion to cavalry, in the present sense of the word; that is, men who fight on horseback. The inhabitants of Thessaly appear to have been the first who were known in ancient Greece as horsemen, and from them has been derived the fabulous story of the Centaurs, who were feigned to be half men and half horses. Chiron is here represented as the first master of the art of riding, as under his in-

* Böttiger, Über Verzierungen Gymnastischer Übungsplätze.

struction many of the heroes of Greece are said to have derived their knowledge of medicine, music, and the art of war—three grand qualifications in a hero of antiquity, who was as much valued for his skill in healing wounds as for his power in despatching souls to Hades; and if to these accomplishments he could sing to the music of the lyre, his character was perfect. In this piece Chiron holds a lance in his hand, which he appears about to launch at a deer, to which the young Achilles directs his attention.

No. 4. Bellerophon catching the winged horse, Pegasus. This famous steed, so frequently alluded to by the Greek and Latin poets, was feigned to have sprung from the blood of Medusa, and to have been at last caught and broken by Bellerophon, through the aid of Minerva. Pegasus is here represented as still in gallop, with the hero seizing him by the foretop and the mane.

No. 5. An Amazon on horseback. The ancient tradition concerning the Amazons, a warlike nation of women, reported to have inhabited the northern coast of the Black Sea, is a subject which has frequently exercised the skill of the sculptors of antiquity. Some admirable specimens of Greek art, forming a portion of the Phigalian marbles, and representing the battle of the Greeks and Amazons, are to be seen in the British Museum. In the present figure the costume is scrupulously observed. In her right hand she wields the *bipennis*, or two-edged axe; and in her left she holds the *pelta*, or semi-circular shield.

No. 6. Alexander mounting Bucephalus. This celebrated horse, purchased from a Thessalian stud

by Philip of Macedon, was about to be returned to the seller on account of his wildness and intractability, when Alexander offered to undertake the task of taming him, in which he gallantly succeeded. Having noticed that the animal was afraid of his own shadow, he led him out with his eyes covered into the sun, and having soothed him with stroking and caresses, he watched a favourable opportunity to let the covering fall and to spring upon his back. The moment chosen by the artist is when Alexander turns the impatient horse from the shadow.

No. 7. The Desultator, or professed equestrian, displaying his skill. Equestrian exercises, such as are performed at Astley's at the present day, were practised by the ancient Greeks from a very early period and before they employed cavalry in war. Homer (*Iliad*, book 15th), in describing the progress of Ajax from ship to ship, compares him to a *horse-springer*, who leaps from the back of one horse to another. A beautiful gem, representing the Desultator, the Ducrow of antiquity, exhibiting with four horses, is preserved in the Florentine Museum. The Romans, also, named such an artist Vertumnus; and towards the decline of the empire such exhibitions were called the Sarmatic Games. In the present composition the Desultator is running by the side of two horses, and is about to leap over that which is next him on to the back of the other.

No. 8. A Roman knight on horseback, with the *hasta*, or spear, in his right hand. The costume of this figure is faithfully given from a careful examination of the best statues and bas-reliefs representing the Eques of the Romans.

We observe in this subject the want of stirrups, which were not then known; and a stone at one side, such as Tiberius Gracchus ordered to be erected at certain distances on the public roads for the convenience of travellers mounting, may be intended to hint the want of this convenience. "Loupin'-on-stanes," it appears, are of much higher antiquity than stirrups.

No. 9. A Cataphractus, or warrior completely covered, as well as his horse, with scale-like armour. This style of armour is derived from the northern inhabitants of Europe and Asia, and during the empire of the Romans was particularly adopted by the Parthians. It was formed by arranging small pieces of iron in such a manner that one row overlapped another, like the scales of a fish. Claudian, a poet of the fourth century, describes, with great beauty, this kind of armour; but the Romans appear never—or if at all, only towards the fall of the empire—to have adopted it. On the column of Trajan five figures thus armed are to be observed in the flight of the Sarmatian allies, though they appear to be much lighter and less bulky than the Parthian Cataphracts, and also to use lighter weapons, being provided only with bows and arrows, while the latter had long spears, which they carried slung in a leathern belt or thong by the side of their horse.

Nos. 10, 11, 12, and 13, occupy the end of the riding-house, opposite the principal entrance, and the boxes (logen) for the accommodation of the spectators. Nos. 11 and 12, which are in the centre, and are the largest compositions in the series, represent, each, two

knights in the German costume and armour of the thirteenth century, mounted and engaged in a tournament. In No. 11 they are running at each other with their lances, and in No. 12 they are fighting with their swords. Nos. 10 and 13 represent each of these knights attended by his squire and his page, previous to the commencement of the tourney.

No. 14. A Dacian horseman. This figure is from Trajan's column, which was erected to commemorate his victory over the Dacians, and is executed with so much spirit that we may almost conceive the rider to be the brave chief Decebalus himself. It may here be observed that the Dacians, like the most of the Scythians and other northern tribes, rode without a saddle, and bore a considerable resemblance in their dress to the Wallachians of the present time.

No. 15. An Arab on horseback. Arabia may be considered as the *natale solum* of the best breed of horses that is to be met with in the world; the most excellent both of Europe, Asia, and America, deriving their descent from an Arabian stock. The superior horsemanship of the Arabs has frequently been extolled. They are bold and dexterous riders, and display surprising address and agility in the management of the horse. Their stirrups are much shorter than ours, which gives them the appearance of having a constrained and uneasy seat, and their bits are of tremendous power. It is considered with them a great feat to stop *short*—a practice which is ruinous to the animal from the violence of the shock, and the consequent concussion which his whole frame undergoes when thus sud-

denly checked in his speed. A favourite exercise with the Arabs is throwing the *djerid*, or lance, scarcely thicker than a bulrush, and which, even when riding at full speed, they cast with unerring aim. In the present figure the horse is in full gallop and the rider throwing his lance.

Nos. 16, 17, and 18, represent three German knights of the sixteenth century. The first carries his sword drawn, the second is armed *cap-a-pee*, and the third is a cuirassier with pistols at his holsters.

No. 19 represents the Chevalier Pluvinel, riding-master to the three kings of France—Henry the Third, Henry the Fourth, and Louis the Thirteenth—and the founder of the French Academy of Equitation, which continued to be held in the Tuilleries to the time of the Revolution, and which long served as a pattern to the riding-schools of England and Germany. Pluvinel was a gentleman of Dauphiné, who having obtained a knowledge of equitation and of the art of managing a horse from Pignatelli of Naples, at that time the first school of horsemanship in Europe, taught the French nobility and gentry what he had acquired in Italy, together with improvements of his own. He accompanied Henry the Third to Poland, when previous to his accession to the French crown he was chosen king of that country, and he was one of the three confidential servants who attended him on his sudden return to France on the death of his brother, Charles the Ninth. Henry the Fourth esteemed him so highly, and placed so much confidence in his ability, as to employ him on a mission to Amsterdam, and in the Memoirs of

Sully he is more than once mentioned in terms of praise. Pluvinel instructed the Dauphin, afterwards Louis the Thirteenth, in the principles of horsemanship, and drew up at the request of the young king his work on equitation, under the title of "*Le Manege Royal*," but died, in 1620, the year before it was published.

No. 20. The Spanish Picador, or bull-fighter. The celebrated bull-fights are fully described by almost every traveller who has visited Spain. The Picador, who attacks the bull on horseback, is armed with a long lance, having his legs covered with thick yet pliable leather, and dressed in a close jacket, with a short cloak over his shoulder. Horses which are not accustomed to the game sometimes show so much alarm and prove so unmanageable that it is necessary to cover their eyes with a handkerchief.

No. 21. A jockey mounted on an English race-horse. The designer has here displayed his knowledge of the history of the horse; for where is the racer to be found in such perfection as in England, and what other horses have ever afforded such instances of speed? A short time previous to the great French Revolution, the Duke of Orleans, afterwards better known as *Citoyen Philippe Egalité*, father of his present majesty, Philip the First, King of the French, smitten with a love of English fashions, attempted to introduce to the favourable notice of the Parisians horse-races in the English manner, and to found a French Newmarket Course on the Plaine de Sablons, but the experiment failed. The gay dames of Paris went once, because the Duke of Orleans was

then a sort of leader of *ton*, to see English jockeys ride in their silk jackets and caps, and buckskin unmentionables; but they went no more; and the turmoil of war and internal commotion which shortly afterwards succeeded, withdrew the attention of the French to something else than "*Courses de Chevaux à la mode Anglaise.*" A similar attempt, made about the same time, to introduce races in the English style at Vienna met with as little success.

No. 22 represents the Prince of Anhalt-Dessau in the modern uniform of a cavalry officer, and forms an appropriate termination to a series of illustrations which are at once an honour to the Prince, by whom they were suggested, and to the artists by whom they were designed and executed.

Should the nobility and gentry of England, or even the owners of places devoted to public instruction and amusement, feel disposed to

follow the example thus set, what a field is there open for the exercise of the statuary's invention and skill! The Elgin marbles in the British Museum afford admirable studies of ancient art, while our race-horses, hunters, and chargers, present the most admirable living models for the formation of an artist's taste or the correction of his design. Our history, both foreign and domestic, and our sports, both of the turf and of the field, afford innumerable subjects for illustration. For instance—Richard at the battle of Ascalon, the Black Prince at Cressy, Surrey at Flodden Field, Elizabeth at Tilbury, Cromwell at Marston Moor, and the Guards at Waterloo; and then the illustration of a single fox-chase would of itself afford subjects for the decoration of half the riding-houses, both public and private, that at present exist in the kingdom.

L. M.

WILD-FOWL SHOOTING.

WARMINGTON SINK AND PERIHO HURN.

To every sportsman in the immediate vicinity, and to many others whose residence is in the neighbourhood, the names of Warmington Sink and Perihō (pronounced Perry) Hurn are as "familiar as household words." The sports, of which they form the arena, are limited to wild-fowl and snipe-shooting, and no better fields, at certain periods, can exist for either amusement.

Warmington Sink, as it is called, is a long valley, or extensive tract of meadow, in the county of Northampton, lying between Fother-

inghay hills (at the foot of which flows the Nene) on the north, and the highlands of Elton and Tansor on the south. It is frequently irrigated by the Nene, but owing to the recent improvements in the outfall of that river towards the sea, the water remains but a short period before returning to its proper channel. In the winter months, during a flood, both air and water are alive with fowl. Geese, ducks, teal, and widgeon, congregate in such numbers to this place of rendezvous, as to make the whole creation beside sink as it were into

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insignificance. Whether it be owing to the novelty of their appearance, the partial eye of a sportsman, or the imposing aspect of their actual numbers, I know not, but I have remarked the effect spoken of above on numerous occasions—as though the earth were inhabited by wild-fowl alone.

A flood in November is as sure a precursor of a flight of fowl as these latter are heralds of the gunners from Yaxley, Stanground, and Whittlesey, who follow up the Nene, or rather on the *overflow*, in their punts on the way to Elton, which they in general make headquarters. Of the wild geese they make little profit save the feathers; for, like the hoopers, it is chiefly for the down that they are followed. Ducks and teal yield a better price, being currently sold at 4s. 6d. and 2s. a couple. Peterborough, Stamford, and Oundle, are places of ready sale for these birds; and as Elton is distant but three miles from the north road, the gunners who are fortunate enough to make up a cargo have every facility for the London market in the vans and coaches which pass Cate's Cabin every evening. I have been told by one of the most experienced of this class of sportsmen that a tour of this kind, if he was successful, would pay him upwards of £5, after defraying expenses during a week's stay at Elton and the neighbourhood. As I always feel a little curious in these matters, and thinking the narrative might prove acceptable to some of your readers, I induced him to keep an account of his sport in one of these expeditions; and as he has carried the pole for me many a day, and as often received the contents of my purse, I have no doubt of its accuracy. The following is his *log*:—

Monday, Nov. 26.—Killed in going up, one hooper, near Alwalton;—four couple of ducks, lost two wounded ones—cripples;—three widgeon, and a teal.

Tuesday.—Great flocks of geese and ducks came to the Sink at day-break and gave good sport. Killed twenty-seven geese, nine couple and a half of ducks, nine teal, and two birds, name unknown.

Wednesday.—Rain with much wind, so that nothing could be done. Sent the two strange birds to Peterborough for sale to be stuffed.

Thursday.—Never saw so many geese and teal, but no ducks on the water, though many were flying about all day but would not settle. Killed seventeen geese, four couple and a half of widgeon, twelve couple of teal (lost three cripples in a reed bed), six couple of pochard, and a heron. Went out of the house about eight o'clock to look at the night, and heard the snipes calling in the air, as if great numbers were coming to the Sink.

Friday.—The water had gone down very fast, owing to the west wind of Wednesday, and left the banks and many places in the meadows dry or splashy on the Tansor side. Flushed lots of snipes, so set to work and got down five dozen springes. Very little else but geese on the water, and got but three shots all day; two at ducks—killed five couple—and one at teal, killed but a pair, as they rose just when I fired.

Saturday, Dec. 1st.—Capital sport with the snipes; caught sixteen couple and a half, and started about nine for Peterborough market. Killed coming down a couple and a half of ducks, and two couple of teal.

Heron	1
Hooper	1
Geese	44
Ducks	40
Teal	38
Widgeon	12
Pochard	12
Unknown	2

Total killed 150

As mere matter of detail this statement contains but little interest; and yet how pregnant is it of matter to those who are familiar with the scenes and events of which it is an humble record! The journey up fraught with anticipations of success, in some measure borne out by four couple of "whole birds." Then come the thronging events of Tuesday; great flocks of geese and ducks coming from off their feed at day-break down to the waters, whose ample surface they shortly overspread—the long and loud reports of the great guns rolling through the silence and solitude of the waters, scattering the fowl over the western hills and Apethorp woods. Wednesday was a blank day; but Thursday made ample amends, as far as slaughter goes, and was witness to many a busy scene amongst the fowls; but who that knows what a right good day amongst them is can picture to himself, without wishing to be there, the gunner standing by his punt or strolling along the shore as he listened to the snipes whirring through the air by night, their shrill cry sounding in the distance as they came to the feeding grounds left by the ebbing waters around the Sink. It is on such occasions as these, when the sportsmen can take time by the forelock, that a splendid day is obtained; and hence how necessary is it, as I have be-

fore remarked, to have agents in a country visited by birds of a migratory kind to let you have the earliest intelligence of their approach.

The Hurn consists of about 250 acres of marsh, overgrown with rushes and moss, but affording during the winter, and generally after a thaw, most excellent snipe-shooting. It is a place where, when the birds are plentiful, great slaughter may be made, as the entire ground is feeding-ground, and, unlike most places of their resort, uniformly solid and even. I have beat it many a time, and should know a little how to go to work, and I have always found it the better way to begin at the paper-mills and go by the osier-holts in the first instance; and the reason is plain, that by so doing those birds which are not shot drop on the southern side of the Hurn instead of leaving it altogether, or settling amongst the osiers, which is almost the same thing.

The new Game Laws will, I fear, be severely felt in this quarter. The Hurn belongs to Lord Westmoreland, and adjoins some of his best preserves; and the facility now given to proceedings for trespass, by an information before a magistrate, instead of a notice and action (which, by-the-by, was well known to be discountenanced by the courts), must make us pause how we proceed.

It may not, however, be amiss in this place to state that the law as altered (I cannot yet bring myself to think it has been amended) extends no further in respect to "woodcocks, snipes, quails, land-rails, and conies," than to subject any one beating for them without leave to a penalty of £2, at most, for trespass, with other penalties for a

repetition of the offence or concealment of his name. But no alteration is made in the qualification to kill them, and unlike those animals designated game, they are not to be taken from any one who has bagged them without leave.

The following remarks in reference to snipe-shooting, in this part of the country, may not be altogether uninteresting to your readers.

The habits of the snipe, while they form matter of inquiry for the naturalist, are not less worthy of attention from the sportsman. Their appearance and departure are generally at corresponding periods, and are so regulated by time and temperature as to ensure to the attentive observer a sufficient criterion of their visit to any particular line of country. Their migration is regulated by instinct, directed either to their food or suitable climate, and hence it is as futile to beat for them at the Hurn in March or April, as it is certain in the winter months that they may be found there in abundance. Their first appearance here is about the latter end of August, at which time the duration of their visits is uncertain, and the ground over which forty shots may be had in the day, is probably deserted by every bird during the night. At this time they are generally found in wisps of from five to eight couple, and are far more difficult of approach than when scattered indiscriminately over the marshes, which happens about the middle of October. In this month they abound in Whittlesey-wash and Ramseyfen, and are generally found to lie well, especially if there has been a slight frost. This, too, is a remarkable feature in their "whereabout;" whether it is owing to the nature of the ground—there being

more or less splash upon it—or its exposed or sheltered situation, but the same degree of frost upon the thermometer (I speak from repeated observations) has a widely different effect upon these birds at corresponding periods of the year, in the same range of country. Their appearance in the spring in the vicinity of The Mere, for instance, is always in accordance with its mild or frigid aspect. A few birds are at first seen by the gunners amongst the reed-shoals, which shortly after disappear. These seem "avant couriers," for in a few days at most they return and thousands with them. They are at this period rather poor, nor, indeed, at any time in the spring are they in as good condition as in the winter—especially during slight frosts succeeded at intervals by a thaw. It may be worth observation that their movements seem to be in some degree correspondent with the appearance of certain flowers in the lowlands. The March violet (*viola odorata*) indicates their approach, and the pilewort (*ranunculus ficaria*) their principal muster, while the yellow iris (*iris pseudoacorus*) marks the period of their departure.

In conclusion I may, perhaps, be permitted to state that there is no place where I feel so much gratification on a shooting excursion as in this neighbourhood,—

"the school-boy spot
We ne'er forget, though there we are forgot."

Having passed many of the happy years of my boyhood at Fotheringhay, which lordship adjoins or very nearly approaches both the Sink and Hurn, it is but natural that, on revisiting as a man "the pleasant places" over which I roamed a boy, memory should call forth all the better feelings of the heart, "re-

pressed by circumstance but not destroyed." Nothing can be calculated to make a deeper impression on the mind than to stand upon the Castle-hill where Mary laid down her head upon the block—to muse upon the scene where Richard the Third was born, and where the victor of Agincourt, "the high

Plantagenet," is mouldering in his grave.

"Before me winding pathways lead
To upland lawns and level mead;
Where Nene in silent sorrow laves
The princely warriors' lowly graves;
And that dismantled mount where stood
The towers imbued with Stuart's blood."

The Forest.

N. W.

Peterborough, Dec. 20.

CHARACTERS OF HUNTING COUNTRIES.

No. VII.

HAMPSHIRE.

WHEN we consider that the county of Hants, as it is called, contains more than one million, two hundred thousand acres of land, we are no longer surprised at its finding room for six packs of fox-hounds; namely, Mr. Villebois's, the Vine, Mr. Thomas Assheton Smith's, the Hambleton, Sir John Cope's, and the New Forest, all of which, with the exception of Sir John Cope's and Mr. Smith's, are confined to this county alone. As a hunting country, however, Hampshire is far from first-rate, being for the most part under the plough; and in addition to this disadvantage the stratum of soil is thin over the larger portion of the county, and consequently unfavourable to scent. The flints, also, which cover the surface over, we may say, two-thirds of it, are always injurious to hounds and often fatal to horses, cutting the sinews of the leg in sunder; and it abounds in sheep and shepherd-dogs, the best friends to foxes chased by hounds, but very inimical to sport. Plough-teams are likewise to be seen in at least one field out of four, causing foxes to be driven from their points,

and the covers are large and rough; added to all this, immense hedge-rows are kept on the farms, for the sake of fuel, which is scarce, and these are exceedingly baffling to hounds. In fact, it may be said to labour under many serious disadvantages.

As coming first on our road from the Metropolis we will commence with Sir John Cope's hounds, which hunt a small part of Hampshire in the immediate neighbourhood of their kennel, which is at Bramshill, the seat of their owner, just within the county. Nothing can be worse than the Hampshire country hunted by this pack, but that rather adds to the merit of the gentleman who has the spirit to hunt it, which he does with, we believe, a very small subscription. It would be uninteresting to our readers to dwell upon this part of Hampshire, which partakes of a sort of Cimmerian darkness in November—immense hedges, deep and blind ditches, extensive covers, and bad foxes. The only place in it likely to show a run is Dogmersfield-park, the seat of the Mildmays, from whence a fox can

get on the Warnborough hills and lead the chase over a part of the open country, hunted by Mr. Villebois. The Duke of Wellington's covers at Strathfield Saye, and those of Mr. Tilney Long Wellesley, are drawn by these hounds, and are all in the county of Hants.

As connected with Hampshire sporting the following recorded fact may be entitled to a place here. In 1620, the then Archbishop of Canterbury had the misfortune to occasion the death of a keeper, by his cross-bow, whilst hunting in Bramshill-park, and to expiate the homicide (as was the good custom of those days) he founded a hospital at Guildford for the maintenance of unmarried paupers. It seems archbishops hunted in those by-gone days—an amusement which the morbid sanctity of the present times has attempted to deny even to a curate. But let us have none of this swallowing camels and choaking with gnats! Nature herself has directed us to the chase, and we could bring a long string of authorities—*authorities revered by the church*—who recommend the sports of the field as a relaxation of pious labours. Quere. Are men better now than they were then? We think not.

Mr. Villebois's hunt is by far the most extensive in Hampshire, affording four regular days, and most commonly five. It joins the countries of Sir John Cope and the Vine, near Basingstoke, and those of the Hambledon, Mr. Assheton Smith's and the New Forest being chiefly in the very heart of the county. The kennel is at Armsworth, a small village, three miles from Alresford and ten from Winchester, and where the worthy master of the pack has his domicile. He has a very large kennel of

hounds, divided into two packs—one consisting of the larger hounds and the other of the smaller, and they take the field on alternate days. They are hunted by that well-known huntsman, Richard Foster, who has been many years with Mr. Villebois, and is looked upon as one of the first woodland huntsmen of present times. Indeed his experience in cover-hunting has been great, for in some parts of his present country his hounds are oftener in cover than out.

Mr. Villebois has another kennel at Hursley, between Winchester and Romsey, where he goes twice in the season, and always finishes there. It is a rough uncouth country, and an antidote to enjoyment of hounds, but it is useful in cub-hunting and in the spring, as affording rest to the better covers. Whilst the hounds sojourn at Hursley, Mr. Villebois, accompanied by a few friends, takes up his quarters at the head inn of Romsey, which is handy enough for his fixtures.

The country hunted by the Hampshire Hounds—as those of Mr. Villebois are called, although he keeps them entirely at his own expense—rough as parts of it are, is more like a fox-hunting country than that hunted by the Vine pack. In the first place, there are some fences in all parts of it, and stiff ones in most; and in the next, it is so roomy that no part of it is persecuted by the hounds coming too quick upon covers, the cause of many blank days. It is, for the most part, uncommonly well off for foxes, an excellent understanding having always existed between the master and the farmers—the best security for their preservation. His Farmers' Hunt races, on Abbotstone-downs, and the dinner after-

wards, at which he presides himself, make scores of friends to fox-hunting, and among many who never partake of the sport.

The favourite meet in the Hampshire Hunt is Thorny-down, a circular cover on a commanding situation, about six miles from Alresford. A most excellent and animating song was made many years back on this favourite spot by Mr. Paulet, when he had the hounds. The first, fifth, and sixth verses are so good that we shall give them as a specimen of a sportsman's muse, and we can assure our readers that we have listened with the greatest delight to this enlivening ballad.

"Free from care, from pain, from sorrow,
Haste to Thorny-down to-morrow;
There shall our steeds outstrip the wind,
While time and age creep far behind,
No long vigils of love we keep,
Nor evening's cups protract our sleep,
But ere the sun has reached the skies,
Fresh as the morn we gladly rise.

Chorus.

"Then free from care, from pain, from sorrow,
Haste to Thorny-down to-morrow.

Fifth Verse.

"Check'd by sheep's-stain in the valley,
Men of weight gain time to rally;
Mopping his front and double chin,
Each heavy blue* comes puffing in.
Juniper hits it down the way—
Magpies and crows his point betray;
Through the wet mead and chalky soil
The villain runs his tainted foil.

Chorus.

"Then free from care, &c.

Sixth Verse.

"Distress'd at length he gains the village
Where of late he roamed for pillage;
'Midst his old haunts he finds no friend,
And Joe's whoo-hoop proclaims his end.
My rhymes are done; once more excuse
Your ancient Laureat's limping muse;
And here, in Dian's joyous court,
Drink, in full cups, the noble sport!

Chorus.

"Then free from care, &c."

But having quoted from one sportsman's muse we should not omit mentioning that Mr. Lowth, the author of Billesdon Coplow poem (son of the learned Dr. Lowth, Bishop of London), was a member of the Hampshire Hunt,

and greatly distinguished for his classical attainments at Oxford. He thus describes *himself* in the poem:—

"An H. H. who in Leicestershire never had
been,
So of course such a tickler ne'er could have seen,
Just to see them throw off, on a raw horse was
mounted, [confronted.
Who a hound had ne'er seen or a fence had
But they found in such style, and went off at
such score,
That he could not resist the attempt to see more;
So with scrambling, and dashing, and one rat-
tling fall,
He saw all the fun up to Stretton's white hall.
There they anchor'd, in plight not a little dis-
tressing, [ing."
The horse being raw he of course got a dress-

Not content with showing himself up in not the most flattering light as a rider to hounds (he was one of the best race-riders of his day), he jocularly adds the following note:—"It is not quite clear whether the initials H. H. are meant to apply to a Hampshire hog or the Hampshire Hunt. If to the hog, it does not appear that he saved his bacon."

Very little more can be said of the H. H. country, further than that it is uncommonly well hunted by Mr. Villebois, and, which is no small consideration with a sportsman, everything is done in a truly sportsmanlike style. It is, taken altogether, severe for horses, in consequence of the prevalence of ploughed land, always deep after frost; and there is a good deal of fencing, but no brooks but what are fordable. It is far from favourable to scent, which, according to Foster's experience of it, is never to be depended upon but after wet nights, with wind to the northward of west. The hounds have always been well attended in the field; indeed, some years back more so than most others in England—a hundred well-mounted gentlemen being an almost *every day's* com-

* Blue was the uniform colour of the hunt.

plement at all their best covers. Like most other assemblages—political ones excepted—Mr. Villebois's field is lessened by the severe pressure of the times; but still the attendance is respectable, and is certain to continue to be so as long as he is at its head, for he is much honoured in Hampshire.

The H. H., or Hampshire Hunt country, is one of some antiquity in the annals of hunting countries. Mr. Paulet, of King's Somborne, had it before Mr. Villebois, who has hunted it upwards of twenty years. "Squire Ridge," or "Tom Ridge," as he was generally called, had it before Mr. Paulet, and a good old sportsman was he. About a dozen or fifteen neighbouring gentlemen subscribed their ten pounds each towards expenses, and dined together, in the old fashioned style, once a fortnight, at Popham-lane Inn, on the London and Winchester road.

Mr. Villebois's establishment is on the first scale, consisting of two packs of hounds and at least twenty horses, all at his own expense, and everything is done upon system. Although the greater part of his country is rough and woodland, a small track called the "Hartley country" is a very pleasant one to ride over. Indeed, several of his fixtures in the neighbourhood of Alresford are such as any sportsman should be content with, in a country not first-rate. But he must not regard a scratched face; he must take a lesson from Foster how to make his way through covers (for we think Foster is the best hand at this work we ever saw), and he must not lose sight of the hounds if he can help it. He must ride a well-bred horse, that "can go upon wind," as the term is; he should be a good

timber-leaper, and strong in deep ground; his pasterns should be short, and the hair encouraged to grow on his heels—the two latter qualities being the best protection against flints.

The next in our list is the Hambleton, a rough, uncomely country, abounding with woods and forests, but the best in Hampshire for hounds. It was lately hunted by Mr. Smith, who now has the Craven, but at present by Mr. King, who formerly kept hounds in Devonshire. It is of fair extent, quite equal to three day's a week, and well supplied with foxes.

A celebrated yeoman of the name of Laund once hunted this country, and after him Colonel De Burgh (afterwards Lord Clanricarde), whose kennel was at Droxford, on the London and Gosport road. The Colonel was a gallant soldier, and distinguished himself under the late Duke of York in Holland, but he could not ride to his hounds. Old Laund, as he was called, was a capital sportsman of the old school, and amongst many others the following anecdote is related of him:—The late Duke of Richmond, uncle to the present Duke, had in his (old Laund's) day, an excellent pack of fox-hounds at Goodwood, hunted by the famous Tom Grant. It so happened that both packs met one day at the same cover, each party laying claim to it. The Duke became angry, when the other thus addressed him:—"It's no use, my Lord, to put yourself in a passion. I've just throw'd 'em in, and if there's a fox in the cover they'll find him, and between us both we shall kill him. But, if your Grace puts yourself in such a passion, *as I hunted this cover before you was born, I shall hunt it after*

you are dead." Sir Bellingham Graham and Mr. Osbaldeston also hunted this country whilst waiting to get possession of such as were better, and the latter was succeeded by Mr. Smith, who now has the Craven. It was likewise hunted by the hounds of the late Mr. Nunes, Mr. John Walker, and Mr. Shard, and the kennel and stables at Hill-place, near Droxford, were built by Sir Bellingham Graham.

In by-gone days several packs hunted parts of what is now called the Hambledon country. Among these was one kept by a Lord Stawel, whose country reached from Guildford to Alton, hunting also Chawton-park, Mr. Knight's, now in Mr. Villebois's hunt. His lordship resided, and had his kennel, at the Government-house in Holt-forest, which was a grant from the government to his father. He also hunted Wolmer-forest, and thence on to Farnham. Lord Egremont likewise hunted the left hand of the Portsmouth road when Mr. Ridge claimed the right. Going still further back, a Mr. Evelyn, a Kentish gentleman, hunted Hampshire, having his kennel at Armsworth, where Mr. Villebois now resides, and another at his seat in Kent, near Wrotham. He rode a famous grey stallion, talked of in these parts to the present day, and which covered half the mares in the country, but we may doubt his being so honoured were he to make his appearance again. Stag-hounds were also kept in great style in our Prince Regent's days, if we may use such a term, at Up-park, in this county, the magnificent seat of Sir Harry Featherstonhaugh; and in later days his Royal Highness had hounds at Kempshot-park, between Basingstoke and Winchester.

The Hambledon country was ne-
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ver better hunted than by Mr. Smith, now of the Craven, who showed extraordinary sport in it with a very small subscription. Without, however, taking ought from the merit of Mr. Smith as a sportsman—he having hunted the hounds himself—we account for part of that extraordinary sport by the fact of his covers having had two years' rest, by the country having been vacant, and consequently producing a more than usual share of *old* foxes, which took a great deal of killing. It would be well if masters of hounds would take a hint from this circumstance, and not kill down their foxes so closely as they do, for the sake of bleeding their hounds, a point, in the writer's opinion, of very minor consideration. There are races every year on Soberton-downs, and no lack of foxes in the Hambledon country, which, as has been before observed, is the best part of Hampshire for scent, but deep and distressing for horses, and very strongly fenced. There is, however, a large portion of maiden down in various parts of it, over which hounds generally run merrily.

There being upwards of one hundred thousand acres of what is called waste land in Hampshire exclusive of forests, it may be concluded that there is plenty of room for cub-hunting. In the Hambledon country is Waltham-chase, the property of the Bishop of Winchester, containing two hundred acres, and well stocked with foxes; and adjoining it is the forest of Bere, which once consisted of sixteen thousand acres. In the neighbourhood of Botley, near Southampton, likewise, are several very large woods, good for spring hunting. Considering then that a fair proportion of this country is sufficiently

open to enjoy hounds in, and that the whole of it is favourable to scent, it is one by no means to be held lightly in the eye of a real sportsman. For horses, as we have before remarked, it is a severe one; and if a hunter will carry his rider well up to hounds from any of Sir S. Jervoise's covers, *over the Telegraph hills*, and see the fox killed eight miles beyond, he need not be afraid of showing his face in any of our swell countries. The best covers are in the neighbourhood of Waltham, Durley, Rowheig, Twyford-park, and some others running parallel with the London and Gosport road. Mr. King, who now hunts this country, has had very good sport, and given satisfaction to all parties.

The Vine country commences at Tadley-forest, close on the borders of Berkshire, and, extending to Kingsclear on the right, pursues its course to Laverstock, between Overton and Andover, being bounded on the left by the London and Winchester road, which in no instance does it cross. The distance from point to point does not exceed twenty miles, but it is pretty square, and consequently more roomy than it appears to be, and quite equal to three days a week. It is, however, divided into two classes,—viz. A small portion of woodland extending right and left of the first four or five miles of it, taking it in a straight direction; bounded on the left, by the Reading and Basingstoke road, and on the right by the Kingsclear hills. This is a rough, bad tract of country, thickly studded with covers, but holding a good scent. The hill-country commences a mile beyond the Vine Mansion-house, the seat of the late owner of the pack, and from which they take their name, and extends right

and left to the extremity of the limits of the hunt.

The hill country presents a variety of soils, but by far the greater portion a flinty surface to a thin staple, on a chalky subsoil; and the vallies, which are narrow, afford a treat to the eye, of well arranged water-meadows, clothed in nearly perpetual green. They—the water meadows—are awkward to cross, at speed, from the quantity of small channels for the water, and often occasion over-reaches, and sometimes worse accidents to horses. There are, however, fewer of these channels on the Vine country than in most of the others of Hampshire, and the fewer the better for the sportsman, as they baffle hounds owing to the material alteration of the scent—being from bad to good, and, consequently, from good to bad.

The Hampshire hills seldom are the scene of straight-forward runs; but when Mr. Paulet had the country, previous to Mr. Chute, a striking exception was experienced. Freefolk-wood, the property of J. Portal, Esq., the outside cover of the hill country, produced a breed of foxes that almost invariably made their point for the Sherborne-woodlands, at least fifteen miles distant, and very splendid runs were the result. This cover has ever since retained its celebrity for sport; and, certainly, if a fox is good enough to fly from it, his life, or a run for it, must be had, for the country is open to him for miles, with nothing strong enough to hide his head in. But it is an unsatisfactory country round it to a sportsman, mounted on what we call a hunter, for there is not a fence within miles of it, and he has, first, the mortification of seeing the hounds pressed upon to their hinder-

ance, and, again, having the dirt flung in his face by a school-boy on a well bred galloway, who has the best chance to get across it,—for it is often deep and sticky. The other most favourite fixtures in the Vine hunt are Nutley-wood, four miles from Overton; St. John's-wood, two miles from Basingstoke, on the great western road; Ashe, and Manydown Parks, not far distant. The great Dean woods are also a certain find.

On the decease of Mr. Chute, the Vine country was taken by Mr. Abraham Pole, brother of Sir Peter Pole, Bart. who built kennels and stables at his seat near Basingstoke, but he only hunted it two seasons, when he returned to his hunting-box in Warwickshire, where he has been for many years domiciled in the winter. Indeed it is due to him to say, that, never having been master of hounds before, he merely took the management of the Vine pack until a successor to Mr. Chute could be procured. Fortunately for the country, it was found in the person of Mr. Henry Fellowes (brother to Mr. Fellowes, who hunted Warwickshire), who is at this time at their head. Mr. Fellowes is no *professor of science*, but, in every other respect, well qualified for a master, and in popularity he stands deservedly high. His subscription is about £800 per annum, and his kennel and stables are at Overton, quite in the centre of the country.

The Vine hounds are hunted by Richard Adamson, who formerly lived with Lord Scarborough, and once in the service of Mr. Musters. He is a very valuable servant, an excellent horseman, and what may be called a fair average huntsman in the field. In the kennel he is undeniably good, always bringing

his hounds out in condition, and by the exercise of his own judgment and that of others, their character is very greatly improved. The Vine country is admirably adapted to sportsmen whose hard riding days are gone by, as they may have much enjoyment of hounds without being called upon to leap, the greater part of it being open. The fences in the woodlands, however, are strong, but they are not hunted more than one day in a fortnight.

A new hunting country has lately been formed in Hants, and occupied by the hounds of Thomas Assheton Smith, Esq. who was for so many years at the head of the Quorn. His kennel is at Tidworth-house (his residence), a few miles from Andover, on the road from Hungerford to Salisbury, and amongst others, contains the hounds this celebrated sportsman purchased from Sir Richard Sutton, for one thousand guineas. As the greater part of his covers, however, are in Wiltshire, we shall defer a further account of his establishment until we describe Wiltshire as a hunting country; but we often express a desire to know how this gentleman submits to the change, from the green grass-grounds, and the four-acre gorse-covers of Leicestershire, to Dowles Great-wood (seventeen-hundred acres, we believe), or the almost impenetrable recesses of Collingbourn Ducis-woodlands. But there is no small charm attached to hunting from home.

From the roaring of the lion to the raven's croak—from bold Robin Hood to the babes in the wood—there has ever been an interesting, we should rather say a quixotic association of ideas, when we find ourselves in the midst of a forest. No where in England then, can

our fancy be allowed a wider range than in our own New Forest, which forms so grand a feature in Hampshire, as a hunting country. Its picturesque beauty may perhaps go for nothing with the sportsman, but the enormities* of the monarch who made it a forest, the pestilential blast that is said to have killed his son when hunting in it; the blood of Rufus which once stained its soil; the wretched villains by whom it was then trodden, in abject submission to the feudal lord; and though last, not least, the chivalrous Knights-Templars who once honoured it by their presence, must crowd upon the mind of every man who has at all looked into books.

But we are going out of our line. The New Forest was formerly of much greater extent than it is at present, the circumference having been stated at nearly one hundred miles; its value as hunting ground has likewise been much deteriorated by the enclosures which government have effected in the centre of it, destroying the finest feature of it—its *wildness*. These enclosures are likewise extremely awkward to draw, although there are plenty of rides cut through them. The lying is so strong (gorse, black-thorn, &c.) that, particularly after a certain hour in the day, hounds do not care to go far into them, unless accompanied by their huntsman, and this is difficult to do, by reason of the blind drains with which they abound. Then what is to be done? In the case of a fox slipping quickly away, it is dangerous for a huntsman to accompany

them *dismounted*, as he may never catch his hounds; on the other hand, if he halloas them in from the rides, half of them will not obey the halloo, but remain at his horse's heels. What then, we repeat, is to be done? Why a whipper-in is generally sent into these covers, *on foot*, encouraging the hounds, to draw them, and this succeeds well. The plan originated with Mr. Nicoll.

Although the New Forest is esteemed fair scenting ground by the nature of it, and rendered still more favourable to hounds by aid of the side scent it affords them, by foxes brushing the ling as they pass through it, yet it offers sundry trying difficulties to hounds, and to hunt it well, a huntsman must know it well. As to his hounds being steady from deer, we of course calculate upon that, although the half-starved appearance of many of these animals, and their seeming inability to get away from them, render them tempting to pull down. But hounds, to distinguish themselves in the New Forest, must be extremely handy and quick in turning (their game rarely running straight), and they should pack well together, as they are seldom out of sight of the field. For horses it is distressing in the winter, for although there is no fencing (which would be a relief to them, inasmuch as it would abate the pace of the hounds), the ground in the open is dreadfully deep, as most forests are, from the total absence of drains. In the April month, however, it generally rides

* We are aware that the Monkish historians have egregiously overstepped the limits of probability, in recounting the "enormities" here alluded to; but, as the Rev. Mr. Warner justly observes, the epithet *new* cannot be mistaken. *Some person* depopulated this great track of country, doubtless, at that time, very thinly inhabited, and we fear our first William was a merciless preserver of game. But the wise and sagacious Henry the First punished the murderer and the poacher with equal severity—the *halter*.

well, and we need not inform our readers that it is *then* seen to advantage, a large assemblage of sportsmen appearing in it from several other hunts.

Were it not for boughs of trees and bogs, the forest would be a fine field to display hounds in, as a well mounted sportsman need never be far from their sterns. But without the trees, the picturesque effect would be destroyed, for it is in the ever shifting scenes of a forest, that its greatest beauty lies. At one moment we see the pack flinging to catch the scent, where the fox has made his turnings in the brakes; at another, streaming away over the open, with a distant brake in view. Now a red deer passing majestically in their front, and then a fallow doe, with a fawn perhaps at her side, jumping up out of the underwood, each unnoticed by the pack. But the great merit of the New Forest is, that hounds can hunt there when they can hunt no where else; on the other hand, they are subject to foot-lameness, to the great mortification of their owners.

The New Forest has been hunted by several conspicuous sportsmen. Among them was the late Mr. Gilbert, whose huntsman was old Tom Seabright, father to Lord Fitzwilliam's present huntsman, who ranks so high in his calling; the late Mr. Compton, of the Manorhouse, near Lyndhurst, also hunted it, as likewise did Mr. Warde, for several successive seasons. Mr. Warde was succeeded by Mr. Nicoll, a sportsman of great celebrity (whose quitting it in the prime of his days, was a national loss), and he was succeeded by Mr. Wyndham, who has it at the present time. Perhaps no hunting country in England, can boast of

the extraordinary degree of harmony and good fellowship that has existed among the frequenters of this hunt, for the last sixty years, and long may it continue to distinguish it. Death has put his hand upon many of them, the times have dismounted others; but let the example of such as remain, operate upon the rising generation, for fox-hunting and good fellowship should be inseparable!

We will then conclude our account of Hampshire, as a hunting country; perhaps no county in England is more diversified than it is, every variety of hill and dale, aspect and soil, being to be found within its bounds; we have chalks, clays, sands, sheep-walks, downs, bogs, heaths, open fields, and woodlands, which cannot but furnish an ample opportunity to the sportsman, of determining the merits of each. On the whole, however, it is a country that requires a low scenting hound, quite steady to his game, for it abounds in riot, and he is often out of sight of his huntsman; he must also stand well on his legs, with good cat-like feet, as it tries both legs and feet, owing to so much of its surface being stony. On this account then, another disadvantage arises, namely: hounds are often obliged to lie by, in consequence of being cut by the flints, and we know the bad effects of that; they are also too often pressed upon by the horsemen, in chase, and driven beyond the scent. Taken altogether, however, and estimating the value of the New Forest in the spring, when all other countries are cut up, a man, with a strong stable of horses, and determined to be in the field, may have his heart's-content of fox-hunting in Hampshire.

A HUNT BREAKFAST WITH JORROCKS.

"COME, shake hands—shake hands and be friends," cried old Jorrocks a week or two back, bursting into our *sanctum sanctorum* without waiting for the ceremony of announcement, and holding his great mutton fist out for us to take hold of. "Come shake hands—do," said he, seeing our astonishment at his conduct after the saucy letter he wrote us on the subject of his intended magazine. "I really have known no joy since the unfortunate hour I penned that ere unlucky epistle; but I've come to my senses, and I find it is much easier to talk about starting a magazine than to start it, most especially with such incomprehensible talent as is engaged in yours; and I've come to make it up with you; and to show I'm not affronted, I've come to ask you to breakfast with me to-morrow, at half-past seven by St. Paul's, and to take a day with the Surrey, who are as handy as ladies' maids—not above four miles from Croydon, and all over turf, and all that sort of thing." "Why, but Mr. Jorrocks," said we, somewhat astonished, and drawing back from his proffered salute, "this is a sudden change, indeed; and you really must excuse our saying that we don't know whether we are addressing a friend or a foe; you abuse us like pick-pockets one day and then come to make friends the next." "Werry true, werry true," said Jorrocks, still holding out his paw; "but then I was aggrivated, and I thought as how you had been treating me with neglect, and you know *we* hauthors don't like to be slighted; but really *never, no, never*, was I so unappy as since penning

that ere unfortunate epistle; and the jokes that used to be cut upon me at the free and easy club at the Magpie and Stump, when my articles did not appear in your excellent work, are nothing to what I have endured since I started my hopposition. But it was all habbition that tempted me, Mr. Editor, not cupidity; I'm not the man to skin a flea for the sake of the hide and tallow. I did not care for the coin, Mr. Editor, indeed I didn't; it was all habbition—so now make friends; and, talking of habbition, I've got one of the finest ams you ever clapt eyes on in the whole course of your memorable existence. Saw the hog alive—sixteen score within a pound; must come—know you like a fork breakfast—*dejeune a la fanchette*, as we say in France, eh? Like my Lord Mayor's fool, I guess, love what's good; well, all right too—*do* come, that's a good fellow—no ceremony, you know—*us* fox-hunters hates ceremony—where there's ceremony there's no friendship. Now you will come, wont ye?" Thus the old grocer went rattling off until he was blown, when we got a few words edged in. "Now you old Cockney cormorant," said we, eyeing him with one of our fiercest looks, "what the devil do you mean by intruding your ugly, ill-conditioned carcase upon our privacy? Are you not aware that it is highly indecorous for one editor—for such, I suppose, you have the vanity to call yourself—to enter another's room in this manner? How do we know but that you have come here with a sinister motive—perhaps to see what we have got for the next number—or,

may be, to walk off with a bundle of manuscript!" "Never such a thing, never such a thing, Mr. Editor," said he, bursting out afresh, "it wouldn't be of no use to me now, so don't say such a thing; on the contrary, I've got some matter left on hand, which, to show that I'm not offended, I'll send to you, and whatever I can do for you or your work I will; and you may say what you like of me for the future—anything but that I'm a cuckold—and I'll never be offended again at nothing, no, never no more; so now let us be friends—forget and forgive—come, shake hands—do." "Well, you old blockhead," said we, at length unable to keep our countenance any longer, "we'll forgive you, on condition that you will make an affidavit before the Lord Mayor, whenever we may require it, that you consider yourself the greatest ass in Christendom with the exception of Nodding Homer, of your hunt, and Gilbert Forester, of the old Luggage Van; and that you give each of our sporting compositors a pound and a half of your best gunpowder tea, by way of a salve to their nerves for the shock they sustained by seeing you placard the walls with your ugly bills, you Dr. Eady-looking tinker." "I'll do anything you require," said Jorrocks, "only let us be 'as we were' again, as we used to say in the Lumber Troop, for really I value your favours more than I can find words to express, and hambition shall never get the better of me any more. So now about the breakfast—the *dejeune a la fanchette*; suppose we say half-past seven and no waiting?—if we take an hour and a quarter to get through it then there will be two hours and a quarter left to ride to

cover in, and we need not mind being there much before they throw off, as I don't think I have any business to transact at the cover side, and I can take any orders I may be favoured with in the course of the run." "Be it so," said we; "and now Jorrocks make yourself scarce, for we are going to try and make English of one of our contributor's papers, which we assure you is by no means an easy job at times, and we must be alone, so good bye—be off—that's a fine fellow." "One word more," said Jorrocks, hopping back with his finger up to his nose just as he was going to close the door—"when you come, ring the area bell, and then Mrs. J. wont hear; know you don't like Mrs. J. no more than myself."

About the appointed hour we reached Jorrocks's house in Great Coram-street, just as the old fellow had opened the door to look down the street for us. He was dressed in the Surrey hunt coat—scarlet with a green collar (made like a dressing gown)—drab unmentionables, gray worsted stockings, and green slippers, his boots being airing before the fire. "So glad to see you," said he; "here's a charming morning, indeed—regular southerly wind and a cloudy sky—rare scenting it will be—think I could almost run a fox myself. Come in—never mind your hat, hang it anywhere, but don't make a noise. I stole away and left Mrs. J. snoring, so wont do to awake her, you know. By the way you should see my hat;—Betsey, *fetch* my hat out of the back parlour. I've set up a new green silk cord, with a gold frog to fasten it to my button-hole—werry *illigant*, I think, and werry suitable to the dress—quite my own idea—have a notion all

the Surrey chaps will get them; for, between you and I, I set the fashions, and what is more I sometimes set them at a leap, too. But now tell me, have you any objection to breakfasting in the kitchen?—more retired, you know; besides which you get every thing hot and hot, which is what I call doing a bit of *plaisure*.” “Not at all,” said we, “so lead the way;” and down we walked to the lower regions. It was a nice comfortable looking place, with a blazing fire, half the floor covered with an old oil-cloth, and the rest exhibiting the cheerless aspect of the naked flags. About a yard and a half from the fire was placed the breakfast table; in the centre stood a magnificent uncut ham, with a great quartern loaf on one side and a huge Bologna sausage on the other; besides these there were nine eggs, two pyramids of muffins, a great deal of toast, a dozen ship-biscuits, and half a pork-pie, while a dozen kidneys were spluttering on a spit before the fire, and Betsey held a gridiron covered with nut-ton-chops on the top; altogether there was as much as would have served ten people. “Now sit down,” said Jorrock, “and let us be doing, for I am as hungry as a hunter. Hope you are peckish, too; what shall I give you?—tea or coffee?—but take both—coffee first and tea after a bit. If I can’t give you them good don’t know who can. You must pay your *de-vours*, as we say in France, to the am, for it is an especial fine one, and *do* take a few eggs with it; there, I’ve not given you above a pound of am, but you can come again, you know—waste not want not. Now take some muffins, *do*, pray. Betsey, bring some more cream, and set the kidneys on the

table, the learned editor is getting nothing to eat. Have a chop with your kidney, werry luxterous—I could eat an elephant stuffed with grenadiers, and wash them down with an ocean of tea; but pray lay in to the breakfast, or I shall think you are still offended. There, now take some tea and toast or one of those biscuits, or whatever you like; would a little more am be agreeable? Betsey, run into the larder and see if your Missis left any of that cold chine of pork last night—and hear, bring the cold goose, and any cold flesh you can lay hands on, there are really no wittles on the table. I am quite ashamed, Mr. Editor, to set you down to such a scanty fork breakfast; but this is what comes of not being master of your own house. Hope your hat may long cover your family, Mr. Editor, rely upon it, it is ‘cheaper to buy your bacon than to keep a pig.’” Just as Jorrock uttered these last words the side door opened, and without either with your leave or by your leave in bounced Mrs. Jorrock in an elegant dishabille (or “dish of veal,” as Jorrock pronounced it), with her hair tucked up in papers, and a pair of worsted slippers on her feet, worked with roses and blue lilies.

“Pray, *Mister J.*,” said she, taking no more notice of ourself than if we had been enveloped in Jack the Giant-killer’s coat of darkness, “what is the meaning of this card? I found it in your best coat pocket, which you had on last night, and I *do desire*, sir, that you will tell me how it came there. Good morning, sir (spying us at last), perhaps you know where Mr. Jorrock was last night, and perhaps you can tell me who this person is whose card I have found in the corner of Mr. Jorrock’s best



coat pocket?" "Indeed, madam," we replied, "Mr. Jorrocks's movements of yesterday evening are quite a secret to us. It is the night that he usually spends at the Magpie and Stump, but whether he was there or not we cannot pretend to say, not being a member of the free and easy club. As for the

card, madam—" "There, then, take it and read it," interrupted Mrs. J.; and we took the card accordingly—a delicate pale pink, with blue borders and gilt edges—and read—we would fain put it all in dashes and asterisks—"Miss Juliana Granville, John Street, Waterloo Road."

STILL LIFE.

THE PEA-HEN, THE PINTADO, AND THE JAY.

Engraved by RADDON, from a Painting by A. COOPER, R. A.

WE this month present a new species of embellishment to our subscribers, being a sort of *omnium gatherum* from divers climes. The birds appear grouped together, as if just turned out from the game-bag of one of our brother-sportsmen in the East, where, however extraordinary it may appear to us untravelling islanders, it is no unusual thing to bring home three or four brace of pea-fowl, amidst a variety of other kinds of game. Thus if any too censorious reader should be inclined to find fault, because only one of the three birds is to be met with, *feræ naturæ*, in Great Britain, we would remind him that the other two are both to be found, as wild and as numerous as he could wish, in our distant possessions in Asia and Africa; "a covey of pea-fowl" being as common an expression in India, as a covey of partridges is with us, and in a Numidian jungle, the pintado or guinea-hen, is flushed without the least surprise, though there may be no human habitation within fifty miles of the spot. There is therefore not the slightest occasion for associating the idea of a barn-door, or a well

trimmed shrubbery, with either of these birds, though we have been long accustomed to behold them only in a domestic state.

It must be a fine sight to find a covey of pea-fowl in an Indian jungle; it is there that, according to our best ornithologists, nature first placed them, though, on account of their beauty, they have since been transplanted to most parts of the world; there, too, they are in a state of perfect freedom, and therefore more likely to be seen to advantage. To say much about the beauty of the peacock, would only be superfluous; even the rough and plain spoken Buffon, could not behold him without breaking forth into the following eulogy:—"It's matchless plumage," says he, "seems to combine all that delights the eye, in the soft and delicate tints of the finest flowers; all that dazzles it in the sparkling lustre of the gems, and all that astonishes it in the grand display of the rainbow." But to say nothing of the bird itself, one feather from its train is a wonder, and can delight the sage as well as the child; we are apt, certainly, to

look at it without much notice, because it was our plaything in the nursery, and therefore have we become familiar to it; but which of us, had he never seen it before, would not now gaze upon it with astonishment? The eye, as it is called, of a peacock's feather (with all its varying colours, from the deepest purple to the brightest green and gold), is almost enough to tempt a man to become an ornithologist; and is of itself, a sufficient indication of the eastern origin of the bird that bears it.

It is the *pea-hen*, however, that is represented in our plate, and therefore is it becoming that we should turn our attention towards her. Burns, when speaking of nature, beautifully tells us that

"Her pretence han' she tried on man,
And then she made the lady, O;"

but however true this must be allowed to be with regard to the human race, she does not seem to have followed the same rule upon all occasions; thus though the *pea-hen* be a fine and elegant bird, still in personal attractions it must yield the palm to its more favoured mate. A good deal of care and attention are required to rear *pea-fowl* in this country, in consequence of the coldness and varying character of our climate; and for these reasons there is little ground for believing that they would ever do well in a wild state in England. The *pea-hen* lays five or six eggs of a whitish colour, upon which she sits for about nine and twenty days in this country, though five and twenty is the ordinary time in Hindostan.

The most successful mode of shooting *pea-fowl* in India, did the sportsman go out merely for that purpose, would be with some good steady spaniels, and mounted upon an elephant, or not, as the nature

of the country might require. To attempt to walk through one of the thickest jungles is almost a hopeless task, and a very dangerous one besides; and nothing but the ponderous elephant, bearing every thing before him by his great weight and strength, will in that case be effective. *Pea-fowl* are, however, frequently found in the more open parts of the country, and there they may be followed upon foot. In the best descriptions of Indian sporting, they (in company with the jungle-fowl, the black partridge, the quail, and various kinds of pheasants, &c.) are frequently mentioned. Thus in page 357 of the first vol. of "Captain Mundy's Pen and Pencil Sketches of India," we find the following brief description of a day's shooting:—"The next day, the camp moved to the hamlet of Mundeeena. A low thick jungle of stunted bushes, covers the surface of the country as far as the eye can range; I shot my way from camp to camp, mounted on an elephant, and brought home a good bag of hares, quails, and *pea-fowl*." And again, in the same able work, he tells us that his party "amused themselves in hawking the *pea-fowl*, which abound in the Arrhye States." The idea of hawking *pea-fowl*, which when full grown must be very powerful birds, appears a grand one; but the fact is, as Captain Mundy afterwards explains, that it is "the young *pea-chicks*, at which the hawks are usually flown." The *hause*, or short-winged Indian hawk, will however sometimes boldly attack even a full grown *pea-cock*, but the odds are very high against even two or three such assailants being able to bring him down, and aware of his power, after having reconnoitered him, they will more fre-

quently return again to hand, without making any attack.

Pea-fowl were esteemed as a great delicacy by the ancient Romans, but this we suspect to have been more for fashion's sake, than for any thing else, as they make by no means a favourite dish at present in Europe. In India, however, Captain Mundy says that these young pea-chicks "are on the table no bad representative of the pheasant," and we have heard similar remarks from private sources.

The next of our trio, to which we will now allude, is a bird bearing many names, four to our own knowledge, namely, the Pintado, the Gallina, the Guinea-fowl, and the Pearl-hen; the latter has been given it in consequence of the white spots with which it is covered, and is by no means an unfit appellation. Though now become naturalized in most parts of the world, it is believed to have been originally indigenous to Africa alone; its very *Linneæan* name, *Numidia Meleagris*, seems at once to imply this. In those parts of Africa where they abound in their wild state, they are scattered over the country much the same as partridges are here, and like them, are generally found in flocks or coveys; in fact, the Pearl-hen (as we like that name best, we shall use it) resembles the partridge in some respects, its wings being short, and tail pendulous, like that bird. As even when domesticated here, it can make good use of its wings when it so pleases, it may naturally be supposed that in its native woods it will fly both fast and far, if disturbed by the sportsman; and such we are informed is the case, though we cannot speak from actual observation, not having yet taken a sporting tour through Africa.

Though coming originally from hot and sun burnt regions, the pearl-hen bears our climate well, and is often more inclined to roam through the neighbouring fields, than to feed quietly in the rick-yard; in fact, we have known instances of a brood of them absolutely taking to some neighbouring wood, and there remaining in a state of independence, like the wolf in the fable, "preferring lean liberty to fat slavery." We have ourselves many times found them in the woods and hedge-rows afar from their home, and as, when thus found, they mostly lie close, have had several disappointments by walking up to a fine point, in full expectation of finding game, and then discovering it to be at nothing but one of our neighbour's guinea-fowl; a severe winter, however, is likely either to kill them, or force them to return, but we really think that if they were attentively fed during hard weather, they would live all the year through in a good cover, and do well; indeed we have even heard of such being the case, in a few instances. Colonel Hawker observes, that they are "excellent birds to give the alarm, in the event of poachers entering a cover, or thieves lurking about your premises by night;" and neither of these things are at all unlikely, because if disturbed, their cry is both loud and incessant. Since Rome was once saved by a goose, why might not a man's house, or game preserve, be saved by a guinea-hen?

And now then to conclude with a few remarks upon our old acquaintance the Jay; we call it our "old acquaintance," because in our school-boy days we have followed this singular bird in many

"A wearied chase and wasted hour,"

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as it kept flying on from tree to tree upon our approach; its mode of self-preservation is a singular one, instead of flying straight away from its pursuer at once, like other shy birds, it merely takes care just to keep a sufficient distance in advance (about seventy or eighty yards), as if it took delight in alluring him on, and then baffling all his ingenuity. Even the sly old keeper mostly finds all his plans unavailing, for though he sneak up under the thick hedge-row, or lie patiently in ambush behind the Scotch fir, the keen eye, or quick ear, of the jay, mostly discovers him, and away she goes in spite of all the maledictions which he may send after her.

Though we have only one description of jay in England, there are several others in different parts of the wider world. In the excellent new works upon American ornithology, by Charles Lucien Buonaparte, and Mr. Audubon, we find two, namely, the Florida, and the Columbia jay; the latter of these is, we believe, the largest that is known, being thirty-one inches in length, and twenty-six from wing to wing; it is a beautiful bird, "the general colour of its plumage being bright blue, with purple reflections, the fore-neck and anterior part of the breast black, the rest of the under parts white." The Florida jay is much smaller, measuring only eleven inches and a quarter in length, but in the words of Mr. Audubon, "it is a beautiful and lively bird, and a constant resident in the south-western parts of Florida, from which country it seldom, if ever, removes to any great distance." This preference for particular parts of a country is even observable in the English jay, as there are many

places in our island in which it is a *rara avis*. For a description of this bird, however, we will turn to the pages of our British ornithologist, Bewick, as we know that he has given both a brief and a correct one.

"This most beautiful bird is not more than thirteen inches in length: the feathers on the forehead are white, streaked with black, and form a tuft, which it can erect at pleasure; the chin is white, and from the corners of the bill on each side, proceeds a broad streak of black, which passes under the eye; the hinder part of the head, neck, and back, are of a light cinnamon colour; the breast is of the same colour, but lighter; lesser wing coverts, bay; the greater wing coverts are elegantly barred with black, fine pale blue, and white alternately; the tail is black, with pale brown edges.

"The jay is a very common bird in Great Britain, and is found in various parts of Europe. It is distinguished as well for the beautiful arrangement of its colours, as for its harsh grating voice, and restless disposition; upon seeing the sportsman, it gives, by its cries, the alarm of danger, and thereby defeats his aim, and disappoints him. The jay builds in woods, and makes an artless nest, composed of sticks, fibres, and tender twigs; the female lays five or six eggs, of a greyish ash colour, mixed with green, and faintly spotted with brown. Mr. Pennant observes, that the young ones continue with their parents till the following spring, when they separate to form new pairs. Birds of this species live on acorns, nuts, seeds, and various kinds of fruits; they will also eat eggs, and sometimes destroy young birds in the absence of the old ones."

REMARKS ON THE ARTICLE ON "THE ROAD," IN
THE QUARTERLY REVIEW.

BY A FETTER LANE COACHMAN.

SIR,
ONE of our book-keepers having lent me the last number of the Quarterly Review, containing that excellent article on the Road, I avail myself of a few leisure moments before my coach is ready, to address some observations to you on the same, in the hopes that you may be able to find an inside place for them in the next number of your admirably horsed concern. I read in former years in the Old Warwick Coach, as you facetiously term the Old Sporting Magazine, the able articles by Nimrod on the subject of the road, who, as well as the author of the paper in the Quarterly, appeared well versed in the business of coaching and hit off the subject in good style, though there are a few points in which I disagree with them. I may, however, premise that I am neither one of the old or yet of the modern school of coachmen, and know more about putting horses together for a coach than sentences together for a Sporting Magazine—I may also add that I am what the newspapers would call a conservative—that is, I am for every man keeping in his proper place, for gentlemen being gentlemen, coachmen coachmen or servants, and so on; and now trusting that you will make due allowance for my bungling, I shall say "hold hard," and off we go.

In the first place, nothing can be better than the description of the old gentleman who has taken so long a nap. The whole of the

story is so natural that I have all the scene in my mind's eye. No coachman I am sure has been for any length of time upon the road without meeting with some such fidgetty customer. I recollect once having a methodist preacher for a passenger, and nothing that was either said or done, was at all to his mind. On that day I happened to have a very awkward team—three blind ones and a very shy off leader, and I confess that two or three times I lost my patience as well as temper. My near leader pulled to such a degree that I was obliged to get down and put her bearing rein up to the top of the bit, and curb her enough to break her jaw. After starting again, I could deal with her very well for about a mile, when her mouth got dead again, and I was wicked enough to let drive a few hearty d—ms at her; my pious companion all the while exhorting me to "patience." "Patience be d—d," at last said I, fairly sick of the two, upon which he bolted as if he had been galvanized. "Pray, sir," said he, "did you ever hear of Job?" He can't keep out of the shop, thought I, but I won't have it, so I answered, "What coach does he drive?" "Awful, in the extreme," said he, throwing up his hands, "I fear you don't read your Bible, but I will tell you—he was the most patient man that ever existed." "But, sir," said I, "did he ever drive three blind un's and a bolter?" "Certainly not," replied he, "he was not a coach-

man." "Then it's accounted for," said I, "for if ever he had had four such horses to deal with as I have here, he would have had no more patience than myself." But I am getting a little off the road, so to return to the Quarterly—I think it is a mistake calling the "gammon board"—or seat behind—the "back-gammon board." It took its name I believe from an act that was passed for limiting the number of passengers to be carried on the roof, and this thing being invented to evade the act (for, as Lord Eldon used to say, there never was an Act of Parliament framed yet that you could not drive a coach and four through), was considered a good piece of gammon, and was christened accordingly—this however is immaterial. But why, I should like to know, is a coachman called an artist? I think it is not paying any man a compliment to call him what he is not. I also think the reviewer is inclined to hold the coachmen of the present day a little too high. It is true that he is careful at the same time of hurting the feelings of those of former days to whom he gives due credit, but this is only like picking a man up after you have knocked him down. I must confess that I think the march of intellect has marched its last stage with many of our modern coachmen. The narrow brimmed hat, lots of ringlets—the dapper superfine frock—the neat cut trowsers—the do-skin gloves with the ring on the little finger, all seem a little beyond what is expected from a servant. My opinion is that a man who drives a coach should be rigged out differently. He should be prepared to encounter every variety of weather—heat, cold, wet, sun-shine, or dry. To be sure since the intro-

duction of the loose apron, the knee caps and long tail coats may be dispensed with, but what are so good as boots for getting up and down, and through the mud in? And how much better was it to have a hat that shot the rain off than one of the new fangled things that keep a continual stream down the back. There used to be a neatness in a coachman's dress that I am sorry to see is nearly exploded, and they now appear fitter for a stroll in the park than for business.

The reviewer observes that the improvement in the moral character of the coachman is to be attributed to the increased pace of coaches, and that formerly coachmen bore some analogy to prize fighters—viz. that he who hit hardest stood highest in repute. In my opinion the difference is caused by the greater number of horses used—the improvements in the roads—the lightness of the coaches, and the small quantity of luggage carried since vans were introduced. In my time, the light coaches have weighed six hundred weight more than they do now, and were so high as to be continually on the swing. Modern coachmen have nothing in the way of difficulty to contend with, and now forsooth they are called men of science—Philosophers in fact!

I wish some of these swells could have one journey nay, I would be content with their having one stage of fifteen miles, with four weak horses, a full load—with from eighty to a hundred barrels of oysters, plenty of luggage belonging to passengers and others, a coach of the old weight, 24 cwt.—the road bad, viz. crowned high in the middle, with six inches in depth of gravel, and deep ruts on either side, just to let them see what the coachmen of former days had to

contend with, and I think that nine out of ten would find that they could not hold the whip in the middle of the crop, as is now the go, but take it by the handle. If with all the above disadvantages they could accomplish the stage in an hour and fifty minutes, I would call them coachmen, but I doubt the ability of half of them. What man, deserving the name of a coachman, I would ask, can find difficulty in keeping time with all the advantages of the present system?

Formerly, when hard hitting was necessary, good hands also were necessary; for after all a coachman can do more with his reins than he can with his whip. The chief requisite now is a steady hand, for all the horses are well up to their bits, and this is what shows a coachman off to advantage. On the subject of driving with unbuckled reins, allow me to say that it is a very idle and dangerous one, and the reviewer shows very plainly why it is so. Since my time we all drove with short wheel-reins, which I must say I still prefer, though I by no means condemn the long ones; still I am inclined to think that the latter are never so handy as when about a foot or nine inches through the hand, and of course buckled. By having

them this length I am confident the near wheel-rein will be more easily found by taking hold of the loop without drawing the lead-rein also, and this would also prevent that cross-hand clawing of the reins which is often seen when the near wheel-rein is wanted in a hurry. Coachmen, however, ask, "If a horse falls, what is to become of you?" All I can say is that during the many years I have had to do with the road, in the course of which I have frequently had horses most miserably below themselves, I never heard of an accident happening from that cause. I drove a great big beast for two years that on an average fell once a week, and yet with the reins as I have described he never either pulled me off or got them out of my hand, though he never gave me the least notice, but always fell as if he was shot. Knowing, however, that you are one of the fast sort, and all for short stages, I will pull up for the present, but with your permission will resume this subject at an early opportunity; and as I am neither an advocate for the old system, nor yet an out-and-out admirer of the new, perhaps I cannot adopt a more appropriate signature than that of

MEDIUM.

White Horse, Fetter Lane.

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

BY A YORKSHIREMAN.

Good morning, Mr. Editor, I am at home at last, and always proud to receive your commands, though you must be aware that it is much easier to ask a man to write something funny than for him to exe-

cute the commission. As Miss Sheridan says, "It is difficult to be witty to order." However, my best services are always at your command, and if I fail in giving you satisfaction you must not

grumble, but just take the will for the deed. But what am I to write about? There's the rub! You say it must be nothing about Jor-rocks, because you are going to have a shy at him yourself, and you know that the grocer is my standing dish—that "I called him into existence," as Canning said of the New World. Moreover "figs" and I have had a trip to Paris together since my last communication, and I have got a whole pocket-book full of adventures, which I thought of cooking up for you the next cheque you drew upon my head-piece. Well, what must be, must be, and they must keep; but I really don't know what to supply their place with. I do nothing in the gunning line, or I could spin you eight-and-twenty pages or so on the length of the woodcock's bill, which I would endeavour to prove is no longer than most tailor's; and you have ignominiously consigned my "Dissertation on Fools, showing their genus, species, &c., with useful directions for increasing their number," to the Balaam box. The poor fisherman is frozen out at this season of the year, and it is enough to give one the rheumatism to think of it; and as to hunting tours, there is no space of time between a whole season and a day that has not been occupied by the narrative of some sporting aspirant, from the elegant descriptions of Nimrod to the maudlin ravings of the man "wot recommends a three minutes' lap to hounds before hunting!"

Well, I'll give my grey goose the rein, and let it go which way it will.

One nasty, frosty, misty morning, early last November, I found myself on the top of a two-horse coach, on the road between Grant-

ham and Lincoln, but whether I had come from Stamford, Leicester, Melton, or Nottingham, it is not material for you to know. The morning was raw and I was well muffled up, not expecting my journey to terminate before night. Towards the middle of the day the sun broke forth, and I lowered the worsted comforter from before my eyes, for I generally travel with them covered by way of seeing the country. Shortly after this we overtook a groom with two horses—the led one carrying lots of cloathing, and through the roller that encircled them was stuck a cane whip-stick. It was no business of mine to be sure, as Paul Pry would say, nor could it make much difference to me; but still I could not resist the temptation of asking the man whither he was going, and received for answer, "Lincoln." The two-horse coachman then vouchsafed to inform me that the following day was the first of Sir Richard Sutton's regular hunting for the season, and that the meet was at Burton, two miles from Lincoln. I wish I had my good little bay, or even the old white mare with me, thought I, for I would stop and have a look at them. "Is it possible to get a horse at Lincoln, do you think, coachman?" "Oh yes; ye can get anything there," said he, "it's one of the finest places in the country for that." Well, I'll try, however, thought I, it will only make me a couple of days later in getting home, and I dare say old Tommy Hoggers knows what to do with things in my absence—at least if he does not he has been a long time in learning. Accordingly I stopped at Lincoln, and allowed the two-horse power to roll on without me.

Lincoln is a fine old town, all ups and downs, like a yard and a half of pump water. As to horses, I saw loads of them, but they were all in harness waiting for their coaches, thirty-four of which change horses there every day. Having my tongue in my head, I soon found a man who let's out saddle-horses, and poking my way up a narrow entry leading from the main street found myself before his sign—"Ward, Livery-stable Keeper." He was out himself, whether on hire or not, I don't know, but his wife showed me the stud, consisting of two horses, one of which she said had *seen* hounds, the other seemed ready for the hounds to see it in their trenchers; *all* the rest were out. Of course there was not much difficulty in deciding, and having agreed on the price and fixed the hour I took my departure. I found Lincoln was devilish full, and carriages kept jingling in with rural belles inside and John and Jane on the box. The inn I stayed at is the one facing the Tavern, and just below the old arch which divides the town. I forget the name of it, but it is a very good one, and people seemed to think so, for it was quite full, and I, with several other males, were accommodated with a sort of travellers' sitting-room down the yard. Some very stupid young country gentlemen were my companions, and finding there was little or nothing in them, I retreated to the far end of the room after dinner, and lying down on a sofa prepared for a snooze. In this I may truly say "I reckoned without my host;" for I had no sooner taken up my berth than I found myself close to another party from whom, though a few thin deals concealed them from me, I could

overhear every word that passed as well as if I had been among them. However, the situation not being of my own seeking, I just laid myself down, and overheard the conversation, half sleeping, half waking, enjoyed the benefit of both parties. "What time are you ordered, Mr. —?" inquired a gentleman through the wall. "A quarter before ten," was the answer. Thinks I, then the hounds will throw off at half-past ten. Then the door opened with, "John Boots, Mr. Smith wants his shoes." Next a shrill voice is heard; "Is Miss —'s maid there?" "What would you please to drink, sir?" "I say, Mr. —, don't you think your maid much prettier than her young missis?" "Don't know," said Mr. —, who I afterwards found was the footman. "Miss is not pretty, perhaps, but then she has a very elegant way with her. Now, in walking, if you observe, she is particularly neat. Does Squire — come as much to your house now as he used to do?" "No, and I'm sorry for it, for he was *quite* a gentleman." "I look towards you, sir; your health, Mr. —; isn't that your bell?" "Yes, but let him ring again; I never put myself out of the way; for the quicker you are the quicker they will have you: that is what they call the march of intellect." (*Another ring.*) "Mr. —'s footman wanted." "Coming, coming," and exit John. "Longish stage that, Tom," growled a sort of leather-lunged voice, apparently from one corner of the room, "and same osses out again to the ball; s'pose shan't get bed till three. Wonder what they call it stuff ball for; thought gentlefolks stuffed themselves pretty

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considerably at dinner. "Tween you and I, Tom, don't think this ere Reform Bill, as they call it, has done you or I much good. Times not as good as was, and gemmen grumble now at three pence a mile. Wonder wot they'll pay for climbing up hill to-night?" "It must be time to dress," said one of my friends in the room, looking at his watch and then at himself in the glass. "I wish the fellow would come to curl my hair." "Oh, never mind having it curled," said another, "you are very handsome; let your sister's maid do it;" and about ten o'clock, when country Christians go to bed, they went off to dress to begin the evening. There is an old proverb and it is a true one, "that one fool makes many;" and caught with the contagion I determined to see a Stuff Ball, more especially as I saw by an advertisement that the ladies' patronesses recommended "geranium colour." Now in former years it seems that the ladies really did wear the stuffs manufactured in the country, and I confess I should like to have seen one of those balls, that I might have judged whether it is "the fine feathers that make the fine birds;" but I suppose they had not "been becoming," as they say; and it is all stuff calling them "stuff balls," for there is no difference between them and balls anywhere else, so I'll just drop the subject.

Whether the good folks were expected to overstuff themselves or what, I don't pretend to know, but the hounds were not to throw off before one o'clock on the following day. The morning commenced with a drizzling rain, which long before the appointed hour ripened into a regular down pour. Still

the ardent sportsmen of Lincolnshire (though they stood a good chance of being drowned) were not to be damped, and it would have been odd if the Yorkshireman had taken fright at the weather. Having examined my hunter and found he was neither made of sugar or salt, but in fact of very tough stiff-looking flesh, I got myself settled into a small flat-flapped saddle, and after the animal had taken a good cough at the door, we began to jog on. Perhaps you would like a description of the turn-out. The horse or mare, whichever it was, was a dark brown, with a long shaggy coat like a watchman's; it showed some breeding about the head, had a switch tail, and its mouth was decorated with a plain snaffle, which I soon found had no more power over it than a halter. The rider wore a brown great coat, and, by way of looking more like a fox-hunter, a worsted comforter round his neck, and carried a lady's whip in his hand. Of all curious beasts that inhabit this sublunary world there is none more curious than a hack horse. They are generally said to be good for nothing, and to be bought at exceeding low prices on that account, and yet they often beat the best horses out of private stables on the road. Mine was a regular rattler—Tom Thumb is a fool compared to him; and though I knew Burton was only two miles off, he went away at such a bat that he carried me a mile beyond the turn before I knew where I was. Here I met three red coats, when, beginning to suspect I had over-shot the mark, I let them get a certain distance, and then pulling round trotted after them. The rain now poured down in torrents, and shelter was in great request at

Burton. There was an immense muster of horsemen—every stable and out-house were full—and divers gentlemen might be seen picking out the most sheltering branches of the trees in Lord Monson's park, where the hounds were expected to come on leaving the kennel. The clouds, however, gave no hopes of amendment, and the day being well advanced, it was thought advisable to take them out and get the thing over as quick as possible, as the stag-hunters say. How or when they started nobody could tell, but the alarm being given that they "were off," we all started at score, and after much trotting, splashing, and pulling, I found myself in the midst of three hundred well-mounted sportsmen, with

"My horse's mouth open half up to his ear,"

all moving briskly through some fields, and far ahead I could see Jack Shirley's cap bobbing up and down as he bumped along; but as to getting a sight of the hounds, that seemed quite an impossibility, and, indeed, a treat that no man in a great coat has a right to expect. Sir Richard was riding his cover hack (a very neat pony) and looked the sportsman all over. He is a handsome man, middle stature, dark, in the prime of life, wears a cap, and now you have his picture. We soon got to a gorse, a large one too, where we soon found a fox who soon went to ground, and then we all trotted off again for six or seven miles to a rich, flat, grass country, with large enclosures, rattling fences, and plenty of brooks. The rain still descended in torrents, and before we arrived at the cover our ranks were considerably thinned; but the pace we went, and the manner in which my Bu-

cephalus pulled, prevented my doing more than catching an occasional glimpse of the pack. I forget the name of the cover to which we went—indeed, to tell the truth, I never heard it—and people thinking that I looked more like a tailor than a fox-hunter did not care to be communicative. In truth I began to be very uncomfortable, for just as we arrived at the cover I found the wet had soaked through my hat and was effecting a passage under my coat collar down my back. I looked at my watch and it was half-past three. Thinks I to myself—half-past three, in November, and a long way from home, in a strange country, and very wet indeed, is no fun; if they don't find here I go no further. "Talliho, talliho, talliho!—Hoop, hoop!—Hark, holloa!—Hark, holloa!" interrupted my reverie. Crack went the whips, horns sounded—the hounds got together—two hundred wet gentlemen reined up their steeds, and all was life and energy; the fox broke gallantly away—my hunter seemed to partake of the general enthusiasm, and getting the bit between his teeth, and putting his head between his legs, rushed into the middle of the fray, and carried me right away, for I could not get a pull at him. Three fences did he clear gallantly and safely, so raising myself in my stirrups, says I to myself, "I'm on a hunter," and I put him straight at a fourth; but having heard of the old proverb of never making two bites of a cherry, I suppose, he attempted to take at one leap what any reasonable horse would have made two of, and a wide runner being on the far side he went head-foremost in, and shot me clean, or rather dirty, into the

next field, which being recently ploughed and rather clayey made a shocking example of my great coat. "Oh, he's a doctor," said a farmer who came over in the line eyeing me; "he'll take no harm;" so on he rode, leaving me and my nag, who having scrambled out of the ditch, and beginning to breathe rather high, I scraped the thick of the mud off us both, and entered Lincoln under cover of darkness.

When I awoke the next morning my arms ached considerably from the pulling of my hard mouthed hunter, and I inwardly vowed to have nothing more to do with hacks in the field. About mid-day, my old friend the two horse coach, again making its appearance in the streets, I kissed my hand to Lincoln, and resumed my journey on the top. I sat next a jolly old farmer, in a drab great-coat and flaxen wig, and we soon broached the subject of the game laws and the corn laws, and agricultural distress, and at last we worked round to the never failing one of fox-hunting. "Did ye iver see the Brocklesby dogs," said he. "Never," said I. "These are worth stopping to see," said he. "Where are they," said I. "Why the hunt's at Beelsby to-morrow," said he, "may be fourteen mile east of Brigg." "The deuce is in the dogs, said I to myself,—I'll bet five shillings I don't get through Brigg to night." And faith I would have won the bet, for I never could pass a pack of hounds in my life, and alighting at Brigg, I let the old two horser resume its journey again without me. Of course, the first thing I did was to inquire about a nag, and summoning the ostler of the inn where I stopped, I asked if such a thing was to be had, and found there were no less

than two men who let them out. Off I posted to the first one—Gibson, a substantial looking publican in shorts and a shooting jacket, who, thinking I was a commercial traveller, made no bones about letting me have one, "But where de ye want to gan te?" said he. Now my friend at Lincoln having made no objection to me hunting his hack, (in consideration of a few extra shillings, of course,) I never expected any difficulty at Brigg, so in the simplicity of my heart I said, I only wanted to go as far as Beelsby to see Lord Yarborough's hounds throw off. The publican's jaw fell directly, and poking his hands into his breeches' pockets, and squaring himself in the passage, he thus delivered himself. "Then I'm d—d if ye have a horse of mine," and turning upon his heel left me to depart at my leisure, muttering as we went, "no, no, I'll have no hunting o' my horses, had enough o' that game, d—n if I do." This was a clencher, and seeing that argument would be of no avail, and remembering that there was another stable-keeper, I poked off in the dark, but unfortunately all his were out, and as I could not well walk to Beelsby and back, I seemed regularly thrown on my back, and wished myself on the top of the old coach again. He's a sad narrow-minded fellow, said I, poking a lump of cold beef into my mouth, and I'll be hanged if I know what to do. Ostler, do you think there is no tempting that man? "I don't know," said the ostler, "I can go and try him again," which he did, and after much parleying he consented to let me have a *gig*, provided his man went with me to see that I did not take the horse out of the shafts to hunt. On the following morning,

therefore, just as I was done break-fast, I heard something rumble into the yard of the White Lion, and looking out, I found a fine yellow gig, the wheels picked out with black and cushions covered with blue, driven by a healthy looking youth. The weather had changed from rain to piercing cold, and the clouds gave every indication of an approaching snow storm. I muffled myself up, and took my seat, laughing all the time at the idea of a man hunting in a gig. Before we got to Caistor the sleet and snow commenced, and old giggy (who the man informed me was twenty years old) seemed to consider himself entitled to stop. Though the youth had lived all his life at Brigg, his geographical knowledge was bounded on the east by the town of Caistor, consequently we had to inquire our way for the next five or six miles. After driving three or four miles on the Grimsby road, we turned off into a narrow bye lane, which looked like fox hunting, and presently we espied a couple of hunters on before. The roads got worse at every yard, and the storm kept increasing, when luckily we found ourselves in sight of the meet. It was at a good looking farm house, with a well stored stack yard at the back, to reach which we had to drive through some fields. As the hounds met there, I knew the farmer would not take me for Swing if he saw me among the stacks; so, jumping out of the gig and telling the man to get himself sheltered as well as he could, but not to take the horse out of harness, I made the best of my way through the yard. Just as I got to the rails on the far side, the hounds and servants came trotting on from the opposite direction, and truly when I saw them I did not

regret taking the old farmer's advice. There were about five and twenty couple of as fine, even high-bred fox-hounds as I ever set eyes on, and in such condition—full over the loins and along the back, and fineing gradually towards the belly, just showing enough of the ribs and no more. And then, such a set of servants.—The huntsman was absent from a fall, but there were four men in scarlet, with leather breeches cleaned so superlatively, that even George the Fourth, in the plenitude of his puppyism, could not have desired any thing better; and their horses looked more like starting for King's hundreds on the well groomed turf, than fighting their way across a rough plough country.

As the party stopped, I advanced a few steps to have a nearer survey of the pack, and wonderful to relate, one of the whips not only touched his cap, but condescended to converse with me, a compliment, I should think, not often paid to a pedestrian, and which may justly entitle me to call it "the proudest moment of my life." As the morning was not one for gentlemen to jog to cover, the high-bred sportsmen soon came pouring in from all quarters, giving pretty evident proof that the rain had been pouring upon them; and hearing a voice say, here comes my Lord, I naturally looked in that direction, and soon saw the owner of the pack alighting from his hack, which he exchanged for a fine sporting looking black, whose rat tail stuck out like the long horn to a coach. His Lordship is past the prime of life—indeed, Debreth makes him out fifty-two, and he looks it all, but there is a deal of life and strength in him yet; still, such is the force of associations, I could not help thinking, despite

his hunting cap, leather breeches and all, that he looked more like a sailor than a fox-hunter.

The cover, a good sized wood, was within sight of the farm-house, and stood in a line with the turn of the road leading up to it, where I would have to pass again on my return; so finding my friend at my elbow, I requested him to take the gig and wait for me whilst I took the Epping hunt chance of catching a loose horse, and, indeed, I was very near the mark, for in jumping a little runner in the second grass field, Mr. Pelham's horse nearly spilt him; and though it might not have been up to my weight, it would have been a deal better than the shoemaker's pony I was on. Did you ever, Mr. Editor, know the misery of seeing a fine pack of hounds in the act of getting into cover without your having a horse to follow them? if so, pity my situation. Nothing in life can be more tantalizing or humiliating. One feels like a fish out of water. The mighty spirit of man sinks into insignificance as he trails on foot among the well mounted sportsmen, who scarcely deign to regard him as a rational being. The greatest hero that ever lived—a Wellington—a Napoleon—aye, or Caesar himself—would sing small, on foot, among a party of fox-hunters. It is all very fine talking about "measuring men by their souls," and about "the mind's being the standard of the man," but the mind won't carry one across country; and when my dimensions are taken, I should like to be on the top of a well-bred, slapping, sixteen hands hunter, with a good spurring place, colour, what you like.

We were very soon in cover,

which was only remarkable for a very courteously worded request on the part of the noble owner, for gentlemen to refrain from trespassing, stuck opposite the gate. The find was instantaneous, and after running the cover's utmost limits two or three times, and making the horsemen box the compass, as it were, the fox broke from the end at which my gig was planted. It was a beautiful sight, and I almost cried as I toiled across a heavy ploughed field, with as much soil gathered at my heels as would have given me a vote for the county, to see the pack get away in such style, and to think of the utter helplessness of a man hunting on foot. I think I see the hounds at this instant, rattling along the top of an undulating grass field, with two servants blowing their horns, the whippers-in halloo away, and the field tearing along the lane in a line with them. Old giggy even was fired with the noble emulation, and reared and plunged as each scarlet coat galloped by, endangering the shafts and the driver's neck. The hounds were running strait in my line, and jumping into the vehicle, we started off at a gallop, and the country being favourable for charioteers, we kept catching glimpses of them every now and then, until, at length, we saw them fairly dwindle away before our eyes as they ascended a distant hill, the summit whereof was crowned with a fir plantation.

A YORKSHIREMAN.

Near Boroughbridge.

P. S. If any body will send me the conclusion of this day's sport I will give them—I don't know what.

LAMENTABLE LOSS OF THE NORTH POLAR MAPPING EXPEDITION.

We dare say that it is fresh in the recollection of our subscribers—indeed the numerous letters we receive on the subject (many, we regret to say, unpaid) leaves no doubt on the subject, that in the full flow of our generosity, and by way of competing with divers of our contemporaries—the newspapers, who were giving away maps in all direction—we promised our subscribers a magnificent Map of the North Pole and parts adjacent, as soon as ever we could obtain an accurate survey; in furtherance whereof we fitted out several vessels at an enormous expense, and dispatched them last autumn, with (as we then announced) as fair a chance of success as any that ever went before them, notwithstanding which it is now our dismal duty to announce to our innumerable subscribers that the expedition has failed, and our hopes of fulfilling our promise are reduced to a mere skeleton. A letter has been received, by the only surviving pigeon*, from the only surviving mariner. That letter we have the melancholy satisfaction to lay before our readers, and have only to add that nothing but the late period of the month in which it arrived should have prevented our putting the whole of the present number into mourning, with the usual width of black margin.

"To the Headitor of the N. S. M.

"Oomingookalik, Jan. 1, 1853.

"SUA,—Am sorry to inform you of the failings of the Expedition, all the ships crews being gone to there

** It was begged of us by the Lords of the Admiralty, and is now in possession of the fat porter who*

"stands in guilty state

To spurn imploring famine from the gate,"

as Goldsmith has it.

Ded reknonning, and non but me Left behind to tel tales. For further particklers beg to Refer to my Log, as folows, the only I that providence thort worth Preserving, tho to say the truth the captins was a King of a Log to mine.

"Extrax from Peter Flams Log, kep during a North Poler Maping Expedition, &c. Begins desembir, 1832.

"14. This day the frost set in very Sharp, and we put on our Freeze jakkets. In the after noon ofisirs helt a counciltashun about the Map—couldent agre about fixing the North Pint, but most was for having One at each corner.

"15. Blowd verry hard and froz harder—quite a hurrycane—got into Davy's Straights—was afrade we shud hav got into Davy's Lokker.

"16. Storm subzided, but stil nepshun cut a grate swel. Being in the crows nest I spide sumthink verry black in the offing. Tom Bowline, who was with me, Declard it to be verry like a wale; according to wich we got into a boat and went in persoot, tho the hani-mal hisself didnt move a foot. I was Determind to try the affect of a slug to quikken him up a bit, so leveled my gun at the wale from the gun wale of the boat, But the man with the harpoon snacht back my arm just as I was Puling the trigger, and I shot the bowsuns mate insted, who was looking at us from the ½ dek. This caused a recall, and the wale consequensially escapd with his life, As also

did the bowsun's mate, with the addition of 18 pence a week to his pay.

"17. Ice burgs numerous, also saw many seals wich at last they maid no impression; it was my duty to take the debth of the oshun to day, the reglar man being frost bit, on wich ocasion the Rest of the crew gave me a nick name, and calld me Count Fathom; the captin sed it was a novel apelation, at wich the littennant, and sirjohn, and pursir, and three of the midys, laffed artfully, tho I didnt see the wit of it.

"18. This day we met with a fine stud of sea orses, of wich in course you have hear talk, as well as of the sea Mews, these orses was litterd down on sheets of ice, but had nayther manes nor tails like the English and Rabian breeds; they seemd to be verry well broke, for they sufferd us to aproach within 5 yards without stiring, they then began to kick and plunge vilently into the sea, all but him as we harpoond, wich we did upon land, that is to say ice land, and set him a Blubberin famusly.

"19. This day, being on shore, we was frying some Red herins, wen a Wite bear attracted by the flaviour, come up within pistol shot; Tom Ball, who considderd himself a dab hand at triggernometry, fird first, but owin to num fingers, didnt take affect; the hanimal then made off, and I proposd folowing him up, for as he was a Poler bear, no dout he wood hav led us rite up to the north pole, without any further trouble.

"20. This day put the trawl overbord for Sevrar ours, but brought up nothing but some sea Egs, all of wich provd Addle.

"21. This day some of the ofisirs went ashore and berrid a bottle under a Heap of stones, it was

ment for the eskimawkins, but theyle be pertily disapointed wen they find whats in it, wich is no-think but a short log of the expedition, rote in English runing hand, wich none of em ever lerna. Noty beny! we all name plases after usselves, and this morning I Discovered a large ice burg, wich I named Peter's burg, after your humble servant Peter Flam.

"22. Locked in by the ice. In the evening the ofisirs treted us with a theateacle entertainment, it was a pantamine, called Jack Frost and the North Pole, or Arlekin snoball, and was rely bewtifull, Arlekin didnt go verry wel at first on account of the cold, but he was advized to put on a great coat, after wich all went capital. It was announced for repetision, but I am sory to say was obligd to Withdraw, on account of Arlekin having got a tuch of the lumbago.

"23. This day went out on a shooting excursion, in wich a brother tar killd a tarmigant, and I shot at a lot of wite hairs. Unluckily my shot didnt kil, tho Im sure I wounded some of em verry severe, and no dout Brought many of those grey hairs with sorow to the grave. On Returning discovered a large flok of Kittywakes asleep on the ice, as we thought, but soon found they was only Gulling us, as they flow away befour we could Get within our rifle barels. The Horyboraly was verry bewtifull in the second watch; it is of the natur of thunder and litening, but without any thunder. Allmost every nite we hear the wolves Baying at us acros the bay, and many wite foxes are seen, but they Brush the moment they here any of us about.

"24. To day some of the ofisirs, astronymers, &c., made an excursion up the country, and didnt Return back till after dusk; they

brought with them the skeliton of a mouse, a bit of mos, and some rain dears dung, with wich they seemd verry much pleasd, tho for my part, I thought it no such great shakes. They gev us such accounts of the dear they had seen, as never was Herd, so that we was quite staggerd; if Half proves tru as They say, in a litle time Dear wil be quite Cheap.

"25. Crismas day. Rost-beef and plum puding, after which, foot-ball on the ice. Dubble allowance of grog in the evening—conclude with God Save the King, Captin Azimuth accompanying on the barel-organ. The affect was bewtifull, all the men singing in armonyus mellowdy, and all standing up with hats of, Excep 2 tillery men as was intoxycated with licker, and couldnt keep there legs—in consequense of wich they are to be Flogd in the morning.

"26. Flogging the tillery men til noon. After wich receavd visits from sevrall Eskimawkins. All the ofisers verry eger to swop with em, but thought the indians Got a good deal the best bargins. These peple are both men and wimen verry smal in statue and drest just Like mumys. Childern in arms are carrid behind there Mothers backs, wich Gives em much the apearence of Fortin tellers—tho, poor creturs, they are no such things, there not being a Pack of cards or a cruked 6 pence in the hole country.

"27. This day quareld with the littenant—littenant decisively in the rong. He wanted to order me about where hed no bisness and swore at me Dredfull. Wasent going to put up with his Curseory remarks, so fled up the country—partickler as the Captin had thretend 50 lashes, wich I didnt consider Id no Rites to. I dont care

much about Ceremonys but I will stick up for my Rites. Same afternoon the larg ice burg under wich the vesels was Lying come down with a Tremendious crash, and am sorry to ad Left not a reck behind.

"Sir here ends my log—since wich time I have been Assd up (if I may be aloud the expresion)-to a young woman of the country who is 4 foot 6 inchis without her Seal skin boots and tatood bewtifull. She is a prinsess of the blud rial, and I am not without hopes of waring a Crownd hed. The country is very extensive and covered with sno, so that I have the most Dazlin prospex. I never new what libberty was til I come hear—insted of being at evry Boddy's bek and call I am quite a gentleman, keep my own slege, and move in the the first Arktick Circles.

"Praps youle think I am Presuming to make a fu remarks about the north west passage. It sirtinly woold be a Fine Thing for Mr. Gunter, as he mite allways get a Constant suply of ices, But in regard of the Chiny tea service we shal never get to there long pig tails by menes of this short cut.

"One of your pidgins been cort by a Little eskimawkin by, take this opertunity of forwardin my leter and log wich I hope they wil come safe to hand. from your

Constant reder

PETER FLAM.

"Po scrip. Ye'll Mak my love to my mother—Allso afecshonat love to my Dere wife informing of my Litle affair as I do not Wish to ti her of Maryin agen. She used to say she never wood, as she considered havin 2 husbands in the lile of biggamy But praps shele Altar her mind now and Set the bels of a Weding Ring.

Once more adew Peter Flam!"

2 M

TRAVELS AND SPORTS IN SOUTH AMERICA.

BENCONTRE WITH A SPORTSMAN AT CORDOVA—ANIMALS OF CHASE—HABITS OF THE GAUCHOS—HORSES—POSTING—CARRIAGE OF GOODS—DESCRIPTION OF THE WAGGONS—THE WHIP—POST HOUSE—OSTRICH SKINS—NATIVE HUNTER.

During a late tour of some months in Chili and La Plata, I was fortunate enough to meet with a fellow-countryman and brother sportsman at Cordova, in the person of Mr. A. Willis. Although I had no previous acquaintance with this gentleman, still at the immense distance we then were from home an English name was sufficient introduction, and we soon became intimate. I have to thank him, and take this opportunity of expressing my acknowledgments for the kindness he showed towards one who was a perfect stranger to him, and the useful information he afforded me on a variety of subjects, which the traveller looks for in vain in a printed guide or a published book of travels; but there is, and has always been, a sort of freemasonry between sportsmen. The heart of a fox-hunter will always warm towards a brother fox-hunter, whether met with in the deserts of Arabia or the hills and plains of the Pampas, and the recollection of pleasures they have enjoyed in common, illicit feelings that none but a sportsman, or perchance a freemason, has ever felt.

After expatiating on the pleasures of home and the sports of his own country—the moors, the stubble-field, the trout-stream, the brush of the flying fox, the joyful talliho, and the wild whoo-whoop—my companion proceeded to inform me that he had joined in the sport which the plains of the Pampas affords, and although of a very dif-

ferent nature he had found it by no means uninteresting. It consisted in hunting the lion, the ostrich, and the guanacas, an animal between the deer and the chamois. All these he informed me were to be met with on my way to Mendoza, whither I was bound, and from his account I fully determined to follow up a chase so interesting to a European, as soon as an opportunity occurred.

The tract of country between Buenos Ayres and the Cordillera de las Andes, which is denominated the Pampas, is well known as being one immense plain, which extends many hundred leagues, covered almost entirely with grass and thistles. As the traveller approaches towards Mendoza and the vicinity of the mountains, the arid soil is covered with a few stunted bushes, but these are seldom sufficiently thick to afford any shelter to the wild tenants of the desert, who only find security in the immensity of the uninhabited plains, where they must trust entirely to their fleetness to escape from their pursuers. In a country of this kind too, where the towns are scattered so sparingly that several hundred miles often lie between one place and another, the slow pace at which man could traverse these vast tracks on foot would be insufferably tedious, and he would feel as much at a loss as a dismounted Bedouin without his horse; consequently, from the hour he can walk alone until old age or sickness deprive him of motion, the

Gauchos are accustomed to do everything on horseback—he drives and slaughters the cattle (almost his only employment), and may be said to eat, drink, and even sleep on his steed. The great facility of keeping horses, who are turned out to graze in the pastures which extend all over the country without expense to their owners, renders them very plentiful and cheap; every gaucho or peasant has a dozen or two, and some of the *haciendados* or farmers, who live in the greatest imaginable misery, often possess from five to six hundred. Those which are employed for posting are in general in a very miserable condition, but an excellent stallion may be purchased for four pounds, and downwards as low as ten shillings. Mares are exclusively kept for breeding, and it would be considered almost a disgrace to ride them; they may be bought anywhere for four or six *reals* apiece, or two or three shillings: singular as these low prices may appear to a European, if we reflect that they cost the natives no more and indeed not so much as our barn-door fowls, the wonder ceases. The common and, indeed, the only way of travelling is on horseback, and although the posts are very long, as no one thinks of sparing horse-flesh, a traveller may advance at an inconceivable rate; the gauchos will ride for a month together, at the rate of from a hundred and twenty to a hundred and forty miles a day without appearing to be in the least inconvenienced. The horses as soon as you give them the rein set off at full gallop; at the rate of ten or twelve miles an hour, and continue the same pace until their distance is accomplished, for they appear to be well aware

that they have a certain task to perform and the sooner it is got through the better. Posting in proportion to the price of things is, however, very dear, varying from threepence to sixpence per league, and I was obliged to hire a horse for myself, one for my luggage, and a third for my peon or guide. For the conveyance of heavy goods they employ either mules or wag-gons—the latter, the only wheeled conveyance in the country, may not prove uninteresting in the description to the reader. They are so simple in their construction as instantly to bring to mind the first rude contrivances of the earliest inventors of anything in the shape of a car. The body consists of a square frame of wood, about fourteen feet long and four feet wide; a pole is attached to the bottom which extends forward ten feet, to which the oxen who are employed to draw it are yoked. A wooden axle is fixed transversely across the middle of the frame. The wheels are about nine feet high, strongly made, but without a single nail in their construction; they are bound round by a strip of wet bullock's hide, which shrinking as it dries, gives them additional security. The cart has a tilt about a man's height, made of canes and rushes, lashed with strips of hide, raw hides are thrown over the top to carry off the rain. Each cart is drawn by six oxen, yoked in pairs by a cross bar of wood, lashed behind their horns; the yoke of the hinder pair, is lashed to the end of the perch, to which is also attached the ends of strong hide thongs; from the yokes of the next pair of oxen, the two front pair follow each other closely; but a space of fourteen feet intervenes between the

second and shaft pair of bullocks ; so that in crossing a river, or bog, the two former may have passed the pontana, before the cart has reached the place of obstruction. For the information of curious whips, I must just be allowed a word more on the goads, used by the carriteras or drivers, after showing from what rude commencements the fashionable vehicles that dash round the gravelly roads of Hyde-park, have in all probability taken their origin.

The goad consists of a long cane forty feet in length, about five inches in diameter at the butt, and gradually tapering off to the end ; from the top of the cart, a pole about six feet long runs out, to which is appended a stirrup at the end of a string, through this the cane is passed, and as the butt end is considerably heavier, it is supported in perfect equilibrio. The extremity of the cane is armed with an iron point, and about six feet from the extremity, another small point suspended by a string, hangs directly over the second pair of oxen, so that by pushing it forward, the driver can goad the foremost couple, and by elevating the butt end, the second point descends on the shoulders of the next two. They have no reins, but with the dexterity of practice, contrive to manage their teams perfectly well.

Between San Luis and Mendoza, on alighting at the post house, I perceived a number of ostrich skins hanging up to dry in the sun, with all the feathers on ; I immediately inquired of the postmaster, where they had been killed, he informed me he believed they were killed between the river Desaguades and the mountains called Alto del Yeso, where his nephew had been hunt-

ing for some time ; we asked him where his nephew lived, and he said a good way beyond the estancia, or the grounds enclosed for cattle, but he did not seem at all disposed to lead us thither, at last I conjectured that he was afraid I might not take his horses, and after re-assuring him on that point, as I must infallibly journey the road to Mendoza in a few days, with the additional bribe of a little tobacco, which is the most powerful stimulent for exertion to a gaucho, he at last consented to lead us to the hut of his relative.

The post-house, as it was called, was almost as miserable a place as could well be conceived, built of loose stones and covered with hides, without either door or window ; the furniture consisted of a few cooking utensils, and the skulls of two or three bullocks, which were used as seats ; all along the wall were ranged the beds of the postmaster and his family, which were nothing more or less than a skin fastened to the ground by four pegs ; as usual, every thing was swarming with vermin. I only mention this dwelling because, cheerless as it was, a few minutes afterwards we were shown by the postmaster to a habitation still more comfortable. Just on the other side of the estancia were the ruins of what had never been but a wretched hovel, three of the mud walls had given way, and the fourth was only supported by a cactus hedge : easily as these huts might be erected in a few hours, the gauchos are so lazy, that the nephew of the postmaster, his wife, and three brothers, preferred sleeping night after night in the open air ; if the weather was tempestuous, they contented themselves by stretching a bullock's hide on

the top of four stones, four more stones were placed on these to keep down the corners, and under this they crept; more frequently, however, they lay exposed to all the inclemency of the weather, and during the day stretch themselves under the scorching heat of an almost vertical sun, as we found them, drinking, smoking, and gambling. They scarcely looked up from the filthy cards with which they were playing the game of Monte, to look on me as I came up to them, for no people in the world display so little curiosity as the Chilians. I explained to the eldest, who was named Matteo, that I wanted him to accompany me in chasing the ostrich. At first he displayed great nonchalance; but after agreeing that he and his brother should have a dollar each, and a pound of tobacco between them, as the reward of their services, they agreed to lead me where we might kill some ostriches.

It being agreed that we should start next day, I left my luggage at the postmaster's, and employed myself by sketching, and strolling about the estancia; the men continued till near evening gambling, and one of them singing a barbarous air to an old guitar with two strings; at length a boy, about seven years old, the son of Matteo, on my repeated solicitation, was sent to the next village to fetch some bread, a luxury I had not yet learned to do without. The distance was about eight miles there, but the little fellow set off full gallop, and in less than two hours returned.

Towards evening the postmaster and his nephew rode out to kill an ox; the cattle and horses are allowed to roam about at pleasure, excepting those that are for immediate use on the road, which are then confined in the estancia. Having singled out a bullock from two or three that were grazing in a field of clover, and pursued it for some distance, two of them flung their lassos over its horns, and dragged it along full speed to the front of the post-house, where they dispatched it with their knives. When an ox is killed the flesh is cut off in long strips, and the bones are left with the offal to be eaten by birds of prey, to rot upon the ground, or to be used as fuel for the oven. Matteo, however, unkenneled his hounds, which were kept in a kind of cave, stopped up by an old barrel filled with sand; they fell most voraciously on the remainder, while the prime pieces were turned on a spit before a fire, round which the two families squatted, each one cutting off a bit with his knife as soon as that part was cooked. This way of roasting the meat is called *asado* by the natives.

The post-master offered to give up his hut to me, but I had too much experience in the filthiness of gaucho habitations ever to venture in them unless when forced by the last necessity; so according to custom I was obliged to wrap myself in my cloak and sleep on the ground.

(To be continued.)

Noctes Nimrodianæ;

OR,

SPORTING CONVERSATIONS WITH NIMROD.—No. IV.

Scene, our private residence in London—Time, 8, P. M.—A blazing fire—Horse-shoe table and a bottle of old port—Door opens—Enter somebody.

EDITOR.

WHAT, Nimrod, is it you? How long have you been in England?

NIMROD.

A fortnight this day.

EDITOR.

How happens it, then, that we have not seen you before? Come, sit down, and tell us all about it.

NIMROD.

Why, I have been peregrinating—seeing my friends in the country. Even Calais is preferable to London in winter—swallowing mouthfuls of fog.

EDITOR.

Oh, you are getting nice, I see; at all events it is better than swallowing mouthfuls of frogs as you do over there; but how do you find old England?

NIMROD.

If I may judge from my first taste of it, in a queer plight.

EDITOR.

What was that?

NIMROD.

Why, my first visit was to a sporting friend, occupying between four and five hundred acres of land in the best part of one of our midland counties. "You must excuse my absence to-morrow for a few hours," said he, "for I must attend the Bench of Magistrates. They have made me one of the overseers of the poor of my parish, and I am going to procure no less than ten summonses for farmers who are behind hand with their poor-rates; for, being already upwards of £240 in advance, I am resolved to get my money—I can stand it no longer." Now, friend Editor, I believe you read my "Political Suicide;" did I not therein tell you it would come to this?—Did I not tell you that unless things were speedily altered in the agricultural world England would arrive at that awful state (so emphatically described by the Roman historian, Livy) when it will neither be able to endure its diseases nor its remedies? "*Donec ad hæc tempora, quibus nec vitia nostra, nec remedia pati possumus, perventum est.*" Did I not tell you what would be the result of stock-brokers and loan-jobbers legislating on agricultural affairs? More than this, what did I hear of the actual situation of the cultivators of a large track of country, once called the "Garden of

England?" Why, that taken in a bulk, five shillings in a pound would be the utmost left of the property they once possessed!

EDITOR.

Sad truths, I fear; but let's have no more croaking. Fill your glass, and drink better luck still, and let us have a little sporting chat. Come, tell us where you have been.

NIMROD.

Why, among other places, to Cambridge.

EDITOR.

What, taking a degree?

NIMROD.

No, taking a lesson.

EDITOR.

From whom?

NIMROD.

"From Joe Walton, who drives the Star to London and back every day but Sunday."

EDITOR.

Ha, ha! What, not yet done with the Road? I suppose, if you liked it, you could tell us who wrote the capital Road article in the last Quarterly Review, as I know you are a great ally of John Murray, and no doubt you'll dine with him next Wednesday, being his birth-day?

NIMROD.

If I do I am sure of two things—a capital dinner and a pleasant evening; but I never tell tales out of school.

EDITOR.

But do you mean to say you went to Cambridge for the sole purpose of being instructed by Joe Walton?

NIMROD.

Not exactly; but when writing on the road in the Old Magazine my attention was frequently called by some of its contributors to this great master of his art, and I was resolved on having ocular demonstration of his performance; if, therefore, you do not vote it a bore I'll give you an account of what passed, as I sat beside him on his bench.—We left the Hoop Inn exactly as the clock struck seven, and just as the last star on the road above was retiring before the light of day. We had a full coach, in and out, which I was glad of, as the prowess of a coachman is best displayed by a heavy load. Having never seen Walton before, I looked him attentively over. He shows for fifty, but he may not be so much, as twenty-two years on a coach-box make their mark on the human face. But Joe is the picture of health; of a very robust frame, and with an eye and countenance indicative of something superior. The modern polish he don't pretend to—he has transferred that to his pads and winkers; but he appeared sufficiently civil to his passengers without 'tipping them the blarney,' and his answers to questions were quick and appropriate. Most of your readers know that the Cambridge Times

was Joe Walton's original coach, and that he has only been on the Star the last six years. But mark the change that has taken place on his ground. There used to be only four changes on the road, now there are eight; consequently there are at present fifty horses at work on each side of his fifty miles of ground, working it double of course. But what is the consequence of this? Why, the hundred miles a day are only a day's play either to Joe Walton or his cattle!

EDITOR.

Of course he changes quickly—"Presto, Jack, and be gone," as the Quarterly has it, at Hounslow.

NIMROD.

The first change was a failure; but all those who have been accustomed to quick work are aware that much depends on accidents on these occasions. Some horses are not only awkward in being put to a coach, but some are very stupid in getting away from it when their traces are off, and this was the case here. Joe never quitted his box, but growled a good deal when he saw one of the *five* horse-keepers (I could not help thinking there was one too many) put a coupling-rein *under* instead of *over* his near leaders, and thereby occasion delay, as he would not start until it was "all right." I timed him at two other changes on the road—the first under a minute, the other a minute and thirty-four seconds; and the second stage, five miles, was done in twenty-seven minutes—quick enough for anything. It was a spicy little team, and neither of them trotted one yard of the ground.

EDITOR.

I suppose his changes come very quick.

NIMROD.

He has only two eight-mile stages, all the rest fives, so that no horse in his coach ever knows distress. One of the former he horses himself, and like a good judge he has got the only hilly one on the ground, and his cattle do well on it. Indeed, I must say I never sat behind four steadier workers; very full of power, and, what can rarely be said of coach-horses, no hunters at Melton Mowbray are turned out cleaner than they are. Their harness, also, is beautiful, but we know the value of the master's eye, and the proverb attached to it.

EDITOR.

Now tell us how you liked the performance of this very celebrated coachman.

NIMROD.

I shall have pleasure in doing so, but fear it will be a long story. Joe Walton's seat on his box is perfect, and "*mind ye*," as Sam Chiffney says, that is a point of no small importance, as far as the safety of a fast coach is concerned. He sits quite square to his horses, with his feet close together, and well out before him on the footboard. In short, his position is the best I ever saw; *he looks a fixture*, and I would defy a horse, tumble headlong if he like, to pull Joe from his box. In his work he blends the principles of the old and the new

school, adopting the best of each. He is a long wheel-rein man, but you never see him with his reins unbuckled at their ends—a practice pregnant with danger, and severely commented upon in the Quarterly. He never throat-latches a horse. He has breeching on his wheelers on his hilly ground, but no chain was used on our up journey, although we had a very heavy load. I believe he ties a wheel on his down journey, for he has one very steep hill to descend, and the road is hard. But—as I shall hereafter account for—Walton is one of the few coachmen that know how to take their coaches down a hill without distressing their wheel-horses. He is not a neat whipper. I never saw him bring his thong up to his hand *with the draw*, neither does he throw it neatly over the keeper after he has gotten hold of it to form the double thong. Having a fresh-catched one, however—a near leader—over one stage, which wanted now and then being put straight, I perceived he is a heavy punisher. By the way, his manner of administering punishment on one occasion amused me. Passing through the town of Buntingford, at the hour of full market, we were brought up to a walk by the crowd. The young one, thinking he was landed, made a bolt for a small public house on his side, and was bringing the coach after him. Joe, however, soon put that matter straight, and, untwisting his thong at the time, “Ah, ah,” said he, “I didn’t know your friends lived *there*; come, come, you must give up low company now you are got into this coach.” Two slashing hits under the bar followed, and I’ll answer for it Mr. Chestnut remembered them as he returned with the down coach. But what most pleased me in Joe Walton’s performance—and this, indeed, surprised me—was the very light hand with which he drove *every team* on his ground, and on all kinds of ground. Indeed, a person totally uninitiated in the art would be almost led to imagine that he did not feel their mouths at all. His peculiar manner of holding his reins, however—his left hand being very near to his breast, but his right always ready for a *catch*—adds to this peculiarity. Nevertheless, I could not account for this wonderful lightness of finger, over all description of ground, and it was not until half the journey was performed that I perceived *one* very material cause for it. Every horse in Joe Walton’s coach, from Cambridge to London, has a bridoon bit to his bearing rein, and what is the effect of that bit? Why every time Joe touches his mouth he touches what coachmen call “a fresh mouth,” and I need not add, a light one. In fact, the least touch then acts as a chuck under the chin to a horse that has been long borne up to his bit; and only think what relief this must be to a man who, every day but the seventh, drives his hundred and four miles! We may also add, that the man who performs this Herculean task is worthy of every indulgence which this trifling additional expense may be considered.

EDITOR.

How long has Walton driven his ground double?

NIMROD.

Only two years; but during nine months of the time he never rested a day, save Sundays. But I have not done with him yet. I have said he never throat-latches a horse, which savours of the old school. “I

like my horses," said he, "to go as much at their ease as it is possible. I like the wind to blow between them," added he, "*it keeps 'em fresh.*" Now although it is not pleasing to witness one leader's bar half a yard before his partner's, which will now and then be the case with horses left to work as they please, or hanging away from each other to the full extent of their coupling-rein, yet in day-work, and with so fine a finger as Walton's, I will not pretend to say that the throat-latch—particularly in sultry weather—may *not* be dispensed with to advantage. Recollect the weight that was in and about the Star that day, and its rate full ten miles an hour! Every possible liberty should be given for horses to exert their powers to advantage, and I must say Walton's cattle appeared very much at their ease. As for himself, had he been in his arm-chair he could not have been more so than he was this day on his box, but, I must add, he is splendidly horsed. Another word or two on throat-latching. The only fault I could ever charge Jack Peer with, on his bench, was that of having his leaders' heads rather too near together for their comfort, and I hope he may hear what I have now said. In point of neat execution no comparison can be drawn between him and Walton, he (Peer) being very greatly superior; but when you come to the well-doing of the stock, a ride with Joe would do Jack a service. As to throat-latching wheel-horses I never liked that, except in peculiar cases.

EDITOR.

How was Joe dressed, for I know you remark such minutiae, and we have got a letter from one of the brethren of the whip on this and other subjects.

NIMROD.

Devilish well upwards, but from his waist downwards, to my great surprise, of a very amphibious character. Nay, had a stranger popped upon him *off his box*, he would have taken him for a Cambridge shop-keeper. What think you of pantaloons and shoes, with not even a gaiter, and in December too, with a strong north-wester?

EDITOR.

You astonish me; but the drag?

NIMROD.

Wright and Powell's for a hundred, said I to myself, so soon as I felt the roll of it, and looked down at the near wheel. "You like the patent boxes, Joe?" "*There shall be no other about a coach that I have anything to do with,*" replied he; "*no linchpins for me.*"

EDITOR.

What was your time?

NIMROD.

As I before said, we left the Hoop door at Cambridge as the clock was striking seven, and entered the Belle Sauvage at half-past twelve, having come at a foot's pace the whole length of Cheapside, and fifteen minutes allowed for breakfast.

EDITOR.

Excellent work, and *good* ten miles an hour. Did you time him any other stage?

NIMROD.

Yes, one other five miles in twenty-five minutes. On Mondays he takes but twenty to be in time for market. It was the last change but two. But it is no trouble to them; the little rogues were ready to jump out of their harness. But we must drop this subject, so, as the lawyer says, I will sum up. I consider Joe Walton one of the safest coachmen in fast work that I ever travelled with. I never saw a man more at home on his box; his nerve is admirable, as every one who knows him vouches for, and all his tackle is to be depended upon. As to his reins they are strong enough for traces. Add to all this, he proved to me that his wish to keep his time is superior to all mercenary consideration, or regard to the short pocket. A few miles from town he was hailed by a gentleman in a phaeton. "I may as well have this half-crown as not," said he, as he pulled up his coach on the road; but because the passenger did not come *instantly* he drove off and left him; and this is the way to do business with so fast a coach as his. In short, Joe Walton is a coachman, and that is saying enough of him. As for his work—100 miles a day—in the way he does it, it is nothing to him, and I should like to take his place for the next six months.

EDITOR.

Well done Joe Walton, I think your nose must itch. Did you see any other road-work worthy of notice in your travels?

NIMROD.

I passed two nights on mail coach boxes, but the less said the better, and as you know I am shy of finding fault. I mention no names. In one mail, however, we had as dangerous a team, out of London, as I ever sat behind in my life. A run-away mare off wheel, that a few nights before, when leader, had run away with the coach and killed a baker's horse, value £22; and a very raking leader before her, *on the same side*. I expected nothing but an accident, for the coachman's strength was exhausted, and was glad to avail himself of my assistance. He, however, declared he would never drive her again; but he should not have been put to drive her at all, *and particularly in such company!*

EDITOR.

And what was your other case?

NIMROD.

One of another complexion. We could not keep time over two stages, and the only way in which we got up one hill was, by the coachman thrashing the leaders with a stick as he ran by their sides, and my double-thonging the wheelers from the box. This is a rare occurrence; but here-on hangs a tale, which I shall not now relate, and matters no doubt will be altered,

EDITOR.

But, Nimrod, were you at Cambridge, and not at Newmarket?

NIMROD.

Trust me for that. I should have gone there had it only been for the purpose of seeing Jack Merchant.

EDITOR.

Who is Jack Merchant?

NIMROD.

Why Jack Merchant now keeps the White Hart, in Newmarket, where, by the aid of his man-cook and a cellar of excellent wines, a gentleman with money in his pocket may find himself vastly comfortable. Jack Merchant and Bob Snow were the two swell coachmen of former days, and the only two out of London; the one on the Manchester Telegraph the other on the Manchester Defiance, the two most strongly contested coaches of those times. I was delighted to find Merchant looking so fresh. "Do you ever take hold of them?" said I to him one day, as a regular muff, with his ringlet hair, his head on one side, his right hand half way up the crop of his whip, and the reins in comfortable confusion in his left, was starting some coach from his door, "that's not the way you used to do it, Jack." "No;" replied Jack, "I have done with it. With the exception of a lark one day with Sir Henry Peyton's team, I have not had the ribbons in my hand since I have been at Newmarket."

EDITOR.

What had he to do with that team?

NIMROD.

Why Sir Henry came to one of the meetings, and left his horses at the White Hart, where they rested three days. "Jack," said the baronet, "you must bring my coach up to the Heath for me to-morrow, as some mischief will happen if my man has hold of them, for they will be ready to jump through their collars." "I found them so," said Jack, "and 'till I took the shine out of them a bit, I hardly knew who was going to be master." But before I get quite off the road, Mr. Editor, I must tell you something about the celebrated Tom Heazel, which I heard the other day from Mr. Roberts, when dining at his very excellent table *d'hôte* in Calais, and talking over coaching, which, you know, he was at one time concerned with. "These lines," said he, "were written by Emery, the comedian, upon Tom, when he was driving for me, and were occasioned by his observing his watch-key, tied to his watch, by a point of Nottingham whip-cord:"—

"No wonder Tom Heazel is true to his time,
In driving his drag through all weather:
The reason is plain, as you'll find by my rhyme,—
His whip-cord and watch go together."

EDITOR.

Now then for Newmarket. What did you see there?

NIMROD.

Why you are not perhaps aware, that no man knows or cares less about racing than I do, and every year that passes over my head makes me care less. I had rather drive Joe Walton's coach a week, than see a Newmarket Meeting in all its glory. And as for your vicious, biting, kicking, pulling, devil of a race-horse, he retires into the shade before my eyes, when in the presence of a slapping well-bred hunter, able to carry John Musters to hounds, and a well known master of his business. The owner of the latter is certain to derive pleasure from the possession of him, but there is nothing like certainty belonging to the race-horse. On the contrary, the fiends of hell often follow in his train, and, for one man whom he has enriched, remember the thousands he has ruined!

EDITOR.

Come Nimrod—none of your moralizing, you would have no objection to be a winner of the Derby. Tell us then what you saw.

NIMROD.

Why I saw the first and second Newmarket favourites for the Derby—Glaucus and Forester, and I'll tell you what I think of them. Glaucus is a beautiful goer, and by the way in which he brings up his haunches, shows like coming well home up that Epsom hill. His temper also appears excellent; indeed, when on the Heath, he looked as if he might be warranted to carry a lady. But many things happen between the cup and the lip. *'Tis a long time to the Derby!*

EDITOR.

Did you see little Weeper, who beat him for the *Criterion*, from the turn of the Lands-in—said to be a sort of a mark for the Derby?

NIMROD.

I saw her twice—once on canvas, in Herring's painting room, at Six-mile-bottom, and afterwards in her stable. I had great desire to see her, because I never met with so thick and so low a two year old as she appeared on the canvas, but I found the representation a faithful one. It must be a terrible two year old to come within a length of her, getting 7 lb. Ergo, Glaucus is terrible; and I should like to have her chance for the Oaks.

EDITOR.

Did you see Forester!

NIMROD.

Yes; in his stall, and out, but not out of a walk. Like Weeper, he is low but very level, and strong, with particularly good legs,—and, remember, he is out of Pippylina by *Orville*. Don't stand against him. Recollect he cut the matter very short in the July stakes.

EDITOR.

Let me see—who rode him? Was it not Robinson?

NIMROD.

Yes—*Tom*; not the great *Jem*. By the by, I heard your plan much approved of by a racing man at Newmarket, of giving your "Two-year-

old Winner's List," of the year. It is a great guide to betting with those who are not always in the ring. Of course *you* have seen Revenge, though I have not since he was a foal. My old school-fellow, his owner, is a capital handler of a two year old, as the "List of Winners" will show, but the *on dit* is, that he is rather too tender with them in his work, afterwards.

EDITOR.

Come, Mr. Nimrod, don't get into the Provinces. What else did you see at the capital? Did you see Beiram?

NIMROD.

I did: I asked permission to do so merely to satisfy myself that he was that racing-looking nag that he appears to be in the frontispiece of your Mag. I have only then to add, that he quite equalled my expectations, and if he be not a race-horse, he is a very great impostor. As to catching a likeness of him, a painter would scarcely fail, from his very peculiar features, but I must do Mr. Herring the justice to say, all his likenesses are striking, and he is very happy in preserving the blood-like form of the race-horse. I saw a great many young Sultans in the Marquess of Exeter's stables—looking in *superb* trim—but my sole object being Beiram, I asked no questions about any of them. The temperature of the stables was very high, but you know my opinion on that subject. I never saw well bred ones look well in a low one, in winter, neither is it probable they should.

EDITOR.

Did you see Sir Mark Wood's stud?

NIMROD.

I did not, but I saw the picture of his "best filly in England" (Camarine), and I hope you will have a plate of her in your Mag. I understand that she is the last of old Juniper's get, and that he died as soon as he left the mare.

EDITOR.

Well, what else did you see?

NIMROD.

What I never saw before—namely, a real well appointed, and well regulated, post-horse stable, at the Rutland Arms, in Newmarket. There were upwards of twenty pairs of the best post horses I ever saw, *but the lion of the yard is the saddle-room!* There is not a nobleman's establishment in England that can show a better. It appears every post-boy has two sets of harness, which are worked on alternate days, and on those on which they are not worked, they are placed in apple-pie order in this saddle-room, in the centre of which is a large, well-heated stove. The advantage of this stove is great. A damp saddle is never placed on a horse's back (*ergo*, no sore backs), and the postboy's clothes also derive the advantage of it. As for the harness and saddles they are quite good enough for any gentleman's road work; and, independently of their fine appearance, I was told the horses possess extraordinary speed. Several of them are clipped; many of them were in body clothes, and up to their bellies in

clean barley-straw. In addition to all this six pairs of useful light horses work on the landlord's farm, looked after and driven by men capable of driving post, so that, perhaps, this is the largest postage concern in England, at any distance from London. The landlord's name is Ratcliffe, a Warwickshire man, whose connections are well known to me; and although I never saw him—he being absent from home when his foreman showed me his yard—I must place him at the head of all posting establishments, and hold him out as an example to all his brethren of the road. I now, then, have finished my story, but before we part I'll give you something picked up *at sea* (a little comfort). "Steward," said a desperately sick lady who had been beating about, in a sailing packet, between Calais and Dover for at least ten hours, and in a very heavy swell, "when shall we be in Dover?" "Be in in an hour, ma'am," said the steward, with the usual brevity of a seaman's answer. Half an hour passes away. "Steward," says another lady, quite as sick as the first, "When shall we be in Dover?" "Be in in half an hour, ma'am." "Steward," said a third lady, still more sick than the others, and thinking the half hour had expired, "WHEN SHALL we be in Dover?" "*Sha'n't be in to-night, ma'am; wind has chopt right about, and we're standing out to sea.*" Now, Mr. Editor, good night.

General Monthly Miscellany.

THE CHASE.

THE weather in different parts of England since the commencement of the new year has been very different. In the extreme north there was a slight fall of snow about the first, succeeded by a sharp frost, which lasted until nearly the middle of the month, while it kept chopping and changing every day in the midland and southern counties. Indeed, until the frost, which commenced about the 17th, there had been no check to hunting since the commencement of the season in many countries, and in several establishments both horses and hounds stood much in need of rest. Of course it is a point which admits of a variety of opinions, and there are some who, by way of appearing knowing, would assert that it has been just the contrary to whichever we assert; but on the whole, as far as we have seen and heard, we should say that it has been a fair average season for sport. With a very slight exception indeed—and that occasioned more by bad management than any thing

else—foxes have been unusually plentiful throughout England, as, indeed, may be gleaned from the letters of many of our correspondents who speak of having three or four on foot at a time. In Leicestershire also, we have it from very good authority, there were fewer foxes turned down in the spring than for several preceding seasons, and we feel quite assured that in another year or two the great popularity of Sir Harry Goodricke will soon ensure him an ample stock without resorting to this (otherwise unjustifiable) expedient.

The uninterrupted enjoyment of the sport, afforded by the openness of the earlier part of the season, naturally produced some of those unfortunate accidents which must ever attend the long pursuit of field sports, and the month of December was particularly noted for them. Mr. John Vere Isham, of Spratton, had a desperate fall with Osbaldeston's hounds, and dislocated his hip. We are happy to add that he

is in a fair way of recovery, though he is compelled to relinquish the chase for the present, and his horses have been sold. Mr. Osbaldeston's sport has not been so brilliant as usual this season, and both himself and servants are reported to be wretchedly mounted. The celebrated Tom Seabright, huntsman to Lord Fitzwilliam, had a bad fall at Stanwick pastures; and Henry, the first whip, had his skull fractured about the same time, and we regret to hear is since reported to be dead. It will be seen from the letter of our Melton correspondent that Lord Lonsdale has met with an accident, and though our correspondent's version of the story differs from the one in general circulation we have no doubt as to the correctness of it, and our Bicester friend states that Sir Henry Peyton has had a severe fall. Another great sportsman met with an accident since our last, viz. the Duke of Cleveland, who injured his knee-cap, but is also doing well. His Grace makes the fourth ducal master of foxhounds in Great Britain, the others being the Dukes of Beaufort, Grafton, and Buccleugh. With this little introductory episode we shall proceed to the publication of the favours of our numerous correspondents—a list, though numerous already, which we shall be glad to increase by the receipt of letters from such countries as are not here noticed; for we may observe, that however anxious we may be to supply information from every quarter, it is physically impossible for an editor, any more than another man, to be in more than one place at a time, consequently we must be frequently indebted to the kindness of our friends for details of sport, a favour which we are at all times proud to receive. On the present occasion, as we would not willingly be behind our Gallic neighbours in politeness, we yield the *pas* to

THE VERSAILLES HOUNDS.

DEAR SIR,

I received the annexed letter by yesterday's post, it is from my friend, Mr. Cay, who is at the head of a subscription pack of fox-hounds, near Versailles, originally formed by the Prince of Moscow, son of the brave and ever to

be lamented Marshall Ney. I am aware it was not intended to meet the public eye, but an intimate knowledge of the writer induces me to take the liberty of requesting your insertion of it, being well convinced, that if the perusal give pleasure to a sportsman, that liberty will be excused. That it is written by a sportsman needs no affirmation of mine.

I remain, truly yours,

NIMROD.

Petit Chesnay, near Versailles, Jan. 7th.

DEAR NIMROD,

I am sorry your absence from France prevented my having the pleasure of seeing you here before Christmas, which, from your last letter, I anticipated. Considering all the *serious* obstacles in this country to fox-hunting, (hunting wild foxes in particular) we have no cause for complaint up to this time, and I am sure you are too good a judge to expect any thing extraordinary from a new pack of hounds, a new man, and in a new country. We have killed twelve brace of foxes, ran a brace to earth, and lost only three. As we must not be nice about our game here, we tried our hands at one red deer, but found him wanting. We then procured two fallow deer, one of which proved a trump. Our first run with him was an excellent one as far as the hounds were concerned, but we had not much enjoyment of it by reason of the country being woody and hilly, and the day very foggy. The second, however, made ample amends. We gave him twenty minutes law, and after we had settled to him, he went, best pace, for one hour, *without a check*, over a very good country. The country being none of the lightest, however, it was "bellows to mend" with most of us. Our field consisted of twenty, and I never saw men enjoy a run more than they did. Normandie (whom you met in Warwickshire, and who, as you know, rides well, and understands what hunting is) came up to me at the finish and said it was the best run he had ever seen in England or any where else. I left the deer at a farm house, and sent for him the next day, and as soon as the frost is gone, he will, I fear,

be the death of some of our nags. He is not quite so large as our fallow deer, but from the specimen I have seen of these animals, I am persuaded we shall find them the best game to hunt in this country. There are many obstacles to fox-hunting—shepherd's dogs and guns among the number.

The Prince has been absent with his regiment at Brussels: but just before he left us we had a beautiful run with a fox—thirty-five minutes, racing all the way. The Prince, on Alfred, was delighted—often singing out to me, Cay "*tis the pace that kills*;" and a beautiful kill we had. He is very well mounted, and his horses are in capital condition. He rides like the d—l, and enjoys it as much as any man I ever saw in my life. It would surprise you to see what a quick eye he has to hounds turning, or in their work; and, only let him have one season in England, with some first-rate nags, and it would take a good man to beat him.

I now give you all the names of our club which I can at this moment recollect, but I have not the list by me, and there may be a few more.

The Prince of Moscow, Lord Stair, Lord Henry Seymour, Messieurs Normandie, Charles Lafitte, Grenfell, Marcharde, Mosselman, Wileike, Roget, Rothchild, Stickler, Wyatt, May, Heron, Ball Hughes.

Monsieur Normandie was appointed Directeur Generale, but as he always hunts in England after Christmas, the Prince officiates for him in his absence. But I must now tell you of the handsome conduct of some of our English friends. Lord Stair offered to get us eighteen couple of good fox-hounds from Colonel Wyndham, and he performed his promise to the letter, for, fourteen out of the twenty couple are as good as ever went to the field. They were sent by the Colonel free of expense to Dieppe, and accompanied by an invitation to any of the members of the club that might come to England, to visit him at his house, where he would show them the best sport in his power. This accession to our kennel has enabled us to turn out twenty-couple of as good and close-hunting hounds as I could ever wish to see. You

know I am no admirer of galloping devils, that stream over a country with their heads up, and I was much pleased with your idea of much of the present state of fox-hunting, *measured chiefly by the pace*. I am quite satisfied you are right, and if men would think for a moment, and try back upon days gone by, they must be of the same opinion as yourself. I allude to what you said, two or three numbers back, in the New Sporting Magazine, which is much liked here.

I am sorry to say I have been obliged to part with the whipper-in you recommended me to take; but you told me of his failing, and it is unconquerable. The cursed brandy bottle is the ruin of almost every English servant that comes here, though I fear Hodges's best gin completed that of D. before he saw France. It is to be lamented, as he is a good fellow with hounds as whipper-in. My present man, old Bob, must serve me till I can get a better from England, for, although a good man in the kennel, he is slow, and too easy with hounds in the field in a riotous country like this.

I have had bad luck with my horses. I lost a fine brown mare by Blucher, equal to fourteen stone, and a capital hack, by inflammation; and I have another horse very much amiss, and I fear he will not come again this season. Paris never had so few good horses in it as at present; neither is the town in any respect gay. Lord Henry Seymour has bought Royal Oak as a stallion; and if it were not for him and Mr. Stickler, I think racing would soon be at an end there for the present, at least. The Pigeon club is also slow, the birds being bad. Fletcher Welch is the best man, and seldom misses his birds. Where is Lord Bury now? Perhaps he would be his match.

I nearly forgot to tell you of a capital run we had with a stag, found in a cover not far from the Royal Forests. I heard of him and made up my mind to be at the wood at six o'clock the following morning. The day was just peeping, but a worse need not be, and D. and myself were wet to the skin before we got to the place. The hounds had not been long in the cover before I

heard a challenge. It was from Gaiety and Guilty, two bitches from Lord Derby's late kennel, and in two minutes they were all on full cry, and the stag, the largest I ever saw, (I am sure he is ten years old) came out close by me, with every hound at him. I holloed "gone away" and blew my horn, and went away on capital terms with him, for about three miles, but, although on Alfred, I could not live with them. We then came to the Royal Forests, which I dared not enter, *if not being a hunting day*. However, when D. came up I sent him in, telling him not to let a guard (*de chasse*) come within gun shot of him, and then rode round in a direction I thought they were pointing for, but from wind and rain, I could neither see nor hear any thing. D. however, after slipping all the guards, found himself near Paris, at mid-day, two couples of hounds having several times had their teeth in the stag's haunches, but he contrived to crawl into another Royal Forest, when D. wisely stopped them. You have heard of a "hunted devil," I assure you D. looked like one when he came home, after his ride through all those covers, in such a tremendous day, but we must give him credit for what he did.

We found this said stag again another day, with a large field of sportsmen out, when he took nearly the same country as before, and after running him nearly three hours in the Royal Forests, we had him dead beat. An unfortunate check, however, saved him. Up jumped three hinds in view, and away went the pack, among cheverel, hares, and all kinds of riot. In short, it was past seven o'clock before I could get them altogether again, and they nearly drove me wild. But *you* shall taste a bit of this stag, (I hear you say—"catch him first") for *I am determined to have him*; but I must have a good scenting day, and not too large a field. I cannot say, however, that I like this wood hunting. You ride a horse almost to death, without being able to see hounds half the time they are working, and half a dozen whippers-in would not be too much for these straggling forests. Moreover, I cannot consent to the French custom

of shooting these animals (teasers as they are) after a certain time running, as the act is not sportsmanlike in our eyes.

Now, if your patience is not exhausted, I'll return once more to the humble fox, being more in your way than the antler'd stag, majestic as he may appear in the forest. We had a clipping thing with reynard at the end of last month. We ran him an hour and forty-five minutes, over a very heavy country, at a rattling pace, and killed him. Owing to an ugly fall, I did not see the finish, but those who did declared nothing could be better. Old Bob was just in time to save the brush and one leg, all the rest being disposed of. We have also had several pretty things of twenty-five and thirty minutes each, but *shepherds' dogs*, and, *now and then, guns*, play the deuce with us. I get my bag foxes chiefly from Montreuil, and never get a bad one, or one at all lame or maimed. But next year I shall make a place for them, in which they can have plenty of room and air, *night air* being essential. Deprive a fresh caught fox of that, and he looses half his goodness.

I shall now conclude this letter, which I have written in great haste, but hope to send you a fuller account of our proceedings at the close of the season—that is to say, if you do not (but I hope you will) come and witness them yourself. I think you are a wise man to get out of Calais, but when you next visit it, remember me to all friends, particularly to that sporting old buck, Major Blagrove. Adieu,

Yours, ever,

T. CAT.

P. S. If you know of a horse worth my notice let me know. The Colonel would not take any money for the big bay horse he purchased of you, on my recommendation.

MELTON.

Jan. 23, 1833.

DEAR SIR,

This place, as usual, was deserted at Christmas, and though there has been a re-action in the course of the month,

still the severity of the frost at the date of this letter does not hold out much temptation for gentlemen to leave their homes. Nevertheless we have had some good sport, as the following account of the principal runs will show. The first one of importance was on the 9th, with Lord Forester's hounds, when they met at Croxton-park. The Meltonians mustered thin, but the Duke of Rutland's birth-day having been celebrated on the Friday with the usual festivities, there was a very large attendance from the castle, including several ladies. Our first find was at Sproxtton-thorns, which reynard immediately left, making for Stonesby village; he then turned to the left for Bescaby Oaks, from thence to Waltham-thorns, where, after getting upon the scent of two or three fresh foxes, we gave up. We then went to Croxton-park, and immediately found in a small plantation adjoining the wall; away he went, passing by Branston Lings, bearing direct for the village; from thence to Eaton, crossing the brook (where he shook off most of his followers), and made towards Goadby-gorse, which he did not enter, when away he scampered towards Scalford, turning to the left, nearly for Melton-spiny; he then made a point for the Old Hills, afterwards to Kettleby and Wartnaby, and finally turning a little to the left endeavoured to reach Grimstone, near to which he was gallantly killed in *one hour and ten minutes without a check*. Lord Forester went most brilliantly.

Jan. 15th.—Lord Forester, at Goadby, found a fox at Claxton-thorns, which broke cover at the lower end, making his point across the vale, leaving the village to the right; he then set his head in a direct line for the Broughtons, when, leaving them to the left, he crossed the Nottingham road, between upper Broughton and Widmerpool, and passing by Curate's-gorse made a direct point for Willoughby-gorse, but which he was unable to reach, the scent being breast high and the pace tremendous: he was run into between Widmerpool and Willoughby in fifty-five minutes. Very few were to be seen with the hounds during the last two miles.

Jan. 19th.—Sir Harry, at Twyford: it being understood the hounds were to

draw the celebrated though almost new gorse cover, "John-a-Gaunt," a very numerous field attended, and the morning may truly be said to have been ushered in with what the old sporting phrase proclaims the essentials for fox-hunting, viz. "a southerly wind and a cloudy sky." Went to a small cover called Adam's-gorse, where we did not find; we then went to the famed "John-a-Gaunt," but we were to be unfortunate, for a brace of foxes went away in opposite directions, but could do no good with either. The hounds then went direct to Billesdon Coplow, where a fox was immediately upon foot, and ran from the Coplow to Botany Bay (a cover only one field asunder) for an hour or upwards; at length he went away at a brilliant pace, making for Scraftoft plantations into the Hall gardens, where the hounds divided, about three couple killing the run fox in the shrubbery (which was very partially known till afterwards), and the remainder of the hounds getting upon a fresh fox, which went away over a beautiful country, leaving Keyham to the right, then to Barkby-thorpe-spiny, from thence for Beeby, beyond which he was viewed and ran to ground between the latter and Hungarton in forty-five minutes; after a little trouble he was bolted, and made his point back direct for the Coplow; but, unfortunately, about a mile before he reached the cover a fresh fox got up in view, which turned to the right, leaving Norton and Galby to the left; he then made for the Strettons, where, in consequence of night coming on, the hounds were taken home, after a very severe day's work. Lord Lonsdale, also, had a good burst this day of thirty minutes, killing his fox in good style. The noble Earl, I am sorry to say, has met with an accident, which I fear for the present will prevent his hunting. In going home a few days' ago the gallant veteran's notice was attracted to a favourite hound which had been working in a superior manner during the day, and he was in the act of stooping from his horse to give him part of a biscuit which he had in his pocket, when he overbalanced himself and came to the ground, and though he was much shook and bruised I am happy to say that he

is not considered seriously injured. The new year, up to within three days of my writing this, has been highly favourable, and they are the only ones we have lost; but appearances are not very promising just now; Mountford is somewhat better, but it is feared he will not be able to take the field again this season. In your last there were a brace of errors in describing the sport on the 27th of November; for "Thorpe Tatenville," it should have been "Thorpe Satchville;" and instead of the fox being killed near "Asbournby village," it should have been near "Osbornby village;" but these, I suppose, are errors incidental to Christmas.

MR. DRAKE'S, THE DUKES OF BEAUFORT'S AND GRAF- TON'S HOUNDS.

DEAR EDITOR,
Notwithstanding my ill luck at the chairing of the Berkshire members, I am enabled to furnish you with some information respecting the splendid runs in the Duke of Beaufort and Mr. Drake's countries; and as this month has been big with important events, I shall have occasion to trespass on your columns, and the time of your readers, at something more than my accustomed length. I shall pass over the run of three hours and twenty minutes, to Claydon, through the Great-sea, from thence to Oven-hill, and back to the Great-sea, having three foxes before the hounds. The meet at Catesby, where two foxes were found at Shugborough; also the affair at Weston-peat-pits; and afterwards on the 13th of November at Ludgershall; after remarking with joy, that two foxes on that day went away from Lord Chandos' preserve, of Tittershall-wood, one of which ran by Oven-hill, through Doddershall and Grendon-woods to Finemore-hill.

On the 22nd, we had a grand day; not so remarkable on account of any chase of extraordinary severity, but celebrated for sport of another description, and which, under the circumstances, was equally agreeable; namely, that of a public breakfast at Wootten-house, given to Mr. Drake's hunt by the Marquis of Chandos, and

to which every member of the hunt was invited. A rare field attended, and did justice to the hospitality and liberality of the noble host; the breakfast was of a first rate description, and the humble, but no less ardent grade of sportsmen, was regaled with bread, cheese, and nut-brown ale, the hospitable mansion being open to all comers. His Lordship, with the frankness of an Englishman, declared, that although his avocations and engagements prevented him from joining in the spirit-stirring amusement, still all his endeavours should be directed to give satisfaction to others, by not only encouraging the breed of foxes in his preserves, but that, in future, no disappointment should arise by reason of barricaded gates, or impossible fences on his estate. This truly noble conduct has been appreciated; and at the last election, many electors resident in both counties (Bucks and Oxon) gave their support to his lordship (after the fashion of the Hampshire farmers) on account of his support of fox-hunting. After the regalement, the first-raters with the most buoyant feelings, the fox-hunting farmers with faces like firebrands, disclosing the potent effects of John Barleycorn, and the fell enemies of the vermin, marched off in order to Tittershall-wood, and were further enlivened by a glorious find in five minutes. Reynard broke cover immediately at a very strong pace, ran in the direction of the house, which he skirted, and after a ring, he went to a drain in Grenvill-wood; another fox, it seems, went away in direction of Oven. I was glad to see so few pheasants—it augurs well. The hounds afterwards tried Chearsley-gorse without effect. On the 26th, met at Swift's house, and found at Bainton-copse; after about ten minutes rattling in the cover, the fox went away to Mansfield's, in direction of Stoke-little-wood, which he left on the right, through Stoke-bushes, skirting Tusmore, over Cottisford-heath, up to the back of Croughton-town, from thence by the wall towards Aynho, but afterwards made for the gorse, where the earth being open, and destruction staring him in the face, he entered the solitude of safety, and disappointed his pursuers, after a capital

run of fifty minutes, with barely a check of a minute at Cottisford-heath. This was, indeed, a trimmer: Lord Jersey's second son, Mr. Villiers, and also Mr. Cox, jun., had falls, in crossing the slough at the bottom of Croughton-gorse, but neither of them sustained any injury.

Nov. 27th. The meet at Barton-common was only worthy of notice from the number of foxes at Tingewick, four having been viewed away, and the hounds running one to Finmere-diggings, where some gentlemen were shooting. Reynard was caught in a net and extricated, but nothing was after made of him. On the 29th, Charndon-common was the scene of action; a cold, wet, and stormy day; yet notwithstanding, a pretty day's sport was witnessed; the hounds ran through the woods towards Doddershall, and then to Oven; when having hit upon a fresh fox, they ran him very hard to Charndon, where the chase ended by night fast approaching, and Ben stopping the hounds.

On the 30th of Nov., the Duke of Beaufort's met at Addlestrop-gate, and found on Chaseldon-hill; and after a run of a few minutes up wind, reynard went to ground near Addlestrop-village, next drew the Hercomb, finding directly, and went away by the village of Chaseldon, and over the gardens of Whitmore Jones, Esq., through Chaseldon-spiny, across the Worcester-road, between Cross-hands and Little Compton, pointing for Salford; but being headed, he passed Oakham on the right, and Barton-grove on the left, over the hill, leaving Long Compton on the right, straight over the Weston property, nearly up to Witchford-wood, then turned down the meadows, and after a famous affair of forty-eight minutes, he went to ground near the village of Charrington. The pace throughout was very good; the hills and the severity of the ground, told much against the horses; and owing to the fox taking the back of Chaseldon village, the hounds got two fields away before any gentleman could get round, and the consequence was that nobody got fairly to them till near Barton-grove. Mr. Peyton on a powerful thorough-

bred one, Riotor (own brother to Luss), Mr. Thornhill on a chestnut horse, and Mr. S. Worrall on his grey mare, were the first who caught them. Will. Long the huntsman came up soon after on a grey that Mr. Moreton's huntsman used to ride. Those four horses eclipsed the rest of the field; but owing to the run not being straight, the field got a *nick* now and then. Many horses were completely done up; and Mr. Peyton and Mr. Thornhill having cleared the Gully near the end of the run, several in attempting to follow them fell from debility into it.

On the 31st of Nov., Mr. Drake's hounds were at Fenny Compton, and found at Boddington-hill; went away over the Worm Leighton grounds, turned to the left for Farnborough, along the Dappett-grounds. A storm coming on with hail, rain, and sleet, the hounds were scarcely perceptible at twenty yards distance, and yet going a tremendous pace: after a run of sixty-five minutes (twenty-five of which being excessively fast), all traces of reynard vanished; had it not been for the storm, there must have been an extraordinary day's sport, and the *varmint* would inevitably have fallen a sacrifice—it was next to impossible that he could have lived ten minutes longer. This is a fine grazing country, acknowledging no superior, and challenging competition even with Leicestershire. The fields are large, many of them one hundred acres in extent, and interlarded with some regular posers in the shape of ox-fences, over one of which Mr. Knott of Wormleighton tumbled neck and heels.

Met on the 4th of December at Souldern-gate. Drew Aynho without success, afterwards Croughton, and found a fox that immediately went off in direction of Hinton, which he skirted on the left, and ran to Fox holes, where being headed, he turned short to the right, near to Brackley town's end, crossing the brook, running near to a spiny of Mr. Pierrepont—here the tale of distress was fully developed. Mr. Peyton, Mr. Webb, and Mr. Drake, were the first over the stream—their nags possessing first rate lasting qualities, while many others in attempting

to follow got floundered, and immersed in the cooling element. After crossing the brook, the fox turned again by Plummer's-furze, and the Barley-mow, making his point for Cottisford, still bearing to the right to Croughton, threading the gardens, through the village, turning to the left by the mill, over Croughton-field, on the way to Pimlico, was headed on the hill, and in turning back, the hounds had him in view for nearly half a mile up the Aynho-road, and ran into him in the open, after a good run of one hour and ten minutes. Many, whose horses exhibited strong symptoms of fatigue, quietly took their departure for their domiciles, but the *out-and-outers* staid for another affair; and accordingly, Hardwick-heath was resorted to, and another fox found, who went away merrily; and the hounds and horses being distressed, reynard (being a good one) got too far away; the line he took was to the Hethe-towns-end, then to Hethe-braid, through Bainton-copse, in direction of Leppers-farm and Fringford-field, where, in consequence of the darkness, Ben. whipped off. This was a rare day's sport; but not many witnessed the second run; a great majority of the field returned home after the first *stinger*; the second run lasted one hour and twenty-five minutes. Mr. Peyton, Mr. Drake, and Mr. Webb rode remarkably well; the latter, in getting over a rough fence, came down with his horse, but was not injured. This was, indeed, a severe day for horses; many of them were so distressed as to be unable to get over the smallest ditch. Gorrard, the second whip, had a heavy fall, in jumping a hurdle, by reason of his horse, previous to jumping, getting his hind legs into a trench, which doubled him neck and heels over; and the elder Mr. Cox, in coming up quickly, was unable to check his horse, who leaped upon the loins of Gorrard's-nag; threw his rider over him, and Mr. Cox, Gorrard, and the two horses were rolling together—fortunately, neither horses or men were materially damaged.

On the 5th December, the Duke of Beaufort's met at Bruern-wood, and a

fox stole away whilst the gentlemen were mounting their horses. The hounds hit upon him almost as soon as they were thrown into the cover, and went away with him, through Field-heath, between the villages of Idbury and Bowle, through Cooper's-gorse, Icomb Cow-pasture, to Oddington Upper-ashes, where the field got up to him, from thence to Icomb-village, leaving it on the right, and Gauscomb-wood on the left, over Westcott-field and heath, through a cover of Fangley, to Taynton-quarry, turning across Shifton-downs, over Milton-field; and as he was reaching the village of Upper Milton, the hounds ran into him, after an excellent run of one hour and forty-five minutes. It was a very superior run; Mr. Peyton on Mr. Codrington's "Robin," Mr. Evans on his "Grey," Mr. Mostyn, Will Long, and Todd, were well up at the death. An Oxford man in following Mr. Peyton over a wide gully, broke his horse's leg.

In the same week, Mr. Drake's hounds found at Horton-wood, after running in cover half an hour, and went away through Black-waters, to Little Stanton-wood, in the direction of Waterperry, leaving Stanton and Forest-hill on the left, pointing for Marston, turned to the right, through the Thornhill-copices, and seemed disposed to try the shelter of Brazenose-wood; but being out of his latitude, and his *knowledge-box* bothered, he lost his line, and the hounds ran into him, on Shotover-hill, after a severe run of an hour and forty minutes across the open. Mr. Peyton went as usual; as did his father (Sir Henry); the *young one* having a little the best.

On the 11th of December, met at Fringford-bridge, found at Drury's-gorse, went to Fringford-village; and being headed back, Reynard perched himself upon a pig-stye, and the hounds having overran him, he slipped back into the cover, then to Fringford-hill, and by Waterloo and Roundell's Farms to Bainton, he there turned by Heath Braid and Hardwick, over the heath to Shellswell-plantations, through the Pond-head-spiny into Spilsbury-wood; where, after running round the wood,

he was killed; the chase lasted one hour and forty minutes, twenty minutes of which across the open was very fast, without a check. I regret to state, that in leaping some very low rails, between Hardwick and Shelswell, that old and excellent sportsman Sir Henry Peyton experienced a severe injury, by his horse falling and rolling upon him. Like a thorough bred one, and not knowing the extent of the damage he had received, he again mounted his horse, and rode a few yards, when he found he was so much injured as to be obliged to quit the field and return home, where he was immediately bled, and it was discovered that several of his ribs were fractured. I am happy to say, that he has recently made his appearance with his four-in-hand; but I am apprehensive he will not be able to take the field again this season. A second fox was found at Rye-close, which went away by Reeves' house, as if for Launton, turned to the right, by Goddington Cow-pasture, through Sir Henry's cover, Coles' gorse, and Stratton plantations, left Fringford-village, passing near to Newton-morrell, and turned to the left through the Pond-head and spiny at Shelswell, from thence to Cottisford-field and Hardwick-heath, and reynard having made his way to Tusmore, it was deemed prudent to stop the hounds, in order that the line of covers might not be disturbed.

The hounds have since had some excellent runs, but I have not space in this communication to state particulars; suffice it to say, that on Tuesday last, the hounds met at the Windmill, and ran a fox for upwards of three hours, many of the horses at the end being in a pitiable plight. And on Saturday last, at Fenny Compton, I am told, it was one of the most brilliant things that has been witnessed this season. Forty-eight minutes without a check, and killing *Old Sagacity* in the open in tip-top style. I have said something about this country before, not being present, I do not know the particulars, but was told, that *Ben's nag did wonders*. His Grace of Grafton, I heard, had a fine run indeed last week, finding at Hanslope and

killing at Middleton Chevey. At the commencement of the season, with Mr. Drake's hounds, the atmosphere was clouded, all the runs being of a very *namby pamby* or milk and water description. Reports of a very peculiar nature were afloat as to the scarcity of foxes; and that divers farmers were loudly complaining—no horses or gentlemen in the country; the elections did not add to the number of sportsmen; but on the contrary, tended to make matters more gloomy, by occasioning the absence of some of the few who had deigned to grace the hunt with their presence; and, notwithstanding, as the season advanced, the sport became better and *even brilliant*; strange forbodings were heard. A public statement went forth, that the usual races on Cottisford Heath would not take place. The breeders of cock-tails looked *blue*; prognostications the most direful were indulged in; the hunt would be given up at the conclusion of the season (Mr. Drake's time expiring this year); consequently, the consumption of oats, beans, hay, and straw, would be considerably abridged. Sir Frederick Johnstone had left with his stud of fourteen horses for Leicestershire; not even one horse belonging to a gentleman standing at Bicester. The tradesman was dispirited; the farmer in despair; the spirit of distrust which had been smouldering in secret broke out without reserve; and things appeared to have arrived at the *æme* of desperation; when a whisper was heard by some, and communicated by them to others, that Mr. Peyton would in the extremity take to the hounds; the news fled with the rapidity of lightning; one said it travelled too fast to be correct; another quieted his fears, and relied upon hope for the consummation of his wishes; a third, in the vehemence of his delight, swore he'd be d—m'd if it wasn't true. At length the report is reduced to a certainty, and all is brightness and sunshine—the mists have disappeared. Mr. Peyton has, indeed, expressed an inclination to succeed Mr. Drake at the termination of the season, if a subscription similar to the last can be raised. It is understood, that he has

already received numerous offers of support. That liberal sportsman Sir F. Johnstone, it is said, will not be backward in assisting his friend, by furnishing a pretty considerable quantity of *one* of the chief ingredients to carry on the most noble amusement of which an Englishman can boast; others will follow so bright an example with chivalrous fidelity. In fact, where is the man through whose veins flows the energetic blood of a *fox-hunter*, that will not send in his adhesion to one of the most ardent sportsmen and magnificent riders that this or any country ever produced? one peculiarly gifted with every qualification for a thoroughbred one, possessing a set of nerves rarely equalled, certainly never surpassed, a foe to *grief* or *fear*; acknowledging no superior, as a gentleman unostentatious, obliging, and conciliatory; bereft of all aristocratic pride, other than such as becomes his station in society, *urbanity* being his forte, standing upon the highest pinnacle in the estimation of his friends; respected by all who have had an opportunity of knowing him, and idolized by the farmers in that division of the county of Oxon in which he was reared. This picture drawn by one who can hardly be known to him, is not overcharged; and as Mr. Drake has expressed his wish to retire, I fearlessly assert, that if one gentleman more than another could be selected to hunt the Bicester country, to give satisfaction to all around him, and particularly to that class of persons very materially interested in the continuance of fox-hunting, viz., the farmer, that gentleman is Henry Peyton. He will yet redeem this district, and under his auspices, like a phoenix, the hunt will rise from its ashes to flourish and commence a new era. A meeting of the members of the hunt, it is stated, has been called, to be held at the King's Arms-inn, Bicester, to settle the preliminaries, and make the necessary arrangements for the transfer previous to the finish of the season. And in introducing Mr. Peyton as the anticipated successor of Mr. Drake, the gratitude and thanks of the fox-hunting community must be accorded to the

latter gentleman for the handsome manner in which he came forward at the death of Sir Thomas Mostyn to purchase the hounds, and thus secured the existence of this sporting district, at a time (something like the present) when it was in danger of going to pieces; and for the sportsmanlike way in which he has mounted his huntsman and whips, and brought his hounds to the very acme of perfection. At this moment it is believed that there is not a better pack in the kingdom. I have much more to communicate, but must defer till another opportunity, as my paper is getting short; but two sentences more I must indulge in, one of gladness, the other of sorrow; joy that whatever may have been the case in the early part of the season, there is now no lack of foxes; and a word of regret at parting,—Mr. Isaac Sadler has had the misfortune to lose, by inflammation of the lungs, his celebrated and valuable hunter "The Tartar."

ESAU.

21st Jan., 1833.

MR. MEYNELL'S AND MR. AP- PLEWHAITE'S.

SIR,

The prints of your last number so delighted me, and the letterpress so much pleased me, that I cannot help wishing for myself a nook in your Magazine. I have for many years been an ardent admirer of the fine arts, as well as a warm lover of rural sports (though some consider these pursuits as incompatible with each other), and to see the one so pleasingly made to illustrate the other is to me a source of infinite delight.

Fox-hunting, in our midland world, Mr. Editor, has been going on as favourably during the past month as ever I remember it to have done at this season. January, however, is not November; and it has frequently happened that, if pug has not been run into pretty soon after the find, he has managed to escape in "the cool of the evening." The season, on the whole, has been with us a bad scenting one; and though there have scarcely been two days together to keep hounds in kennel the num-

ber of foxes killed has been unusually small. The Atherstone hounds, last time I was out with them, had numbered but sixteen brace, and Mr. Meynell's but twelve; yet both these packs hold a high rank in the field: the former particularly, which may defy competition with any hounds in the kingdom. Mr. Applewhaite's *country* is not the best in the world—the Staffordshire farmers are too fond of the plough; and Mr. Meynell's district is still more *arable*. With these drawbacks it is no wonder that in a cold season like the present (for it has been cold though not frosty) foxes have been less frequently killed than usual. The *sportsman*, however, has had his enjoyment in witnessing the working of the gallant pack under circumstances the most disadvantageous; and now and then a milder day has shown him a run which has rejoiced his heart and *rejuvenised* his frame. We had a capital thing with the Atherstone on Thursday last from Hints village, Staffordshire, to Lear Marston in Warwickshire; and the day but one after a good run with Mr. Meynell from Seedy Mill's-gorse, near Lichfield, to Blithbury.

From that time to the present (Wednesday, Jan. 23) it has been a hard frost; but the weather seems "giving," as the country phrase is, and I hope soon to be in my saddle again. I saw a book the other day, the *Sporting something*—Register, I think. One of the articles was headed, "On the Age of the Horse, or his *Longevity*." By the immortal gods this is too good in the nineteenth century! Could not you give us something "On the Folly of the Editor, or his Stolidity!"?

Dear Sir,

I am yours very truly,

A. M.

Jan. 23, 1833.

**SIR RICHARD SUTTON'S, LORD
YARBOROUGH'S, AND MR.
FREEMAN'S HOUNDS.**

SIR,

The sport, in this famous country for hounds, has been exceedingly good this year, and though I have seen more of the South Wold than any other pack,

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still I have very good accounts both of Lord Yarborough's, Sir Richard Sutton's and also of Mr. George Pelham's, who, as you know, has given up his harriers for the nobler pursuit of sly reynard. Foxes have been very plentiful in Sir Richard Sutton's Wragby country, though there has been a deficiency in other parts of it, and he has not killed near so many as he had at this time last year. Mr. Freeman has had a better shew of foxes this season than in any since he took the country, and has only had one blank day up to the present time, which is by no means bad, considering the number he was favoured with last year. Indeed, it can scarcely be called a blank, for it was at some neutral covers between the South Wold, Lord Yarborough's, and Mr. Pelham's, on the very outside of his country, and from which he had already killed two brace of foxes. We had an excellent day on the 15th of January, from Welton-wood to Hamington, two hours and ten minutes to ground; the greatest distance a fox was ever known to go from that cover; some part of the run was very fast, though there were two or three checks over the Wolds; nevertheless, ours is not a flying country, and I may fairly state it to have been a very fine "hunting run." Welton-wood (the property of Lord Willoughby de Eresby) has already afforded three capital runs this season; the first was one hour and ten minutes, without a check, the hounds killing their fox in the open below the large woods of Greenfield, through which they pushed him gallantly, although he was a second fox, and found at two o'clock. The second day after a good deal of hard work in Welton and Willoughby-woods, he faced the open for Screnby, by Welton-mill to Ganby, and down nearly to Burgh in the fen, from whence he returned to Welton-wood, when we changed foxes and whipped off at dark. It was a very severe day for horses, and the huntsman's dropped down dead in the market-place at Horncastle, on its way to the stable. I think I have little or nothing more to say, except that I fear the South Wold country will be vacated at the end of this sea-

2 P

son, for Mr. Freeman does not receive support commensurate with his exertions. If you will come among us, we shall be all delighted to see you, and will feed you, and mount you, and make you exceedingly comfortable; for if we may judge by your "Noctes" you are one of the right sort.

Yours,
FELIX.

Horncastle, January 23rd.

THE OAKLEY HOUNDS.

MR. EDITOR,

My commencement I fear will be deemed rather unpropitious this month, however, here goes.

Saturday, Dec. 16.—At Howbury-hall, the seat of Captain Polhill. Mr. Berkeley was not present, having gone to Berkeley Castle to look after his election for Gloucestershire. Captain Polhill's steward met George Carter just as he was going to throw off, and gave him a letter, requesting Mr. Berkeley to abstain from drawing Reynold-wood, the property of Captain P., because he had heard that Mr. Berkeley had interfered in the Bedford election! Went to Bushmead, which held a brace of foxes—bad scenting, but some beautiful cold hunting. Never got on terms with him.

Monday, 17.—At Melchbourne; one hour and a half, part in cover and part out, with a very ticklish scent, but killed in good style.

Tuesday, 18.—Easton-wood. A prettyish thing of three-quarters of an hour, and lost our fox in the village of Dainton. Found again in Yardley-chase, and after as fine a woodland run as could be seen of one hour and a half. Killed him in the chase.

Thursday, 20.—Snelson turnpike. Found on the Lavendon-woods; another capital woodland day, and killed.

Saturday, 22.—Colworth. Found in the great Hays. Had a beautiful burst down to Knuston, where we had a long check, and gave it up; but as they were going back to the Hays crossed his line by chance, hit him into the cover, hunted up to him in splendid style, and after thirty minutes at a racing pace killed him at Colworth.

Found a second fox in Halsey, and after running two or three rings around the woods went right away, leaving Knotting turnpike to the right, over the Kettering road, away by Higham-park, bearing a little to the right as if for Newton, and then to the left for Rushden windmill and nearly to Higham, over the open field, turning short to the right as if for Newton again, then right over Gidding open field by the back of the village, when the fox was headed and turned again over Gidding open field, to a small plantation; from hence he went to Stanwick pastures, within two fields of which the bounds ran most gallantly into him, after a splendid run of two hours and a half. A finer could not be witnessed.

I am now going to recount a day which will be long remembered, and those who read this and know the country will exclaim, "I wish I'd been there." Monday, the 24th, met at Swineshead; found in Honey-hill; fox broke from the Tilbrook end of the wood across the open, but being headed turned and passed through Swineshead-wood, by Mr. Islip's farm, over the grass grounds, by Mr. Gell's barn, over Gidding pastures, and through Shelton-thistles (once a gorse), then away through Stanwick pastures to the Higham end of Raund's village, leaving the church about a quarter of a mile to the left, with his head set straight for Denford Old Ash, but turning to the right he made for Raund's old meadow, leaving the cover on the right hand, across the large grass enclosures for Bunt's closes, and through that cover to Great Salworth. Here we checked in the road for a short time, but hitting him off again we ran at a hunting pace over Tilbrook field and back to Honey-hill. Here at a check; the fox was hallooed by a shepherd, dead beat into a little spiny, but on several gentlemen entreating George Carter not to attend to the halloo, he very properly, in the absence of his master, obeyed, and left as gallant an animal as ever was found to exist a little longer, although no hounds ever deserved their fox better. This week's sport pretty well confirms what I said of George Carter—that he is nearly perfect as a huntsman.

Thursday, 26.—Chickeyley-hall. A

foggy bad day: did not find till late. Had a pretty hunting run for three quarters of an hour, and stopped the hounds at dark. I should not have mentioned this day but for one circumstance, viz. that one or two persons who call themselves gentlemen were shooting in the covers which we had to draw.

Saturday.—Pouring with rain; plenty of foxes in Kempston-wood: but not an atom of scent. Up to this day these hounds had killed twenty-three brace and a half of foxes, and earthed two brace.

January 1.—Kennel. Found in Odell-wood; ran in and out of cover for three hours and a half; changed foxes several times, but did not kill: 2nd. Lost our first fox from a false halloo. Killed the 2nd, with a bad scent, in thirty-five minutes.

Saturday.—Sharnbrook. Fifty minutes with a ringing fox: ran to ground. Cranfield-green: found in Wooton-wood; a very bad scent. Brought him through Kempston Hanger, and by Bromham over the water at Clapham, and lost him in the direction of Swineshead. A capital hunting thing, rather better than an hour.

Thursday, 10.—Snelson's turnpike. A hard frost and but few out, and they went home without seeing a fox found. Had a good hunting run for two hours, and lost him near Grendon.

Monday.—Cowper's oak. Found a bed of foxes in the chase, but did no good.

Tuesday, 15.—This, again, was a day that will not be easily forgotten. Found in Kempston-wood, went away at a good pace through Hanger, by Solemnthrift, by Bromham, and over the river at Clapham. Here we came to a check, but a halloo set us all right. A brace of foxes broke from hence; and here was an instance of quick decision and concerted action of the huntsman and his men. The hounds divided in adjoining fields, and it was soon settled by Carter, who was called upon by his master (George being nearer the foxes), which was the fox to work for. The hounds were soon got together, with the exception of a couple or so. Three fields after this the foxes crossed again and went through the same meuse in a spiny, when it was

left to chance, it being impossible to decide which fox to follow. From Lawn-wood they went at a tremendous pace to Tharleigh-park, from thence as for Keysoe, but turning to the left through the edge of Gelsea-wood and away through Pippin and Temple-woods to Knotting, when two or three more foxes were on foot, which balked the hounds of their hunted one, and thus ended a most glorious day. The run lasted two hours; and out of a large field a few only remained to see the finale, and they, I believe, are of a pretty good sort. From the Duke's side of the country was Mr. Loraine Smith, jun.; Luke Price, who every body knows can go the pace; and last, Mr. Levi also saw the end. Of Bedfordshiremen, besides the establishment, who may talk of what they did and what they saw, were Messrs. Sharpe, Booth, Orlebar, Purcer, Whitworth, Carey, and a few others. I think, Mr. Editor, you will say I have sent you a tolerable batch of good sport.

Your sincere well wisher,
A NORTHAMPTONSHIRE FARMER.

HANTS, WILTS, AND BERKSHIRE.

DEAR SIR,
I have only five minutes to spare; but will tell you as much as I can in that space of time. In the first place, Mr. Assheton Smith's sport has been better than he ever had since he came into the country; and the Craven have killed their foxes, on an average, in eight days out of ten. The Vine have not had their usual sport; Sir John Cope's new men do not shine; and they have killed very few foxes. Mr. Parker in the Vale, has had some good runs, without much blood. I am just starting for a hunt ball, at Devizes, given by the county of Wilts to the five masters of hounds who hunt it; and remain, &c.

P.

Newbury.

We extract the following from the letter of another correspondent—there being nothing like having two strings to one's bow.

"On Tuesday, Jan. the 22nd, the county of Wilts gave a grand fancy ball and supper, at Devizes, to the different masters of fox hounds in that district, viz.: the Duke of Beaufort, Hon. Mr. Moreton, Mr. Codrington, the two Mr. Smiths, Mr. Horlock, and Mr. Grove; which was attended by upwards of three hundred of the principal people in the country. Lord Kerry in the chair. Mr. Moreton being an orator, as well as a fox-hunter, returned thanks in "a neat and appropriate speech," as the newspapers would say, on behalf of himself and brother masters of hounds when their healths were drank—which they were in bumpers of champagne. There were some excellent fancy dresses, which, with the gay appearance of the different hunt uniforms, gave a very lively and animated appearance to the room.

"Mr. Lee, as Paul Pry, Mr. Hilliard, as a fireman, and Captain Williams, as a black, were excellent; and though she ought to have taken precedence, both on account of her sex, and the exalted character she represented, I must not omit to mention Miss Locke, as Duchess of Marlborough, whose dancing with Mr. Grove was inimitable.

"The frost prevented our hunting next day, as was intended; otherwise there would have been an immense assemblage. The inhabitants of Devizes are in high glee, at the prospect of getting some covers made on Marlborough-downs (which they are now enclosing), through the instrumentality of Lord Kerry and Mr. Eastcourt; thereby making one of the finest champaign fox-hunting countries in England. Now for the hounds: Mr. Horlock's stand high in repute this year, and are

particularly steady; which the gentlemen who preserve game find a great contrast to those of a certain noble Duke, who shall be nameless; report of scent not good. Mr. Codrington has, perhaps, at this time, one of the best packs in England—they do all the work themselves; he had an extraordinary day at Grovely last week, four hours and a half running hard all the time. Mr. Tatchel, the new master of hounds, in Somersetshire, has distinguished himself, and bids fair to become a bright star. He rides seventeen stone, but will trouble many of the light ones. Mr. Moreton has had very good sport until within the last three weeks, when the scent has failed. He has some excellent country in Gloucestershire. That veteran sportsman, Mr. Villebois, has had a better season's sport than for many years; and has killed about thirty brace of foxes; but I regret to say, that it is feared an internal complaint will prevent his hunting again this season. His pack are splendid—particularly the bitches. Mr. Portman, with the Blackmore-vale hounds, has also done well; and the pack is much improved since they came into his hands. He has had great assistance from Lord Harewood's kennel. Mr. Smith, of the Craven hounds, had a very serious fall lately—his horse coming down at full gallop, and rolling over him. He was very much hurt at first, but is not one that cares much about bruises; and I am happy to add, is now coming about again. Sir John Cope's entry this year is excellent; but his huntsman being *hors de combat*, the hounds are hunted by young Major; and young hounds and young hands, do not generally make much out together."

ALPHABETICAL LIST OF WINNING HORSES, FOR THE PAST SEASON, 1832.

BY ABJER.

CASTILIAN, 3 yrs. Mr. Sowerby's, 125 sovs. at Bedford—1 prize.

Kittums, 3 yrs. Lord Chesterfield's, 100 at Newmarket—1.

Wolverhampton, 3 yrs. Mr. Beardsworth's 61 at Lichfield, 250 at Wolverhampton, 30 at Warwick, 1,400 at Doncaster, and 100 at Nottingham—5.

BY AMBO.

Bay mare, 6 yrs. Mr. Downes', the Ladies' Purse at Knighton—1.

Liston, aged, Mr. I. Day's, 50 at Bath, 70 and the Cup Stakes of 85 at Cheltenham, 205 at Egham, 70 and 90 at Abingdon—6.

Pluralist, 6 yrs. Mr. Palin's, 55 at Knutsford, 95 and 60 at Oswestry—3.

Sarah, Mr. Harris's, a stakes at Clifton—1.

BY ALEXANDER.

Reform, 4 yrs. Mr. Ogden's, 65 at the Pottery—1.

BY ANDROSSAN.

Sangrado, aged, Capt. Williams's, 49 and a Stakes at Holderness Hunt—2.

BY BANKER.

Bank of England, 4 yrs. Mr. Ditchfield's, a Silver Cup at Knutsford—1.

Bay colt, dam by Sir Oliver, 3 yrs. Sir T. Stanley's, 450 at Liverpool—1.

Halston, aged, Mr. Beardsworth's, the Cleveland Cup and 20 in specie at Wolverhampton—1.

Scrivener, 3 yrs. Mr. Turner's, 50 at Chester—1.

BY BEDLAMITE.

Daft Jamie, 3 yrs. General Yates's, received 100 out of a Stakes at Newmarket—1.

Frenzy, 2 yrs. Mr. E. Peel's, 75 at Lichfield Spring, 225 at Ludlow, and 75 at Burton—3.

BY BELEROPHON.

Farrier, Mr. Thompson's, the Welham Cup at Malton—1.

BY BEN LEDI.

Ch. f. out of Fancy's dam, 3 yrs. Mr. Blakelock's, 48 at Catterick—1.

BY BIZARRE.

Bay colt, out of Mouse, 3 yrs. Lord Burlington's, 350 at Ascot, and 50 at Newmarket—2.

BY BLACKLOCK.

B. c. dam by Walton, 3 yrs. Mr. Gardiner's, two 50's Carlisle—2.

Belshazzar, 2 yrs. Mr. Watt's, 340 at York August, and 600 at Doncaster—2.

Laurel Leaf, Mr. Wilson's, 25 at Richmond—1.

Napoleon le Grand, 3 yrs. [Mr. Hopkinson's, 100 at Lichfield Spring, 65gs. at Derby, 80 at Wolverhampton, and 100 at Doncaster—4.

Rousseau, 2 yrs. Mr. Stephenson's, 125 at Newcastle, and 112l. 10s. at Richmond—2.

Shirine, 4 yrs. Sir G. Heathcote's, 85 at Epsom—1.

Storm, Captain Copeland's, 45 at Durham—1.

Samarcan, 2 yrs. Sir G. Heathcote's, 45 at Egham, and 45 at Epsom October—2.

Tranby, 5 yrs. Mr. Gully's, 365 and 275 at Newmarket—2.

Variella, 3 yrs. Mr. Stephenson's, 250 at Catterick—1.

BY BLUCHER.

Clifton, 4 yrs. Sir L. Glyn's, 45 at Bath Spring, 40 at Clifton—2.

BY BOBADIL.

Captain Arthur, 5 yrs. Sir M. Wood's, 100 at Newmarket—1.

Count Ivan, 3 yrs. Lord Worcester's, 25 at Newmarket—1.

Copper Captain, 3 yrs. Lord Worcester's, 400 and 100 at ditto—2.

Sluggard, 3 yrs. Mr. Payne's, 30 at Newmarket, Gold Cup with 60 in specie at Hampton, 50 at Newmarket, 110 at Huntingdon, and (Colonel Peel's) 50 at Newmarket—5.

BY BONASSUS.

Bay colt, out of Elizabeth, 3 yrs. Mr. Farmer's, 50 at Wenlock, and 50 at Bridgnorth—2.

BY BORODINO.

Bay Gelding, out of Miss Gift, Mr. Clark's, 50 at Hastings—1.

Round Robin, 6 yrs. Mr. Ramsay's, 70 at Ayr, 50 at Fife, and 50 at Perth—3.

BY BRAVO.

Kitty Fisher, 3 yrs. Mr. Nanney's, 100 for being second for Palatine Stakes, at Chester, 60 at Liverpool Spring, 65 and 45 at Stourbridge, and 50 at Wrexham—5.

BY BRUTANDORF.

Bounce, 3 yrs. Mr. Robinson's, 40 and 50 at Beverley—2.

Burgomaster, 3 yrs. Mr. Ridsdale's, 100gs. at Pontefract—1.

Miss Lytham, 3 yrs. Sir T. Stanley's, 45 at Newcastle (Staffordshire), and 60 at Hollywell Hunt—2.

Maid of Melrose, 3 yrs. Mr. Brookes's 50 at Richmond, and a Cup (value 50) with 20 in specie at Northallerton—2.

Physician, 3 yrs. Mr. Skipsey's, 70 at Newton, 70 at Preston, 300 and 72l. 10s. at Doncaster, 90 at Heaton-park, and the Gold Cup at Northallerton—6.

Primendorf, 3 yrs. Mr. Ellis's, 40 at Malton—1.

BY BUFFALO.

Liberty, 5 yrs. Mr. Osbaldeston's, 50 at Croxton-park—1.

BY BUSTARD.

Landrail, 5 yrs. Mr. Wagstaff's, 50, 80, 50, 90, at Newmarket—4.

Lady Fly, 3 yrs. Mr. Gully's, half a 50l. Plate at Newmarket—4.

Variation, 5 yrs. Mr. Stonehewer's, 400 and 100 at Ditto—2.

BY BUSTLER.

Major, aged, Mr. Dawson's, 50 at Croxton-park, 30 and the Silver Whip with 15 added at Fife, and 50 at Edinburgh—4.

BY CADIZ.

Maid of Cadiz, 3 yrs. Mr. Farquharson's, 50 at Salisbury, two 50's at Blandford, and 50 at Weymouth—4.

BY CAIN.

Barney Bodkin, Mr. Furlong's, 60 at Haverfordwest—1.

Lucy, 3 yrs. Mr. J. Peel's, 60 at Lewes, 110 at Northampton, and a Stakes at Gloucester—3.

Marygold, 3 yrs. Mr. Yates's, 50 at Lichfield Spring—1.

Uncle Toby, 2 yrs. Mr. Bristow's, 75 at Cheltenham—1.

Vagabond, 3 yrs. Mr. Yates's, 70 at Warwick—1.

BY CANTEEN.

Cadger, Mr. Alexander's, a Stakes at Perth—1.

Craigmiller, 3 yrs. Sir J. Boswell's, a Stakes at Ayr—1.

Vyvyan, 3 yrs. Sir J. Boswell's, 225 and the Northumberland Stakes at Newcastle, 170 and the Gold Cup with 20gs. in specie at Ayr, and 50 at Edinburgh—5.

BY CANNON BALL.

Admiral, 6 yrs. Mr. Hobson's, 40 at Burton-upon-Trent—1.

Bay mare, aged, Colonel Gilbert's, 40 and 90 at Warwick Spring—2.

Harriet, aged, Mr. Smith's, 50 at Ashford—1.

Sister to Admiral, 4 yrs. Mr. Burton's, 45 at Wenlock, 45 at Bridgnorth, and 45 at Stourbridge—3.

BY CALEB QUOTEM.

The Skipper, aged, Lord J. Scott's, 60gs. at Newcastle—1.

BY CANDIDATE.

St. Govias, 5 yrs. Mr. Henderson's, 135 at Haverfordwest—1.

BY CATTON.

Bay colt, out of Turnip, 4 yrs. Mr.

Burton's, 50 at Wolverhampton, and 50 at Warwick—2.

Bassetlaw, 3 yrs. Lord Mountcharles's, 100, 50, 100, and 100 at Newmarket—4.

Beauty, 3 yrs. Mr. Beardsworth's, 50 at Bridgnorth and 85 at Lichfield—2.

Blythe, 3 yrs. Lord Mountcharles's, 50 and 100 at Newmarket—2.

Butcher Boy, 4 yrs. Mr. Broomhead's, 50 at Beverley, and 60gs. at Derby—2.

Carlton, 3 yrs. Mr. Gully's, 50 at Newmarket—1.

Clarion, 4 yrs. Lord Scarborough's, 100 at York Spring; Mr. Mott's, the King's Plate at Lichfield—2.

Contest, 4 yrs. Mr. Houldsworth's, 90 at Manchester, 200 and 125 at York August, the King's Plate and 75 at Doncaster—5.

Coronet, aged, Mr. Taunton's, 60 at Taunton, 100 at Exeter, 50 at Bridgewater, and a Stakes at Dorchester—4.

David, 4 yrs. Mr. Houldsworth's, 80 at Liverpool, 140 at Pontefract, 100 at Doncaster, and 75 at Nottingham—4.

Diana, 4 yrs. Mr. Gascoigne's, 20 at Leeds, and two 50's at Pontefract—3.

Eguillette, aged, Captain Tysson's, 75 at Derby—1.

Isabel, out of Elizabeth, 3 yrs. Mr. Gascoigne's, 80 at Leeds, and 60 at Pontefract—2.

Lady Barbara, 3 yrs. Mr. Houldsworth's, 60 at Nottingham—1.

Lady Charlotte, 2 yrs. Mr. Spalding's, 50 at Newmarket—1.

Minster, 3 yrs. Lord Mountcharles's, 100 and 100 at Newmarket, 50 at Brighton, 100 and 30 at Newmarket—5.

Mixbury, 3 yrs. Mrs. Batson's, 500 and 875 at Newmarket—2.

Ossian, 4 yrs. Mr. Jaques's, King's Plate and 50 at Carlisle—2.

Peru, 4 yrs. Mr. Whitworth's, 60 at Newport Pagnel, 55 at Northampton, and 60 at Leicester—3.

Sally Mags, 4 yrs. Mr. Cooke's, 45 at Nantwich, and 50 at Heaton-park—2.

Sister to Cistercian, 3 yrs. Mr. Hall's, 50 at Northallerton—1.

Trustee, 3 yrs. Lord Cleveland's, 300 at Newmarket—1.

BY CENTAUR.

Emir, 2 yrs. Duke of Grafton's, 100 at Newmarket—1.

Squirrel, 3 yrs. Lord Chesterfield's,

100 at Newmarket; Captain Rous's, 25 at Newmarket—2.

Tropidation, 2 yrs. Lord Warwick's, 200 at Wolverhampton, 225 at Warwick, and 100 at Lichfield—3.

BY CERVANTES.

Lady Bird, 5 yrs. Mr. Price's, 50 at Tenbury; Mr. Tauney's, 39 and 57 at Banbury—3.

BY CHAMPIGNON.

Bay filly, 4 yrs. Mr. Griffiths's, 28 at Rotherham—1.

Br. f. out of Louisa, 4 yrs. Mr. Gascogne's, two 50's at Leeds—2.

Chastity, 3 yrs. Mr. Thompson's, 60 at Clifton—1.

Frantic, 4 yrs. Colonel King's, 65 at Beverley—1.

Soubahdar, 3 yrs. Mr. Griffiths's, a Stakes at Cheltenham—1.

BY CHAMPION.

Captain Wattle, 3 yrs. Mr. Nanney's, 75 at Wrexham—1.

Maid of Honor, 3 yrs. Lord Westminster's, 200 at Newmarket, 225 at Liverpool, and 75 at Knutsford—3.

BY CHATEAU MARGAUX.

Connoisseur, 2 yrs. Mr. J. Scott's, 150 at Pontefract—1.

Moselle, 2 yrs. Mr. Lacey's, 100 at Nottingham—1.

BY CLIPPER.

Charlie, Captain Graham's, 55 at Penrith—1.

BY COMUS.

Brown horse, out of Rotterdam, 5 yrs. Lord Berners's, 45 at Huntingdon, 140 at Bedford, and a Gold Cup at Leicester—3.

Buffoon, 3 yrs. Mr. Houldsworth's, 50 at York August, and 60gs. at Chesterfield—2.

Cecilia, 3 yrs. Mr. Houldsworth's, 355 at Clifton, 60 and two 50's at Taunton, and the Cup Stakes of 100 at Blandford—5.

Carthusian, aged, Lord Chesterfield's, 70 at Cruxton-park—1.

Chesnut colt, out of Britannia, 3 yrs. Sir J. Beresford's, 1100 at York Spring—1.

Lady Stafford, 3 yrs. Mr. Bower's, 100 as second for Dee Stakes at Chester, 120 at Newton, 155 at Liverpool, 55gs. at Derby, a Stakes at the Pottery, and 65 at Chesterfield—6.

Ringdove, 4 yrs. Mr. Messer's, 50 at Canterbury, 50 at Enfield—2.

Slander, 5 yrs. Mr. Cowley's, a Stakes at Plymouth, and 35 at Bridgewater—2.

Volena, 3 yrs. Mr. J. Etty's, 50 at Malton, 60 at York Spring—2.

BY CONDUCTOR.

Caractacus, 4 yrs. Sir T. Stanley's, 60gs. at Chester, and 80 at Knutsford—2.

Parthenon, 3 yrs. Mr. Smith's, 65 at Knighton, and 35 at Bishop's Castle—2.

BY CONSTABLE.

Cock Robin, 6 yrs. Mr. Walker's, 40 at Kendal—1.

BY CORINTHIAN.

Lady Louisa, 3 yrs. Mr. Woolmer's, 40 at Kendal—1.

Russell, 6 yrs. Mr. Painter's, 100 at Wenlock, 110 at Bridgworth, 90 at Stourbridge, 80 at Lichfield, and Cup Stakes of 120 at Shrewsbury—5.

BY COUNT PORRO.

Jemima, 3 yrs. Sir R. Bulkeley's, 175 and 100 at Holywell—2.

Miss Maria, 4 yrs. Sir R. Bulkeley's, 60 at Holywell—1.

BY CRICKETER.

Merylegs, 5 yrs. Mr. Walker's, 35 at Bishops Castle—1.

BY DER FREISCHUTZ.

Rodolph, 4 yrs. Mr. J. Scott's, the Gold Cup and 50 sovs. at Pontefract—2.

BY DR. SYNTAX.

Gallopade, 4 yrs. Mr. Riddell's, the Gold Cup with 80 in specie at Manchester, the Gold Tureen and the Gold Cup at Leeds, and the Gold Cup with 120 in specie at Doncaster—4.

Lawasleaves, 6 yrs. Mr. Dickenson's, the Cup Stakes of 130 at Epsom; Count Matuchewicz's, the King's Plate for Hunters at Ascot, 225 at Bibury, and 370 at Bath—4.

Master Syntax, 6 yrs. Captain Potts's, the Wallsend Harriers' Cup at Newcastle—1.

Prosody, aged, Mr. G. Thompson's, 45 at Holderness Hunt—1.

Tourist, 3 yrs. Mr. Hebden's, 50 at Preston, 50 at York August, 50 at Lincoln, and 60 at Nottingham—4.

BY DON JUAN.

B. h. aged, Mr. E. Richardson's, Piece of Plate at Haigh-park—1.

BY DUPLICATE.

Ch. c. out of Frances, 5 yrs. Mr. Pryse's, 100 at Abingdon—1.

BY EMILIUS.

Aeneas, 4 yrs. Duke of Grafton's, the Ale Stakes of 350 and 50 at Newmarket—2.

Agreeable, 5 yrs. Mr. Williamson's, 175 at Newmarket—1.

Captain Rock (late Hopeful), 3 yrs. Mr. Mills's, 40 at Newmarket; and Mr. Dockeray's, 50 at Epsom—2.

Chapman, 4 yrs. Lord Berners's, 80 at Newmarket—1.

Ch. c. out of Spinning Jenny, 3 yrs. Lord Berners's, 50 at Beccles—1.

Ciudad Rodrigo, 4 yrs. Captain Byng's, 100 at Newmarket—1.

Dissolution, 3 yrs. Lord Lichfield's, 40 at Liverpool Spring—1.

Emiliana, 3 yrs. Mr. Chifney's, 165 at Doncaster—1.

Exile, 4 yrs. Mr. West's, 480 at Cheltenham, 555 at Warwick—2.

Mistletoe, 4 yrs. Mr. Mostyn's, 50 at St. Alban's, King's Plate at Hampton, and 50 at Chelmsford—3.

Oxygen, 4 yrs. Duke of Grafton's, a Class of the Oatlands of 300, and a King's Plate at Newmarket—2.

Priam, 5 yrs. Lord Chesterfield's, King's Plate at Newmarket, the Eclipse Foot with 400 in specie at Ascot, and the Gold Cup with 340 in specie at Goodwood—3.

Sarpedon, 4 yrs. General Grosvenor's 150 at Newmarket, Gold Cup with 40 in specie at Bibury, and Gold Cup at Stamford—3.

Scipio, 4 yrs. Mr. Ongley's, 50 at Chelmsford—1.

BY FALCON.

Gr. c. out of Sister to Tarrare, 3 yrs. Lord Scarborough's, 125 at York—1.

Uncle Bob, 3 yrs. Lord Scarborough's, 120 at York; and Lord Chesterfield's, 40 at Heaton-park—2.

BY FIGARO.

B. c. out of Clinton's dam, 3 yrs. Mr. R. Turner's, 50 at Newton—1.

Christine, 3 yrs. Mr. Garforth's, 50 at Malton, 50 and 40 at York; Mr. Broenberg's, 70 at Leeds, 70gs. and the Gold Cup with 50 in specie at Lincoln—6.

Belmont, 4 yrs. Mr. Nanney's, 70 at Newton, and 40 at Tarporley Hunt—2.

Gr. f. 3 yrs. Mr. Powlett's, 280 at York—1.

Prince, 3 yrs. Mr. Crompton's, 50 at Fife, 58 and 50 Edinbro'—3.

Rex, 5 yrs. Sir J. Gerard's, 45 at Leeds—1.

The Barber, 5 yrs. Colonel Cradock's, the Gold Cup at Kendal, and the Gold Cup at Richmond—2.

Whittingham, 3 yrs. Mr. Hope's, 80 at Liverpool—1.

BY FILHO.

Brother to Dunton, 4 yrs. Lord Lichfield's, 62l. 10s. and 40 at Lichfield, 40 at Buxton, and 35 at the Pottery—4.

B. h. aged, Mr. Collinson's, 45 at Rotherham—1.

Birmingham, 5 yrs. Mr. Beardsworth's, 110 and the Stand Cup with 120 in specie at Chester, Trade Cup with 315 in specie at Liverpool Spring, the Stand Cup with 230 in specie at Liverpool July, Gold Cup with 20 in specie at Burton upon Trent, and 90 at Doncaster—6.

Carwell, 4 yrs. Lord Mountcharles's, two 100's and two 50's at Newmarket, and 40 at Epsom—5.

Chester, 3 yrs. Mr. Beardsworth's, 70 at Liverpool, 55gs. at Derby, and 70 at Wolverhampton—3.

Colwick, 4 yrs. Mr. Beardsworth's, Trade Cup with 255 in specie, at Chester, Stand Cup with 50 in specie at Liverpool Spring, 50 at Wolverhampton, and 30 at Holywell Hunt—4.

Clara, 3 yrs. Mr. Houldsworth's, 350 at Manchester, 180 at Newton, and 80 at Lincoln—3.

Decoy, 2 yrs. Lord Westminster's, 150 Chester, 50 Wrexham—2.

Georgiovanni, 4 yrs. Mr. Wheldon's, 90 at Chester, 50 and Cup Stakes of 120 at Worcester, 60 and 50 at Hereford, 50 Oswestry—5.

Grimalkin, aged, Sir F. Johnstone's, 25 at St. Alban's—1.

Hippona, 5 yrs. Mr. Milward's, Silver Cup with a Stakes added at Haigh-park, 40 at Newton, and 110 at Leeds—3.

Jocko, aged, Mr. Sadler's, 130 and 25 at Stockbridge, a King's Plate at Salisbury, at Goodwood, at Winchester at Warwick, at Shrewsbury, and 50gs. at Nottingham—8.

Keepsake, 4 yrs. Mr. Sadler's, 50 at Epsom—1.

Ludlow, 3 yrs. Mr. Beardsworth's, 275 Chester, 325 Liverpool—2.

Metheglin, 4 yrs. Mr. Hayward's, 125 at Bath—1.

Meretrix, 6 yrs. Sir J. Boswell's, a Silver Cup with 15gs. added at New-castle, and 55 at Ayr—2.

at Orthodox, aged, Mr. Thompson's, 45 Preston—1.

Philip, 5 yrs. Mr. Houldsworth's, 60 at Manchester, 60 at Leeds; and Lord Elcho's, 50 at Fife—3.

Roubilliac, 4 yrs. Mr. Walker's, the Gold Cup with 100 in specie at Buxton—1.

The Burgess, 6 yrs. Mr. Tomes's, 70 and 60 at Newcastle (Staffordshire)—2.

BY FILHO DA PUTA (YOUNG).

Br. h. aged, Mr. F. Worsley's, a Stakes at Holderness Hunt—1.

BY FITZ ORVILLE.

Br. c. out of Eucharis, 3 yrs. Mr. Johnstone's, 50 Edinburgh—1.

Gondolier, 6 yrs. Lord Elcho's, Gold Cup, 90 and 50 at Fife, and 50 at Edinburgh—4.

BY FITZ-WALTON.

Shugborough, 4 yrs. Mr. Sirott's, the Farmer's Cup with 40 added at Cottisford Hunt—1.

Swing, 3 yrs. Mr. Hickes's, 40 at Bath; Colonel Charitie's, 110 at Cheltenham, and 45 at Bridgnorth—3.

BY FROLIC.

Perseverance, 6 yrs. Mr. Chapman's, 70 at Newton; Mr. Gifford's, the Gold Cup (value 200 and 185 in specie) at Heaton-park, and 310 at Holywell Hunt—3.

BY FUNGUS.

Revenge, 2 yrs. Mr. Rawlinson's, 290 at Ascot—1.

BY GAINSBOROUGH.

Black Will, 6 yrs. Mr. Smith's, 120 at Banbury—1.

BY GODOLPHIN.

Br. h. out of Mouse, 5 yrs. Lord Burlington's, 80 Newmarket—1.

Blinker, aged, Mr. Thomas's, 55 at Warwick Spring, and 45 at Egham—2.

Mazeppa, 5 yrs. Mr. Watt's, the Tureen with 10 in specie at Bath, 135 at Oxford, the Gold Cup with 90 in specie at Newport Pagnel, the Gold Cup at Egham, the Gold Cup with 60 in specie at Warwick, and the Gold Cup of 130 in specie at Abingdon—6.

BY GREY MALTON.

Flambeau, 6 yrs. Mr. Healey's, 45 and 50 at Morpeth—2.

BY GREY MIDDLEHAM.

Pilton, 3 yrs. Mr. W. Ley's, 55 at Tavistock—1.

BY GULLIVER.

B. g. dam by Waxy, 4 yrs. Mr. Norton's, 200 at Liverpool—1.

BY GUSTAVUS.

Augusta, 2 yrs. Mr. Walker's, 160 at Malton, 100 at Beverley—2.

Forester, 2 yrs. Mr. Hunter's, the July Stakes of 1200 at Newmarket—1.

BY HAMPDEN.

Guildford, 6 yrs. Mr. Rush's, 340 at NO. XXII.—VOL. IV.

Brighton, 100 at Canterbury, and 150 at Rochester and Chatham—3.

BY HARKAWAY.

Brilliant, aged, Mr. Day's, 70 at Bath—1.

BY HOLLYHOCK.

Peacock, 6 yrs. Mr. Williamson's, the Silver Cup with 15 in specie at King's Meadows—1.

BY JACK SPIGOT

(son of *Ardrossan* or *Marmion*).

XXX, 3 yrs. Mr. Ramsay's, 200 at Fife, and the Gold Cup at Edinburgh—2.

BY JERRY.

Br. c. out of Lady of the Vale's dam, Sir E. Dodsworth's, 440 at York—1.

Ebony, 3 yrs. Mr. Alexander's, 50 at Fife—1.

Gr. c. out of Lisette, 2 yrs. Lord Orford's, the Clearwell Stakes of 900 at Newmarket—1.

Lady Maud, 3 yrs. Duke of Leeds's, 175 at York—1.

Miss Hawthorn, 3 yrs. Sir J. Gerard's, 50 at Durham—1.

Julius, 3 yrs. Mr. S. L. Fox's, 100 at York—1.

Remember, 2 yrs. Mr. J. Smith's, 70 at Catterick—1.

Retainer, 3 yrs. Lord Kelburne's, the Derby Stakes of 800 at York Spring, and 100 at York August—2.

Tomboy, 3 yrs. Mr. W. Orde's, the Gold Cup at Durham—1.

BY JOCK.

Allegro, 2 yrs. Sir R. K. Dick's, 140 at Carlisle—1.

Opifer, 4 yrs. Mr. Lister's, 50 at Durham; and Mr. Hobson's, 50 at Heaton-park Meeting—2.

BY JOHNNY RAW.

Countryman, 4 yrs. Mr. E. Hobson's, 70 and 50 at Bedford—2.

BY JUNIPER.

Camarine, 4 yrs. Sir M. Wood's, the Claret Stakes of 500 and 140 at Newmarket, the Gold Cup (value 200) at Ascot; 130, the Cup, 150, 200, the Audley End Stakes of 140, and the Whip at Newmarket—9.

BY KING OF DIAMONDS.

Trump, 5 yrs. Mr. Griffiths's, 50 at St. Alban's, 45 at Ludlow, twice 50 at Cheltenham; Mr. Dilly's, 110 and the Gold Cup at Plymouth, 50 at Exeter, 160 and the 35 at Bridgwater—9.

2 q

BY LANGAR.

Bras de Fer, 4 yrs. Lord Wilton's, 50 and 100 at Newmarket, and 95 at Bibury—3.

Daxon, 3 yrs. Lord Sligo's, 95 at York—1.

Westport, 3 yrs. Lord Sligo's, 100 at York, 40 at Doncaster—2.

BY LAPDOG.

Bay colt, 4 yrs. dam by Williamson's Ditto, Mr. Baker's, a Sweepstakes at Ipswich—1.

Kate, 3 yrs. Mr. Mills's, 200, 300, 400, 95, 100, at Newmarket—5.

Pompey, 3 yrs. Mr. Gauntlett's, 25 at Stockbridge, and 50 and 60 at Winchester—3.

Temperance, 2 yrs. Mr. Wrexford's, 50 and 25 at Newmarket—2.

BY LITTLE JOHN.

Crutch, 4 yrs. Mr. M. Stanley's, 200, 50, 500, 100, and 100, at Newmarket—5.

Rosebud, 4 yrs. Mr. Gates's, 50 at Epsom; Mr. Dockray's, 40 at Goodwood—2.

BY LOTTERY.

Bay filly, 2 yrs. dam by Walton, Mr. Serjeantson's, 20 at Kendal—1.

Consol, 4 yrs. Mr. Walker's, the Tradesmen's Cup, value 200, with 740 in specie, at Liverpool, one third of the Great Subscription and 100 at York—3.

Crispin, 4 yrs. Mr. Munro's, 50 at Epsom, 50 and 45 at Yarmouth, and 50 at Beccles—4.

Eve, 2 yrs. Mr. Skipsey's, 80 at Richmond—1.

Hope, 4 yrs. Mr. Yates's, 80 with a fat Buck added, at Burton-upon-Trent—1.

Lady Elizabeth, 4 yrs. Mr. F. Richardson's, the Claret Stakes of 200, and the Gold Cup with 140 in specie, at York; Mr. Osbaldeston's, the Steward's Cup, value 100, with 90 in specie, at Heaton-park—3.

Larkspur, 2 yrs. Mr. S. L. Fox's, 120 at Pontefract—1.

Lot, 2 yrs. out of Rhodacanthé, Duke of Leeds's, 800 at Doncaster—1.

Mr. Bish, 4 yrs. Mr. Ramsay's, 70 at Ayr—1.

Speculator, 4 yrs. Lord Derby's, a King's Plate and 70 at Chester, 100 at Manchester, a King's Plate and 100 at Liverpool—5.

Tetotum, 4 yrs. Mr. Ferguson's, King's Plate at Manchester—1.

Tutor, 2 yrs. Mr. F. Richardson's, 100 at Doncaster—1.

BY M'ORVILLE.

Roseberry, aged, Mr. Well's, 45 at Durham—1.

BY MAGISTRATE.

Coroner, aged, Mr. Sowerby's, 50 at Newmarket, and 60 at Newport Pagnel—2.

Kalmia, 6 yrs. Mr. Giffard's, 120 at Wolverhampton, 65 at Stourbridge, twice 60 at Shrewsbury, 70 and 60 at Wrexham—6.

Terror, aged, Mr. Montgomery's, 100 at Warwick Spring, 70 at Ayr, 50 and the King's Plate at Fife, and a Sweepstakes with 30 added at Perth—5.

BY MANFRED.

Acco, 2 yrs. Mr. George's, 32 at Bishop's Castle—1.

Forester Lass, 4 yrs. Mr. Patrick's, 45 at Tenbury—1.

BY M'ADAM.

Roadster, 4 yrs. Mr. Rush's, 150 at Newmarket—1.

BY MASTER HENRY.

Abelard, 3 yrs. Mr. Charlton's, 80 at Chester—1.

Bay colt, out of Milkmaid's dam, Mr. Bower's, 45 at Knighton—1.

Bay filly, dam by Spectre, 4 yrs. Mr. Price's, the Radnorshire Stakes at Knighton—1.

Fag, 6 yrs. Mr. Price's, 70 at Chester, 100 at Newton, and 100 at Holywell Hunt—3.

Harolda, 4 yrs. Mr. Pickernell's, 45 at Ludlow, 50 at Leominster, 50 and 45 at Aberystwith—4.

Harry, 5 yrs. Mr. Thorne's, 50 at Stafford, 32l. 10s. at Tenbury, 70 at Ludlow, 195 at Worcester, 100 at Hereford, 60 at Gloucester, and 50 at Brecon—7.

Henry Masterton, 3 yrs. Sir T. Stanley's, 50 at Newcastle (Staffordshire)—1.

Lady Harrington, 3 yrs. Mr. Fuller's, 50 at Leominster, and 45 at Aberystwith—2.

Malwa, 4 yrs. Mr. Matthews's, 45 at Tenbury; Mr. Charlton's, 60 at Leominster—2.

Miller's Maid, 6 yrs. Mr. Price's, 35 at Bishop's Castle; Mr. Davis's, 50 at Carmarthen—2.

Stratagem, 3 yrs. Lord Westminster's, 150 at Preston, and 100 at Shrewsbury—2.

BY MASTER RICHARD.

Miss Newton, 5 yrs. Mr. Duke's, 100 Newcastle-upon-Tyne—1.

BY MERLIN.

Enchantment, 2 yrs. Mr. Thornhill's, 40 and 105 at Newmarket—2.

Gondolier, 5 yrs. Lord Tavistock's, twice 100 at Newmarket, and 50 at Ascot—3.

Herrier, 3 yrs. Mr. Cooke's, 550 at Newmarket—1.

Pounce, 3 yrs. Mr. Biggs's, 50 and 60 at Blandford, 39 at Weymouth, and 85 at Dorchester—4.

Ringleader, 5 yrs. Lord Berners's, the King's Plate at Ipswich, and 60 at Yarmouth—2.

Titania, 4 yrs. Lord Chesterfield's, 100 and 40 at Newmarket—2.

BY MIDDLETON.

Ambrosio, 3 yrs. Mr. Henry's, 50 and 25 at Newmarket, 50 at Ascot; Mr. Wood's, 100 at Newmarket—4.

Bay filly, out of Zuleika, 3 yrs. Mr. Day's, 150 at Bath—1.

Caçador, 3 yrs. Duke of Richmond's, 250 at Newmarket, and 50 at Goodwood—2.

Cyclops, 3 yrs. Mr. Beardsworth's, 60gs. at Derby—1.

Eleanor, 3 yrs. Mr. Sadler's, 190 at Warwick Spring, 95 at Cottisford, 50 at Oxford, 250 at Winchester, 400 and 375 at Warwick, 125, 100, and 65 at Abingdon—9.

Fingal, 3 yrs. Lord Jersey's, 50, 100, and 50 at Newmarket—3.

Gabina, 3 yrs. Mr. Gauntlett's, 25 at Winchester—1.

Grey filly, out of Jest, 3 yrs. Mr. Forth's, 77 at Epsom October—1.

Mayfly, 3 yrs. Mr. Shard's, 50 at Winchester—1.

Miss Badsley, 3 yrs. Mr. Biggs's, 290 at Bath Spring, 100 at Stockbridge, 210 and the Gold Cup at Salisbury—4.

Partiality, 2 yrs. Mr. Ley's, 30 at Epsom October, 25, 50, and 25 at Newmarket—4.

Zarina, 4 yrs. Mr. Roberts's, 50 at Ashford, 50 at Rochester and Chatham, 50 at Dover, and 50 at Hastings and St. Leonard's—4.

BY MINOS.

Barrister, 6 yrs. Mr. E. H. Bower's, 70 at Malton—1.

Brenda, aged, Mr. Smith's, the Farmers' Cup with 25 in specie at Holderness Hunt—1.

BY MR. LOWE.

Hermit, 3 yrs. Lord Uxbridge's, 70 at Ascot, 250 and 50 at Goodwood, and 50 at Egham—4.

BY MORISCO.

Little Fanny, 4 yrs. Mr. Pettit's, 20 at Newmarket—1.

Zany, 4 yrs. Mr. Stonehewer's, 300 and 40 at Newmarket—2.

BY MOSES.

Her Highness, 4 yrs. Mr. Mostyn's, 140 at Liverpool, 200 at Burton-upon-Trent, the Cup Stakes of 100 at Oswestry, the Gold Cup with 30 in specie at Wrexham, and 100 at Holywell Hunt—5.

Little Fanny, 4 yrs. Sir S. Graham's, 20 at Newmarket—1.

Somnambule, 3 yrs. Duke of Richmond's, the Riddelsworth of 2000 and 200 at Newmarket—2.

Tarquin, 3 yrs. Mr. Gardnor's, 50 and 25 at Goodwood—2.

BY MOUNTEBANK.

Deception, 2 yrs. Lord Exeter's, 125 Huntingdon, 140 Egham—2.

BY MULEY.

Atlas, 6 yrs. Mr. Munro's, two Stakes at Ipswich, 50 at Yarmouth, a Hunters' Stakes and 50 at Beccles, 50 and a Sweepstakes at Southwold—7.

Brown celt, out of Longwaist's dam, 2 yrs. Lord Cleveland's, the Champagne Stakes of 700 at Doncaster—1.

Bay filly, out of Rosanne, 3 yrs. Lord Orford's, 500 at Ascot—1.

Catherine, 3 yrs. Sir J. Gerard's, 70 at Heaton-park—1.

Columbus, aged, Mr. Walker's, 30 at Lichfield Spring—1.

Gazelle, 6 yrs. Mr. Morris's, 50 at Buxton, 50 and 45 at Stourbridge, and 35 at Lichfield—4.

Giantess, 3 yrs. Mr. Day's, 50 at Ascot—1.

Hokee Pokee, Mr. Gully's, 400 at Newmarket—1.

Margrave, 3 yrs. Mr. Gully's, the St. Leger Stakes of 2175, and the Gascoigne Stakes of 370 at Doncaster, and the Grand Duke Michael Stakes of 700 at Newmarket—3.

Marpessa, 2 yrs. Mr. Forth's, 200 at Newmarket—1.

Marvel, 4 yrs. Mr. Forth's, 170 and 60 at Newmarket—2.

Salute, 3 yrs. Mr. Day's, 50 at Newmarket, 70 at Bedford, and 20 at Newmarket—3.

Tommy Tickle, aged, Mr. Jones's, 162l. 10s. at Warwick Spring, 212l. 10s. at Croxton-park, 35 at Liverpool Spring, 70 at Ludlow, 58 at Leeds, 70 and 40 at Heaton-park—7.

BY OCTAVIAN.

Stotforth, 6 yrs. Lord Cleveland's, the King's Plate at Newcastle-upon-Tyne, ditto at York August, and 50 at Northallerton—3.

BY OCTAVIUS.

Jerry Hawthorn, 4 yrs. Mr. Hessel-tine's, 40 at Leeds Spring, 42 at Beverley, and 45 at Morpeth—3.

BY NEGOCIATOR.

Ch. c. out of Sister to Norton, 3 yrs. Mr. Powell's. 50 at Croxton-park—1.

BY OISEAU.

Revolution, 5 yrs. Mr. Shepherd's, 80 and 120 at Liverpool Spring—2.

Rowton, 6 yrs. Mr. Chifney's, 300 at Ascot—1.

BY ORVILLE.

Omen, aged, Mr. Ley's, 50gs. at Plymouth, 265, 65, and 50 at Exeter—4.

BY OTHO.

Lelevo, 3 yrs. Mr. Ley's, 50 at Rotherham—1.

ENTRIES.

THE GREAT DONCASTER ST.

LEGER, OF 1833.

Hon. S. Fox's bl. c. Juba, by Jerry, out of Catgut.
 Hon. S. Fox's bl. f. Tesane, by Whisker, out of Lady of the Tees.
 Mr. Houldsworth's b. c. Despot.
 Mr. Houldsworth's ch. c. Titus.
 Mr. Houldsworth's br. c. Blank.
 Duke of Portland's c. by Lottery, out of Pledge.
 Mr. Mostyn's br. c. Prince Llewellyn.
 Mr. Mostyn's b. c. Jack Faucit, by Jack Spigot—Pickpocket's dam.
 Lord Westminster's c. The Comptroller.
 Mr. Watt's ch. c. Belshazzar, by Blacklock.
 Duke of Leeds's b. c. Lot, by Lottery.
 Duke of Leeds's b. f. by Lottery, out of Mary, by Mowbray.
 Mr. Gully's br. c. Spider, by Jack Spigot, out of Jubilee.
 Mr. Gully's b. c. Frankenstein, by Young Phantom, out of My Lady.
 Mr. Barrow's b. f. by Whisker, out of Alecta.
 Mr. Vansittart's b. c. Rockingham, by Humphrey Clinker.
 Mr. Walker's b. f. Anne, sister to Tar-rare.
 Mr. Walker's br. c. Boscobel, by Chateau Margaux.
 Mr. Walker's ch. f. Energy, sister to Velocipede.
 Mr. Walker's br. c. Mussulman, by Muly, out of Mufti's dam.

Mr. Maxwell's b. c. Claret, by Chateau Margaux, out of Esmerdale.

Mr. W. Richardson's b. c. Flightly, by Young Phantom.

Mr. J. Scott's br. c. Connoisseur, by Chateau Margaux—Frailty.

Mr. Skipsey's br. f. Eve, by Lottery.

Colonel King's br. f. Tigress, by Brutandorf, dam by Comus.

Lord Macdonald's, b. c. Carnaby, by Brutandorf, out of Miss Fox.

Mr. S. Reid's b. c. Spinker, by Humphry Clinker.

Mr. Peirce's b. g. Allmax, by Swiss.

Mr. W. Crompton's br. c. Satan, by Lottery.

Sir R. K. Dick's gr. c. Allegro, by Jock.

Mr. W. Watmough's b. c. by Figaro, out of Madcap's dam.

Mr. Wilson's gr. f. by Arbutus, out of Olive Leaf, by Blucher.

Mr. T. Smith's gr. c. Newfashion, by Drone, out of Philip's dam.

Mr. T. Smith's b. f. Cleopatra, by Rolla, out of Pioneer's dam.

Mr. T. Smith's br. f. Fashion, by Starch, out of Sir Hercules' dam.

Mr. Metcalfe's br. c. Partner, by Whisker, out of Landlady.

Mr. Stephenson's br. c. Rousseau, by Blacklock.

Mr. Ridsdale's br. c. Glaucus, by Partisan, out of Nanine.

Mr. Ridsdale's br. c. Cock-a-Hoop, by Comus, out of Young Petuaria.

Mr. Ridsdale's br. f. Mysinda.

Mr. Ridsdale's b. f. Liska.

Mr. Osbaldeston's br. c. Tutor, by Lottery, out of Governess.

Mr. J. Robinson's b. c. by Lottery, out of Miss Patrick.

Mr. Orde's ch. c. The Dancing Master, by Felton.

Sir J. Boswell's, ch. c. Tantalus, by Straitwaist, out of Wilful.

Hon. O. Powlett's br. f. by Lottery, out of Miss Fanny, by Walton.

Sir E. Dodsworth's br. c. by Jerry, out of Lady of the Vale's dam.

Sir E. Dodsworth's b. f. Charmer, by Swiss, out of Fairy, by Woful.

Mr. Allanson's Lady Moore Carew, by Tramp, out of Kite.

Lord Kelburne's, b. c. by Jerry, out of Blue Stocking.

Lord Kelburne's br. f. Sister to Retainer, by Jerry.

Major Yarburgh's br. c. by Lottery, out of Laurel's dam.

Colonel Crawford's bl. c. The Mole, by Whalebone, out of Miss Emma.

Lord Cleveland's br. c. Muley Moloch, by Muley, out of Longwaist's dam.

Mr. W. Edwards's c. Trim, by Middleton, dam by Merlin.
 Mr. Batson's br. c. by Gustavus, out of Jessy, by Totteridge.
 Mr. Mills names Colonel Peel's Young Rapid, by Stainborough.
 Colonel Peel's ch. c. Nonsense, by Bedlamite, out of Zora.
 Mr. Newton's ch. c. by Emilius, dam by Rainbow, out of Janette.
 Mr. Hunter's gr. c. Forester, by Gustavus, out of Young Pippilina.
 Lord Orford's gr. c. Clearwell, by Jerry out of Lisette.
 Mr. W. Chifney's c. by Swiss, out of Galena, by Walton.
 Sir M. Wood's, Brother to Margrave.
 Sir R. Bulkeley's, Sister to Miss Maria.
 Mr. Beardsworth's c. by Truant, dam by Filho.
 Mr. Mott's c. Despair, by Woful.
 Mr. Forth's Pagan, by Muley.
 Mr. Forth's Marpessa, by Muley, out of Clara.
 Lord Lichfield's c. Mount Eagle, by Sligo, out of Ina.
 Mr. Rawlinson's Revenge, by Fungus, out of Ruby's dam.
 Mr. Champion's Brother to Rough Robin.
 Mr. Dilly's c. by Longwaist, out of Gustavus's dam.
 Lord Warwick's Trepidation, by Centaur, out of Niobe.
 Lord Jersey's Ishmael, by Sultan.
 Lord Jersey's Lucius.
 Lord Jersey's Glenmore.

STALLIONS DIED.

At the Earl of Clarendon's, "the Grove," near Watford, Herts, the celebrated old race-horse, Don Cossack, in the 22d year of his age. Don Cossack was got by Haphazard (sire of Filho da Puta, X.Y.Z. Venture, &c.) his dam Alderney, by Skyscraper, grandam Cælia, by Volunteer, great grandam (own sister to Pharamond), by Highflyer, out of Countess, by Match'em. He was a good black, free from all blemishes, and stood sixteen hands high, with great bone and substance.

BANKER, the property of Mr. Thomas Parr, of Grappenhall Hays, in Warrington. This celebrated horse died nearly a fortnight ago, and the following is a correct account of the cause of his death:—The Groom was

going to give him a dose of physic, had taken hold of his head-collar, and was waiting for the man who was to give it, upon whose appearance at the door, Banker suddenly broke away, threw himself on his back, when his head came violently against the wall or door post, which killed him instantly. He was bred by Sir Charles Bunbury, and sold, when young, to the late Duke of York. Banker was got by Smolensko, dam, Quail, by Gohanna, out of Certhia, by Woodpecker. He was rising 17 years.

ON NAMING HORSES.

OUR brother, Jonathan Skinner,—we beg his pardon—John Skinner, Esq., of Baltimore, announces his determination in the December number of his Sporting Magazine, of not registering any horse, under any name, which is or has been borne by any other horse in America. He adds, that an observing reader has ceded to another gentleman the name he had christened a colt, and in lieu thereof would call it John Skinner.

Fylde and Luzborough, purchased by Messrs. Tattersall for J. Avery, Esq., arrived in America in August last, after a long passage. The former had contracted a foot lameness, from long standing, but was expected to recover. The number announcing his arrival, contains his pedigree and performances at full, which concludes by stating "that having exchanged the ardent struggles of the course for more pleasant scenes, with a victor's claims, he expects the favor of that sex whose smile always rewards the victor's merit." Well done, Jonathan, we could not have said anything neater ourself.

SEIZURE OF GAME.

Mr. Wilson the indefatigable police-officer, at Malton, has lately come very easily into possession of more hares and pheasants than often fall to the share of those who are at a great expense in their preserves and game establishments, from captures from poachers when on their way to the game dealers. Last week, a man who

called himself John Small, but in stature, both stout and tall, while swinging along with a large basket, was asked by Mr. Wilson what he was carrying. "Only some game," answered John, "which is for one of your neighbours." Mr. Wilson very feelingly offered to assist him by taking hold of one side of the basket, which John agreed to, and then recollected that he had to call and deliver a message at the nearest house, and desired Mr. Wilson to take charge of the basket till he returned. John never returned, and on Mr. Wilson making inquiry at the house where he had entered, he was informed that a great man had run through the house, leaped over a high gate at the bottom of the yard, and was, when last seen, running across the fields at full speed.—*York Herald*.

"SPORTSMEN BEAT THIS IF YOU CAN."

MR. SAMPSON McFarlane, of Carver, in shooting nine times recently, has killed six hundred and twenty-nine wild pigeons. The smallest shot he ever made was fifty—the largest, ninety-nine.—*American paper*.

ORTHOGRAPHY.

A master of hounds has sent us the following specimen of orthography, being a letter he lately received:—

SIR,
i have taken the liberty of intruding on good natur to ask you if you will Pleas to lend a Coup Pel of howns if you Pleas for a short time, for hollear Do cum to my hous to kill the ars and the ragland gentillmen and be tween the two I ham dun my two old dogs and me have no chanc if you will Pleas to assist me.sur I shall be glad.

JOHN POWELL.

Translation.

SIR,
I have taken the liberty of intruding on your good nature, to ask, if you will please to lend me a couple of hounds if you please for a short time; for Mr. Hollier and the Ragland gentlemen come to my house to kill the hares, and between them I am done; and my old dogs have no chance, &c.

A WARWICKSHIRE RUN.

THE Warwickshire hounds met at Ladbroke on Thursday the 3rd ult. and soon found at Radbourne-gorse. After a splendid run of *fifty-three minutes*, over a tract of country measuring in extent at *least twenty miles*, reynard eluded the vigilance of his pursuers in the neighbourhood of Edge-hill.

County Paper.

Another paper, commenting on this, says, "It is no wonder he eluded them, for such a fox would beat the devil himself."

A grand Archery Ball took place on Friday evening the 20th ult, at the King's Arms Assembly Rooms, Dorking.

A YANKEY PACK.

(From the *American Turf Register* for September last.)

ELEVEN dogs are a convenient pack, though I would prefer thirteen, including two bitches.

Dogs confined in kennels do not run as well as those allowed to go abroad.

Ash cake is their best food. One quart of Indian meal (unsifted), baked in the ashes, will keep a dog in order during the hunting season, and one pint at other seasons. Some prefer mush.

Young dogs get the strongest puppies, and I prefer young bitches to breed from. Purity of blood and celebrity for performances are the essentials for breeders—colour is a matter of fancy. Moderate sized dogs are best for our thick covers, indeed they are faster than large dogs.

Four puppies are enough for a bitch to raise, and they should be fed on the ash cake as soon as they will eat it. Break them by running rabbits when six to nine months old, and if not run hard their first season they are in their prime their second.

Avoid straw, use pine leaves for bedding, and to keep clear of fleas, &c., throw a few tobacco leaves in the beds.

The only medicine I use is three tea-spoonsful of sulphur in milk, three mornings in succession, when the scratches or mange appears; a bath or two afterwards, in the tanner's vats, stops it.

Dogs, if gelded, are apt to keep too fat and be lazy.

A pack well kept will hunt three days in every week, during the season, with spirit.

A fox-hunter never gives away a good dog. A FOXHUNTER.

OBITUARY.

A dreadful accident occurred at Mareham-park, Wilts, the seat of Thomas Duffield, Esq., M.P. His eldest son, Mr. George Duffield, who was within two months of attaining his majority, was shooting at Garford, attended by the keepers, when (as it appears by the evidence on the inquest) as he was re-loading one of the barrels of his gun the other went off and lodged the whole contents in his temple.

We regret to record the demise of Mr. Streatfield, late of the First Life Guards. Our readers will remember that this is the gentleman who was so seriously injured by a fall in the St. Alban's Steeple Chase, in 1831, from the effects of which he never recovered.

TATTERSALL'S.

DURING the greater part of the last month, the attention of the few betting men in town has been taken up with discussions on the elections, the Irish question, in fact, on any thing rather than their legitimate affairs; and various bets have been proffered on the chance of the great agitator being King of Ireland, or an inmate of the Tower, before the close of another year. Occasionally a swell or two has looked in, and then it has been curious enough to see the avidity with which the hawks of Hyde-park-corner have fastened upon them, in the hope of making amends for a long fast; but times are changed, and it is become a question whether the gentlemen have not *now* the best of it; all, gentlemen and legs, are at the same game, making books, which must necessarily injure business generally. The few movements that have occurred in the Derby betting we will proceed to point out. Glaucus just keeps his ground and that is all, for no one seems inclined to lay out any money upon him. Revenge is backed, and treads very closely upon his heels; in a fancy stable he would before this have been first favourite. Forester and Prince Lewellyn have been backed now and then to small amounts, without reaping any benefit from it till the 28th, when the sale of the latter (to the Chifneys), as it was reported, caused him to spring a

couple of points. The colt out of Moses' dam, lay in a dormant state till nearly the end of the month, when he found a friend in the Rothschild of the Turf (our old friend Crocky) who took 3200 to 200, and lifted him a notch or two higher; he was subsequently thrown back, and is supposed not to be all right. The Duke of Cleveland's colt, Muley Moloch, is now out of the market, the majority of the betting men believing, or affecting to believe, that he will not come southward; he is in the York Derby. At the north country entries on the 1st of January he was also named for two or three other stakes in the York Spring Meeting, thus giving colour to the opinion. His Grace, however, is an able tactician, and may have done this to throw dust in the eyes of the legs, and at the same time back his horse on better terms. Bravo has a staunch friend in his gallant owner, who, either directly or indirectly, against him or outright, contrives to back him for about £2000 per week; the colt is well enough to look at, but has no good trial nag, and is in a most unfashionable quarter. In the early part of the month there were some demonstrations leading to a supposition that Ishmael was *en route* for Newmarket, and he at once sprung to 20 to 1; he is now less in favour, as there are no signs of his leaving Middleton. Emmeline, Divan, and Cock-a-Hoop, are sometimes mentioned, but not to any effect. An occasional offer on the Oaks, St. Leger, or Oatlands, with the above, comprehend the entire business of the last month. The fluctuations having been so slight we shall merely quote the prices at the close of the betting-room on the 28th ult.

DERBY.

- 8 to 1 agst. Mr. Ridsdale's Glaucus.
- 9 to 1 agst. Mr. Rawlinson's Revenge.
- 10 to 1 agst. Mr. Mostyn's Prince Lewellyn.
- 11 to 1 agst. Mr. Hunter's Forester.
- 16 to 1 agst. Duke of Rutland's c. out of Moses's dam.
- 22 to 1 agst. Lord Exeter's Emmeline colt.
- 22 to 1 agst. Col. Cosby's Bravo.
- 25 to 1 agst. Duke of Grafton's Divan.
- 25 to 1 agst Mr. Ridsdale's Cock-a-Hoop.
- 25 to 1 agst. Lord Exeter's Cactus.
- 25 to 1 agst. Lord Jersey's Ishmael.
- 30 to 1 agst. Lord Egremont's Brother to Waxlight.

30 to 1 agst. Duke of Cleveland's Muley Moloch.

10 to 1 agst. Lord Exeter's stable.

11 to 1 agst. Lord Jersey's stable.

14 to 1 agst. Duke of Grafton's stable.

OAKS.

8 to 1 agst. Lord Chesterfield's Weeper.

13 to 1 agst. Duke of Grafton's Octave.

17 to 1 agst. Lord Exeter's Sister to Augustus.

ST. LEGER.

10 to 1 agst. Mr. Watt's Belshazzar.

12 to 1 agst. Duke of Cleveland's Muley Moloch.

15 to 1 agst. Mr. Ridsdale's Glaucus.

15 to 1 agst. Mr. Gully's Frankenstein.

27 to 1 agst. Muley Moloch winning York Derby and St. Leger—taken.

OATLANDS.

4 to 1 agst. Mr. Ridsdale's Burgomaster.

8 to 1 agst. Lord Exeter's Beiram.

BETTING IN THE COUNTRY.

Chester Trade Cup.—8 to 1 agst. Pick-pocket; 8 to 1 agst. Colwick; 9 to 1

agst. Independence; 9 to 1 agst. Speculator; 10 to 1 agst. Chester.

Manchester Cup (named or not named). 5 to 1 agst. Gallopade; 6 to 1 agst. Physician; 8 to 1 agst. Vyvyan; 10 to 1 agst. Tomboy.

OBITUARY.

Lord Exeter's Brother to Green Mantle, rising 2 yrs. old, died a short time since at Newmarket.

Mr. Greville has purchased of the Earl of Egremont, Brother to Grampus, by Whalebone, out of Rectory (in the Derby), and Sister to Dryad, by Whalebone, out of Harpalice (in the Oaks). They reached Tattersall's on Thursday afternoon.—*York Herald*.

Messrs. Payne and Holyoke are said to have won £50,000 of Mr. Osbaldeston in a match of billiards.—*Age*.—The Squire is a bad player, it's true, and would very likely lose the match; but as to the other thing, as Lord Derby said on a somewhat similar occasion, "where is it to come from?"

TO READERS, CONTRIBUTORS, AND CORRESPONDENTS.

We have to apologize to several friends for the delay that has taken place in replying to their favours, which we beg they will attribute to our unavoidable absence from town, and not to intentional remissness on our part. We beg to make our acknowledgments for the numerous letters with which we have been favoured this month, and to remind our friends that all communications intended for the current month ought to reach town on the 25th at latest. The next, however, being a short month we should like to have them on the 23rd.

We shall be happy to receive "N. W. F.'s" account of the hunt in Cumberland. If "Middletonian" will send us an account of the season's sport with the Cheshire and Sir H. Mainwaring's hounds we will feel obliged. We have not the gift of ubiquity.

If our correspondent L. L. M. will refer to our wrapper he will see that we have three agents for the sale of this Magazine in India (one at each Presidency), to whom a supply of Magazines are regularly forwarded, consequently we cannot comply with his wishes.

We were truly sorry to read the contents of our friend the "Northamptonshire Farmer's" private letter. His bookseller is quite right in his information. We are most happy to present all our contributors with copies of the work, and he has only to inform us how he can receive them free of expense and we will send him not only the present but copies of all the back numbers he may be without.

To Cantabrigiensis.—We advise that the Racing Calendar be bound at the conclusion of the present volume. Vol. III. can be bound, and the Calendar reserved until this volume is complete. The Coursing Calendar will have a title page, and will bind with this volume, or it (as well as the Racing Calendar) can be bound separate. For answers to the rest of your letter we beg to refer you to p. 342, vol. ii.

Our friend at Tavistock is thanked. His song arrived too late for insertion this month.

We think "Equestris" is right about Priam; his request shall be complied with if possible.

NEW WORK IN THE PRESS.—Tegg.

"Field Book, or Sports and Pastimes of the British Islands." By the Author of Wild Sports of the West.

THE
New Sporting Magazine.

VOL. IV.]

MARCH, 1833.

[No. 23.]

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TROUT FISHING.

Engraved by W. RADDON, from a Painting by F. R. LEE.

WE intended the present engraving for April, but the shortness of the month has prevented our engravers executing the proper plates in time; we therefore give it, though somewhat early in the season for trout fishing. The scene, here depicted, is on the

river Dart, near Totness, in Devonshire, and is highly characteristic of the romantic scenery that abounds in that picturesque county. The beautiful painting of Mr. Lee, we think, has lost nothing at the hands of our engraver, Mr. Raddon.

THE BAG FOX.

BY SYLVANUS SWANQUILL.

"WHY, missis, what do you think?"

"Nay, I'm sure I don't know. Have the sheep got into neighbour Stubble's turnips again?"

"No; worse than that." "What, then, has Cherry kicked her milk over?"

"No; worse than that." "Why, surelées, them unlucky pigs haven't been in the garden again, and broke into the 'tatoe camp?"

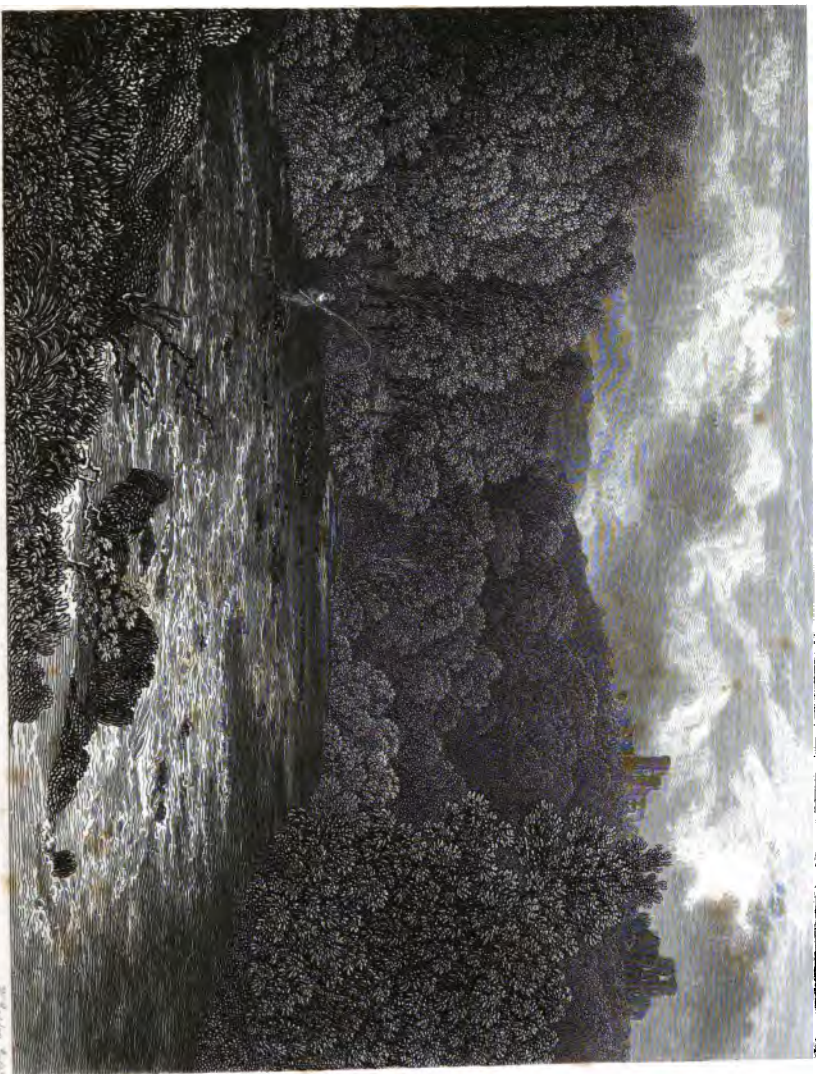
"No; worse than that." "Worse than that!—why, you don't mean to say any harm's happened the turkies?"

"Yes, but I do though; there's no less than three on 'em killed. One was drove into the pit and drowned; another was bit so bad that I was forced to wring its neck; and the third has been carried cliver off by that consarned fox; and Jem says he seed whichaway he went, and's certain he lies somewhere in the old marlpit in the middle of the Nine Acres."

"Missis, missis!" cries Jem, running in almost out of breath, "the fox is in the marlpit, I'm certain sure. I tracked him as plain as plain; and there's a hole as big

as I could put my head into. There's the marks of his feet quite plain, and feathers all the way along. I'm certain he's there, for I smelt at the hole; and I've cromamed my hat in to keep him from getting away."

"Well, please the pigs," exclaims the missis, "if he is there we'll have him out, for I shan't have a turkey left at this rate. It's no use telling the master, for he wouldn't care if all the foxes in England was in the marlpit; so go and desire Tom to come and bring his spade directly: and Will!—Will! (bawling with a force that a west-end belle wouldn't believe to be within the scope of feminine lungs)—Will, are you deaf?—fetch your spade this minute, and go with Tom and Jem—it'll be a nice moonlight night—and see if you can get hold of this consumed fox! He's taken another of the turkies, and killed two more; and Jem says he's tracked him into the Nine Acres into a hole in the old marlpit."



TROUT FISHING.

London, Published 1891, for the Proprietors of the "New Sporting Magazine" by Baldwin & Cradock, Paternoster Row.

A higher treat for Tom, Will, and Jem, could not have been devised than this campaign against poor reynard. Jem, in particular, was in ecstasies; for it was owing to him that the caitiff's retreat had been discovered. Where was the terrier? Nobody knew—he had gone out with the master, some thought—some said he had followed the blacksmith, who was known to be an old crony of Pincher's—and others again declared they had seen him not long ago in company with old John, the wheelwright. However, certain it was he couldn't be found, and after a long search they determined to proceed without him. Armed with spade and mattock, and provided with bag and lantern, our adventurers sallied forth—little Jem leading the way, as pleased as Punch and as proud as Lucifer. It was not far to the Nine Acres—only just along the wood side—and they soon reached the spot.

"Here it is—here's the hole!" exclaims Jem; and his comrades scramble after him through bush and brier, heedless of scratches and pricked fingers. Yes, there's the hole, sure enough, and Jem's hat in it, too—Jem's best hat, I do declare, that cost four shillings last Statute fair—Jem's best hat, that his mother so particularly bid him take care of, as she stuffed a whisp of hay into the crown "to keep it from coming over his pretty eyes, God bless 'em!" And there are pug's footmarks plainly imprinted in the marl; and feathers, and little bits of innocent lamb's wool adhering to the brambles and black-thorns around. Tom, who is the oldest, and I believe we may ven-

ture to add, the wisest of the party, cuts a long rod of hazel and thrusts it into the earth.

"It's a deep hole," exclaims Tom, throwing off his coat; "I can't reach the bottom, and we mustn't go to sleep if we are to have him out to-night." The two spades are not suffered to rust, and a yard and a half of the bank is soon cut away; but they get on more slowly now, as the trench becomes deeper every moment.

"I don't think he's in," says Tom, pushing forward the hazel rod through the soil, which had now fallen in a good deal, from their neglecting to cut away enough of the upper part.

"I'm sure he's in," cries little Jem.

"Hold thy blart*!" exclaims Will, "and stand out o' the way."

Just at this moment—things really do sometimes fall out luckily—just at this moment who should come up but Mister Robert, the squire's footman, who was going down to the farm, partly to order some eggs for the housekeeper, and partly on a little affair of his own, a secret between him and the dairy-maid, and observing a light in the pit-hole, came to see what was going forward. But what was the best luck of all was that he had brought with him the squire's famous little terrier, Trim by name, a prime favourite at the hall, and the terror of all the rats in the village. "Have at him, Trim!—fetch him out—fetch him out, lad!" and a pretty panic Trim is in, to be sure. See how he works away with his little feet—then stops to take a snuff at the hole—then scratches away again, as if he

* It is singular to observe how words, rejected from "polite conversation," are retained by the peasantry. This word is common with the working classes throughout the midland counties of England, and probably elsewhere. It is derived from the Dutch, *blaren*, to bellow, and still retains a similar signification.

meant to reach the Antipodes before sunrise—then pokes in his nose to be quite sure he's right—ha! ha! ha! how funny he looks now, with his sagacious phiz disfigured by the soil! Come away, Trim, we must dig a little more before we can avail ourselves of your valuable services! And the spades are again at work, while Mister Robert *talks genteel* to the men, and holds back friend Trim in a loop of his silk pocket-handkerchief.

Now Tom again thrusts forward the hazel rod. "Egad!" he cries, "I feel him;" and drawing out the stick, he shows pug's teeth-marks at the end of it. "'Eu in, Trim, lad! and keep him from working further away from us." Trim is invisible in a moment, and baying the fox in the earth. Another quarter of an hour's digging brings us to pug's brush—for Trim is now taken away, having already received the impression of reynard's *incisores* on his intelligent countenance—and Tom takes hold of him (pug, to wit) by the "scuff o' the neck" with one hand, and by the brush with the other, and holds him aloft in triumph. Reynard looks very foolish just now—you would think he couldn't say boh! to a goose; but I shouldn't like to be a goose in his way, and he at liberty again. As for Trim and little Jem its hard to tell which is most delighted; the laughter of the one, and the barking of the other, are incessant.

"Well, what's to be done with him now?" asks Tom.

"Why, put him i' the bag," replies Will.

"And what then?"

"Oh!" says Mister Robert, "keep him to turn down before master's harriers, to be sure."

"Bu' what'll missis say to that? Suppose he gets away and comes back among the turkies?"

"Oh, never fear; he can't get away. I'll warrant he never mislests the turkies again. You bring him to the hall, and let master have him. Why, bless you! he's worth as much as a young pig. It was but last month that farmer Hurdle's man turned one down before our hounds, and one of the gentlemen capped for him, and got him fifteen or sixteen shillings, besides what master gave him out of his own pocket."

"Well," says Will, "if squire'd like to have him I don't see why he shouldn't; what do you say, Tom?—not, mind you, that I care twopence about the money!"

"Oh, money be hanged!" says Tom, "I don't do it for the lucre o' gain; but if I was certain he wouldn't come back again to plague missis—"

"Oh, never you fear!" cries the footman; "they'll take care he don't come back; and as for the money, I'm sure you can't despise it more than I do; so, if you like, we'll divide it equally amongst us, share and share alike."

"It's *my* fox!" cries poor little Jem, who had never once been consulted in the whole business; "I tracked him, and he's my fox; and if you don't put him in the bag and take him home I'll go and tell missis."

"Thee may'st go and tell thy granny, if thee lik'st; and be sure thee tek'st her a few eggs to suck," says Will, laughing at his own wit.

"Oh, let the lad come with us, if he's a share in the fox—don't let us do anything ungenteel; come along, my lad, and I'll take care you have your rights." Thus spake Mister Robert; and little Jem,

having stipulated for the honour of carrying the bag, and been encouraged with the prospect of a supper at the hall, soon became pacified; the tools were hidden among the bushes, in an obscure corner of the marlpit, and the whole party proceeded with their captive to the hall.

Three days after this what a concourse of people is assembled on Heathbell-common! Farmers' servants in smock-frocks and velvet jackets; school lads on their ponies, exhibiting their prowess by jumping over gutters and gorse-bushes; Nimrods *in trowsers*—for they don't consider this legitimate fox-hunting; and, lastly, the huntsman and whips, in green coats, leading on twelve couple of little, bony, thickset hounds, that look as if they could run for a century, and pull down a rhinoceros at the end of it. And what a day it is! February!—more likely May or June. There's not a field you pass but a lark is setting out on a musical tour to the skies. In the cottage-garden or road-side orchard the "chuck, chuck—wink, wink, wink!" of the blackbird is heard, as the watchful creature catches sight of her old persecutor, man, and flies away to hide in her favourite yew-hedge. The goldfinch, that belle of the fields, sits among the yellow catkins of the hazel practising her plaintive ditty; and every group of hollies, glowing in a thousand shades of crimson and green, is animated by a vast colony of sparrows, who fly away at your approach, as if conscious of their guilt *in re* farmer Stubble's rick-yard, and guessed that you were coming for retribution. As you pass under the great elms where the old rooks' nests are, you see those noisy birds hopping about on the tree-tops, and seem-

ingly taking an estimate of the repairs necessary to put their ancient habitations in decent repair. It is difficult to speculate on such a subject after the treatment it has received at the hands of our friend Geoffry Crayon, or we should be inclined to say that those clamorous gentry in the highest branches are bragging of their possessions, and hinting to the fair demoiselles (may we use such a term?) in the next tree how great is the advantage of having a home to bring one's wife to.

Now we are upon the heath, and our steeds rejoice in its wild aspect. How they go through all the old-fashioned tricks of the manege—the capriole, the croupade, the balotade, the terra-a-terra, the mez-air—though, poor souls, they never so much as heard of such things!—and you cannot take them over a bit of heath so big as a besom but they must be showing what fine jumpers they are—springing forward unexpectedly, and almost setting you behind your own saddle. How bright and spring-like everything looks here!—the turf is as green as a May meadow, and the beautiful yellow flowers of the furze are gleaming among its dark branches. The west wind comes rushing over the sunny knolls of the chase, and a freshness better than perfume is in its breath. Around us are merry, happy groups of sportsmen, all eager to partake the joys of the chase, and too little schooled in the ways of the world to dissemble their pleasure. But what's the meaning of all that mass of people moving together along the valley yonder? Why, in the middle of that group—though you cannot see him for the crowd—is the man with the fox—there! now he has crossed over—you see the

bag on his back!—in that bag is the little animal who has caused all this gallant assemblage, and the man himself is no other than the identical Tom, whom we had the honour to meet, a few days back, at the marlpit in farmer Samples's nine acres. Come, let us ride forward and see pug liberated—*shaken* is the technical word—but leave the hounds gently, or you'll have 'em all after you!

Now, on a nice smooth hillock facing the south, whence you can see half a dozen miles in any direction, we halt awhile, and some goodnatured soul caps for friend Tom, and at length turns out the contents of his glove into the hard fist of the happy rustic. "Now, keep back! keep back you lads, and don't speak a word when he looses the fox! keep back, will you—damn it, keep back! what the devil would you see?" Thus cries a veteran son of Nimrod, growing irate as he finds his efforts unavailing to prevent the crowd from pressing forward, and increasing in the vehemence of his language till we dare follow him no further. Reynard is liberated at last, and away he scampers, up hill and down dale, as fast as his four legs will carry him. See, there he goes! what a nice line he is taking! Now he is off the common, and along under the hedge to the left of the farm-house—we can't see him now—nor yet—nor yet—but now we may trace his path by the sheep yonder, who scamper off into one corner of the field, as if they had seen a ghost. There he is again! there he is, going across the clover field—he has been headed by the man at plough yonder—now we lose him again—"he's gone for Linden Hurst," cries one—"he'll double round to Oakwood," says

another—"bring the hounds," bawls the third—"give him law enough," cries a fourth—and, but that the huntsman takes not the slightest notice of any one's recommendation, it would be impossible to determine what course to follow. In due time, however, and at his own discretion, the gentleman in the green coat trots leisurely up, and lays on the hounds; Old Bellman is the first to find out the secret, and off he goes with his nose to the ground, as if he had got Ariadne's clue before him. The rest of the pack echo his well-known note, and dash off close at their leader's stern. "Hold hard, gentlemen—pray don't press the hounds!"—for harriers like plenty of room. A good rattling fence appears at the edge of the heath, and the ponies and heavy cavalry are left behind; away we go now—the "chosen few"—over a capital turf country, and as fast as the wind itself, which happens to be going our way. We are now in the clover field I spoke of a few minutes ago, and the owner of the piece, who is out, on his little mare, that serves him for hackney, hunter, and all, is vociferous in his cries of "war' seeds!"—though I remarked, a few fields back, that he came ploughing across his neighbour's young wheat with as little compunction as any of us. He may cry till he is hoarse, for nobody seems to care; but horse after horse dashes by him, scattering his precious seeds in his face, and crash—crash—crash!—three nice gaps are soon formed in his favourite fence, and he is left to follow through whichever he likes best. What a pace they go—and what devils of fences these are! The gentlemen in trowsers repent them thoroughly that they didn't bring

their boots, for nothing under leather can stand against these bull-finches. Hold hard over this ploughed field—it is almost impossible to pick the scent across it—and look! the hounds throw up in the middle—unfortunate! but see old Bellman feathering along by the gravel-pit side—howh! howh!—egad, he has it—“hoic! hoic!”—and gladly the little fellows scamper across the cold clods at old Bellman’s summons. Forward they go again, down the lane—splash—splash—lucky is he now who has no one before him to kick the mud into his face—over the marsh to the edge of Oakwood—“I said he’d go to Oakwood”—“yooi over! yooi over!” and eagerly the pack scramble over, and under, and through, and anyway to get past the thick paling that surrounds the cover. The field divides, this to the right, that portion to the left, and it is a race now which shall get first to the farther side. *Our party* has it (of course we shall take care of number one—we have a regard for the bay—but the fact is, we know the country), and pug starts up in view. “Whoo! whoo! here—’ere—’ere!” for we are afraid the hounds have got upon a fresh fox in cover—old Bellman is again the first to show his face, and thanks us as well as he can in his *dog-latin*. He “tells it out” (what an expressive phrase that is for the occasion!) and six or eight couple of his friends—as good as a thousand—get away with him, leaving the rest behind to show our brother Nimrods from the other side of the wood which way we went. In five minutes more all is over—with poor pug we mean; the

gentleman in the green coat is holding an inquest upon his body, and the hounds, like a set of noisy jurymen, are baying around. *Our party* are dismounted, some looking at their watches to see how long the run has been, others at their torn trowsers, which they are trying to *coax* into some appearance of decency, and our horses are giving themselves a good shake after the fatigues of the chase. The *other party* are coming up, looking very grave, but excusing themselves with a tale of a second fox, which they are certain was afoot in cover. Mr. Greencoat now cuts off the brush and pads of poor reynard, and with a whoowhoop (such a one as a huntsman of harriers can give!) flings the carcase to the hounds. They, poor souls, have no *goût* for such dainties, but turn up their noses at it, as you may have seen a group of potwollopers at the venison of an election dinner.

Well, it has been a capital thing, all must allow—even the poor unfortunates who were beguiled by the fresh fox in Oakwood; and I really had no conception that such a day’s sport could have been shown by a *pack of harriers and a bag fox*.

CONUNDRUMS BY MESSRS. JORROCKS AND SIMPKINS.

“Ven is a bed, my Simpkins, not a bed?”

Cried Jorrocks to me, rather muggy;

I thought a little ’eer I said,

“Vy ven it is a little buggy!”

“Jorrocks! a riddle, now, here goes,

I loves to be your brain’s tormentor,

Vy in the middle of your face, your nose?”

“Because,” quoth he, “it is the *senter* (centre).”

E. S.

SUBSCRIPTION TO PRESENT Mr. FARQUHARSON WITH A PIECE OF PLATE.

A numerous meeting of the nobility and gentry, friends of Mr. Farquharson, was held at the King's Arms Hotel, Dorchester, on the 14th ult., the Earl of Ilchester in the chair; when it was unanimously resolved, on the motion of Sir William Oglander, Bart., seconded by John Phillips, Esq., that a piece of plate should be presented to Mr. Farquharson, as a mark of the sense entertained by his friends of the very handsome manner in which, for so many years, he has hunted Dorsetshire, and for the uniform kindness and civility he has ever shown in the management of the hunt. The following gentlemen were requested to form a committee, for the purpose of carrying the above resolution into effect:

The Earl of Ilchester,
Sir William Oglander, Bart.

Sir Edward Baker, Bart.
Sir James Fraser, Bart.
William Hawker, Esq.
I. J. Smith, Esq.,
John Phillips, Esq.
Thomas Banger, Esq.
J. Goodenough, Esq.

We are happy to hear that a very handsome sum was subscribed at the meeting, and we are quite sure the tribute will be of such a description as to reflect credit on the subscribers, and form a proud trophy to Mr. Farquharson of the value attached to his endeavours to promote the pleasure of the gentlemen in his county. Books for subscriptions were immediately opened at all the banks in the county, and also one at Messrs. Williams's, in Birch-in-lane, London.

A FEW LINES FROM NIMROD.

SIR,
Allow me a page for a few trifling observations, relative to the character of Hampshire as a hunting country, in your last number. It was the Rev. Mr. Paulet, the well-known and highly respected "*parson Paulet*," as he was called, and not the worthy gentleman of that name who had the hounds, that wrote the song on Thorny Down; and he was likewise the author of "A southerly wind and a cloudy sky,"—one of the most popular of our songs of the chase. The country Lord Stowel hunted, also, was called the Farnham, and not the Hambleton, country, the latter not

being defined in those days. In Shropshire, also, the following rather crack covers have been omitted:—Blubber-hole; Buckley, Mr. John Aston's, both capital fixtures and sure finds. Also, Bank-side, near Buckley; Cranmere-wood, near Wrottesley; Manor-farm, Duke of Sutherland's, near Shiffnall; Aston-wood, Mr. Moultrie's; all in Mr. Giffard's country. Also Erccall-mill, Battle-field, Shawberry, Wallop-hall, Stoke-heath, The Knowles, Boreatton-park, and the Heath, all covers of good fox-preserves in the Shropshire Hunt.

Yours,
NIMROD.

SPORTING IN INDIA.

To the Editor of the New Sporting Magazine.

SIR,

As the same narrative that can amuse a family party may, by the aid of the printer's devil, amuse a much wider circle, I have forwarded to you the following extracts from some of my Indian letters. Of course I have taken care to select only such parts as relate to sporting affairs, and, for your further satisfaction, I can inform you that they were written by one who was a sportsman, though a young one, before he left England, and has not changed his character with a change of scene. They have also the advantage of being chiefly descriptive of the upper provinces of Bengal, where there is both a wider and a less known field for the sportsman than in the lower ones, and under these circumstances, perhaps, they may meet your approbation. I cannot but think that the subject, if correctly treated of, must be an interesting one, though the garbled nonsense that is sometimes put forth about it has tended to make the English public mistrustful. Now for the letters.

"You must not suppose because 'the luxury of the East' is a proverbial saying, that we English in India always give way to indolence when our duties will permit of it. There are certainly some, chiefly among the civilians, rather inclined to do so, but the great majority of us are a very different set of fellows. When I tell you that since I have been out I have seen fox-hunting and horse-racing—have ridden for and won a steeple-chase—shot tigers, wild buffaloes, bears, deer of various kinds, pea-fowl,

pheasants, black partridges, &c., and witnessed perhaps some of the best hawking that the world at the present day can afford—when I can, without straining a point, give this catalogue of my exploits, it cannot be said that I have been altogether inactive. In fact, I believe that, taking all things together, there is no other country where game is so abundant as in India; and in the upper provinces, where I have long had the good fortune to be stationed, the climate is by no means so unpleasant as it is generally imagined to be. During what is termed the 'cold season' the weather is almost European, and then it is that our great shooting excursions generally take place.

"This profusion of game which we meet with, though there are no keepers to defend it, and any one may act the poacher with impunity if so inclined, is chiefly attributable to the immense extent of our woods and jungles, the inactivity of the natives, and their abstinence from animal food. Though our Sepoys, when led on by British officers, will go through great hardships with courage and alacrity, there is still about the Indian character, when left to itself, a kind of supineness for which it is difficult to account. Thus, though a brood of tigers should commit continual depredations upon the cattle of a certain neighbourhood, their owners do not at once muster together for the destruction of their troublesome visitors; nay, more than this, should the tigers even become so bold and venturesome as to prowl around some village

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and pick up two or three of the straggling inhabitants, there is still no general sally made against them. The men are split into different castes, and none of them consider it to be within the particular line of their duty to go and combat with their common enemy; but, if there should happen to be a station for British officers near at hand, the news is quickly carried to them by some of the gongwalas (villagers), and they are requested to come and rid them of their disagreeable neighbours. This we do with alacrity, for it is just what we like—it both affords us amusement and makes us popular throughout the country; and even already, since the three presidencies have belonged to the Company, has there been a great diminution of the beasts of prey.

“ You may naturally enough wonder how we Indian officers, in these times of half-batta and reduction, can manage to muster together a sufficient cavalcade of elephants to beat these large jungles; but the fact is that, if at a large military station, they are generally to be had there, and if not, we can borrow them from the neighbouring Rajahs. Many of these native chiefs are really very good fellows, and very ready to oblige us; I know several of them who would lend me ten or a dozen elephants at any time. They are very fond of imitating our English customs, many of them keeping good studs of horses, as well as camels and elephants.

“ In my last shooting excursion among the immense jungles between the Jumna and the Ganges, our party, which consisted of three others besides myself, killed in one month and four days twenty-eight large tigers, eight wild buf-

faloes, two bears, several deer, &c. in all upwards of six hundred head of game. I killed the largest tiger—a fine male, standing thirteen hands high—at the first shot, which is what is very rarely done; for, as the old adage goes, ‘ a cat has nine lives,’ and the cat and the tiger are of the same species. Many of the others, however, took an astonishing number of shots before they fell, and some, that escaped from us after all, had no small quantity of ammunition wasted upon them. There is a good reason for this besides crooked powder and the tiger’s tenacity of life—namely, the rough motion of the elephant when going at a quick pace, either in a chase or a retreat. By this ill-sounding word ‘ retreat,’ you must not imagine that we ever beat it of our own accord, but our elephants sometimes do it for us, and pretty speedily too. So long as these immense and unwieldy animals keep to a walk it is almost as easy to take good aim from their backs as if we were standing upon *terra firma*, but no sooner do they break from that pace than things become very different. Thus, if the tiger either breaks slyly away, or escapes from our first shots, we have nothing to do but to order our mahouts to put the elephants into speed and give chase as fast as possible; and it is then that our bullets very frequently cut through the jungle on all sides of the tiger without touching him. In a retreat it is still worse, because the fear of the elephant, who seems to have an instinctive dread of the tiger, makes him go much faster than all the blows and exclamations of his mahout. The whole line of elephants will thus sometimes take to flight; for as one

runaway regiment in a battle may lead to a general rout, the flight of one elephant will frequently set all the others in motion. I suppose you have heard of the melancholy accident that happened many years ago in India from an elephant, when thus panic-stricken, plunging with its riders into a rapid part of the river, and being carried away by the stream. It is, however, I am happy to say, a solitary instance of the kind, for the sagacity of the elephant is generally more powerful even than its fear.

"The tiger very rarely advances far in pursuit of his flying enemies; his mode of attack generally consists in a sudden rush for a short distance and then one tremendous bound upon his prey. When Byron, in describing the vindictiveness of an enraged woman, says,—

'And her revenge is as the tiger's spring,'

I consider that he has fixed upon the strongest simile which nature could have afforded him. Of the gallantry of the expression I shall say nothing, and will leave others to answer for its truth, having never witnessed it myself, but for force of language it cannot be excelled; if it be true, they who like me have seen tiger-hunting, ought to be of all men the most cautious in giving offence to the fairer sex. But though the tiger will pursue our flying elephants for a very short distance, the latter do not seem to be at all confident as to his forbearance, and thus when they are once started they cannot be stopped in a hurry and brought round again to the charge. Some of them, however, either from having more natural courage, being better trained, or more accustomed to tiger-hunting, can always be de-

pended upon, and I have ridden two or three myself that never upon any emergency displayed the white feather. When an elephant of this sort beholds a tiger either rushing or creeping towards him, he will stand boldly upon his guard, and endeavour by all means to face his enemy, because an attack upon his hind quarters is what he has the greatest aversion to; and with good reason, for such an attack he has the least power of repelling. The elephant is sometimes very severely wounded; and, on the other hand, I have witnessed instances in which it has done more towards destroying the tiger than all of the sportsmen put together. We, so long as we keep in our houdahs, are beyond harm's reach; but the same cannot exactly be said of either the mahout before or the coolie behind us, although accidents very rarely happen to either of them. There is one thing to be guarded against upon these occasions, and that is, being tossed out of the houdah; for the elephant, aware of its great weight, will sometimes attempt to kneel upon the tiger and thus crush him to death. The motions of the elephant whilst thus engaged are very rough indeed, and of course the houdah must be in a very slanting position, therefore it becomes needful to hold fast.

"The largest tiger when first aroused by a shooting party will, in nineteen cases out of twenty, show a disposition to avoid the conflict. The line of elephants, with their houdahs and armed men upon their backs, appear too formidable a cavalcade to be rashly encountered, and, like Jack Falstaff upon Shrewsbury Plain, he seems to consider that 'discretion is the better part of valour;' but let him

receive a wound, and then away mostly goes discretion to the winds;

*' Like tyrant roused to sudden strife
By gaze of ill-directed knife,'*

he darts furiously upon his enemies, and seldom relinquishes the combat until the hand of death is upon him. I have seen one cling fast both with teeth and claws to an elephant whilst shot after shot was fired at him, and then drop off lifeless at last.

"Ready, however, as is the tiger to show fight when enraged, he is not by nature so quarrelsome as the Bengal boar. Instances have been known of that surly animal coming to the charge merely because a hat was waved at him, or a boar-spear shaken as in defiance; but, for my own part, I have witnessed little boar-hunting during my sojourn in India, having been nearly the whole of my time stationed high up the country, where it is not often to be met with, and where the wild boar, when found at all, is very inferior both in size and ferocity to those of the lower provinces. Some men consider boar-hunting to be the first Indian sport, but I am very far from agreeing with them. In the first place, there is little variety in it, however much skill and daring: mounted on a horse with only a boar-spear in his hand, the sportsman is prepared for nothing else, because if he should suddenly come upon a tiger he is in a very unfit state to cope with him, and the deer are both too wild and too fleet to be speared; and, secondly, because I would not see my fine Arab charger ripped up by a boar's tusk for all the boar-hunting under the sun. Now, as we beat through a jungle upon our elephants, well armed with both guns and rifles, we have the chance of meeting with

all kinds of Indian game, and are prepared for anything. It is true that, when we believe tigers to be close at hand, we do generally abstain from firing at anything else, lest the noise of our guns should set them upon the move; but in ordinary cases we go along shooting at everything worth powder and shot that comes in our way. Thus we generally contrive, what with pea-fowl, black partridges, quails, florikans, &c. to bring to bag a good quantity of game in the course of the day.

"Pea-fowl shooting, though the birds make a great display when laid out in a row upon our return home, does not afford any great sport. You remember the old joke we used to have about 'missing a flying haystack,' when speaking of some very bad shot, and a flying peacock is much the same. The difficulty, however, is to get them to fly, for they are apt to run like lamplighters. I never rode after an ostrich along the desert's sands, but certainly I suspect that no other bird can use its legs faster than the pea-fowl.

"The black partridge affords much sport, and is scattered pretty generally over most parts of this country; and the same may be said of the quail. In fact, quail-shooting here is considered to be at least equal to what it is in the south of France or Italy, and, as a warm climate seems essential to that delicate little bird, I should give India the preference. Snipes and wild-fowl are both in great abundance, which rather surprises an Englishman at first, because we know that all birds of their species, which do not stay with us throughout the year, come to our shores from more northern regions and return again in the spring, as

if England was then getting too hot for them. Why, then, may it be asked, are they so plentiful in India? But as this is a question which might puzzle more learned heads than mine, I'll venture upon no reply to it; and, having merely stated the fact, will leave others to ruminate upon the cause. During the cold season I sometimes kill forty couple of snipes in a day, and they frequently rise in such flocks that, though aiming at only one, I bring down two or three at a shot. Snipe-shooting in India, however, bears the character of being a very unhealthy amusement, and so no doubt it is in the lower provinces, but here there is not much to be apprehended if due caution be taken. As for the wild-fowl it is absolutely curious to see the numbers and variety in which, during the rainy weather, they pour in upon us, from that magnificent

bird of the heron species, called the Cyrus, down to the little teal. The former bird, though generally standing between five and six feet high, is sometimes brought down by that bold and powerful hawk, named the byree; but, as I said before, we have some of the best hawking here. It is a sport that seems chiefly confined to uncivilized parts of the world, and to march away before the march of improvement." * * *

And now, Mr. Editor, I think I have given you enough, for the time present, at all events, if not also for that which is to come.

"The best of things beyond their measure cloy,"

says old Homer, and, as I deem his advice to be good, I have taken care not to trouble you with too long an article. Yours, &c.

C. H.

Feb. 5, 1833.

SPORTS IN SOUTH AMERICA.

(Concluded from p. 265.)

THE LION AND THE OSTRICH HUNT

EARLY the next morning we were on our road. Our party consisted of eight persons, viz. myself, my peon, Matteo and his two brothers, a boy who led a string of spare horses, and two gauchos, who had come the previous night from the adjacent village to join in the chase, for idle and "*insausciant*" as these people are it has charms even for them. Fond as they appear of it, it is strange that there are not more who keep dogs; for although a man and horse might hunt the ostrich perfectly

well alone, you never find them chasing these birds without dogs, which are always kept for the lion and guanaco, in pursuing which they are almost indispensable. We carried nothing but my saddle-bags, which contained a number of necessary articles, for I had left (not without some little risk of never seeing them again) all my baggage at the post-house. The peons also carried the provision that was to serve us on our expedition, and which consisted almost entirely of dried beef ground to a

powder; this is called *chargui molido*. We were all armed with lassos and bolas, in the use of which I had acquired some little practice at Cordova. Before I proceed it may, perhaps, be necessary to describe these missile weapons, as they are peculiar to South America. The lasso is a strong plaited thong, half an inch in diameter, and forty feet long; it is made of strips of green hide, plaited like a whip-thong, and rendered supple by grease; it has at one end an iron ring, through which the end of the lasso is passed, forming in that manner a running-noose: one end is fastened to the saddle-girth (for it is always used from the horse), and the noose is swung horizontally round the head and flung at the object meant to be secured. The weight of the iron ring, by a continued circular motion, helps to throw out the whole length of the line; if at a horse the noose falls on the neck, and if at a bull over the horns. As soon as the rider perceives that he has succeeded in his aim he suddenly turns his horse, by which time the entrapped animal will have drawn the noose tight. The horse sets his legs, as if instinctively, in a position to resist the pull which the entangled animal suddenly checked by the lasso occasions. The precision and dexterity with which the peons use this weapon is really admirable. The bolas is a missile of perhaps as singular a nature; it consists of three hard, heavy balls, tightly wrapped in hide, each attached to a thong three feet in length, the three ends of which are attached together. The method of throwing the bolas is very similar to that of the lasso: it is held in the right hand by the knot which ties

the three thongs together, then twirling the balls round his head a number of times, and taking his aim, the gaucho lets go the weapon from the part of its orbit, which enables it to reach the object aimed at, and its centrifugal is thus converted into a projectile force. In its course through the air the balls diverge and describe a gyrotary motion round their common centre. This weapon is generally aimed at the legs, and it seldom fails to entangle and check the strongest bull at full speed, and almost invariably brings down the animal it is aimed at. The bolas is always carried by the peon round the waist, whilst his lasso is coiled up and tied to his saddle. We proceeded northwards, traversing an immense plain between the river Desaguaders and the chain of hills called "Las Gigantes," or the Giants, a continuation of the Alto del Yaso. The ground was in general barren, and sparingly covered with thistles and a few accacias and other resinous bushes; we started several foxes—two of which the dogs run down in a very short space of time. These hounds were of the lurcher species and hunted by sight, giving tongue the instant they perceived any bird or animal at the distance of half a mile. We rode until late in the afternoon when we perceived a herd of deer in the distance; but Matteo declined pursuing them, because, in the first place, they were making straight for the hills; and, secondly, we were approaching a place where we were likely to meet with the birds we were in quest of. I at first imagined that the ostrich could be run down in about the time that it takes us to kill a fox; but I laboured under a strange mistake, which I was made sen-

sible of on inquiring of Matteo whether we should yet have time to run them down before sunset if we met with any. "Ah, Señor Inglesé," said he, "we will not follow any this evening if we see them, because they would have too much rest during the night; they are not to be tired out in a few hours; we do not ride hotly into them at first, or they would very soon leave us nothing but their trace." And as he explained to me, the ostriches, if the dogs were encouraged to run at them when first started, would then exert their utmost speed, and very soon leave hunters and hounds at a hopeless distance; for, when fresh, the fleetest dogs and horses stand little chance with them on level ground. The method of getting at them, therefore, is, when the huntsmen get within sight of a troop, to keep following them slowly and leisurely, fast enough to keep the birds at a good round pace, but without advancing with sufficient rapidity to induce them to make right away, which they are too lazy often to attempt until very closely pressed. There is nothing knocks up the ostrich so much as this harassing kind of pursuit, and as soon as the experienced eye of the gaucho perceives that they are sufficiently reduced by fatigue to be about on an equality, the chase may be said properly to begin.

Towards evening we approached an estancia, situated completely in the middle of the desert. There had formerly been two or three huts, which were now in ruins, having been burned by the Indians a few months before; the inhabitants had all been treated with as little mercy as the Spaniards of old showed to their ancestors. The cattle were now guarded by two or

three domadores or herdsmen, who had inclosed a piece of ground large enough to contain all the cattle, with a ditch and mud wall. In case they make their appearance all the animals are driven into this, and the Indians from being constantly on horseback are so weak and feeble on foot that they are afraid of entering any place if they must dismount for it. This singular people are descended from the aborigines who took refuge from the tyranny of the Spaniards, and lead the same rambling life as the Arabs, whom in many respects they resemble, and like whom they have never been subdued. They are wild and savage in the extreme, existing by plunder and the chase: they feed upon raw flesh, preferring that of mares to any other. It is said that their feet are so feeble from constantly riding that an Indian could not perform three miles in a day on foot. It is surprising what immense distances they will traverse unperceived, advancing sometimes many hundred leagues into the territory of the Chilians without exciting any alarm, for at day-break they are always out of sight of the cottages; and although they are never in troops of less than fifty, they know the country so well that these expeditions are nearly always managed with impunity. Day-break, or in the afternoon when the inhabitants are taking their siesta, is generally the time they choose for approaching an estancia, as they imagine the people will be less prepared to receive them. If they can carry off the cattle and horses they seldom enter the houses, but when they do they carry off or destroy everything, kill the children, the old people, and all but the good-looking women, whom

they esteem their greatest prizes. If once the cattle are driven into the inclosure the Indians are too cowardly to attempt forcing it; they, however, endeavour to approach, unobserved, by stratagem: they will sling themselves under the bellies of their horses and advance at a slow pace, as if a herd of baguales, or wild horses, were grazing in the neighbourhood; when they consider themselves sufficiently near to prevent the recovery of the cattle they recover their seats with a loud yell, and advancing at full gallop seldom fail to carry off their booty. Here I purchased a sheep for our supper, that our dried beef might last the longer; the charge was only two reals (one shilling). One of Matteo's brothers nearly severed the head at a blow with his knife, and it was very soon roasting before the fire.

We had only advanced forty miles that day, but it was judged advisable to proceed no further, and we all lay down round the fire, although we were prevented from sleeping for some time by the wrangling of the dogs over the carcass of the sheep which had been left to them; for in killing any animal it is not customary to joint it, but slips of flesh are cut off and the skeleton remains perfect.

Two hours before day-break we arose and missed one of the peons, who had unaccountably left us during the night. Having got fresh horses at the estancia we started as soon as possible, and after riding about eight miles I descried at a distance what seemed to me like a troop of cavalry. We had extended, and formed a line to beat the country more completely; from Matteo, who formed the ex-

treme end to right, to the outermost peon it might be perhaps half a mile. Matteo instantly shouted out to fall back, and on a closer examination I distinctly saw the long necks of the birds we were in pursuit of. I suppose they were about six feet high, and any European at the first *coup d'œil* might be excused for taking them for a squadron of horsemen. The peons, however, laughed heartily at my mistake, and after tying up the dogs we followed in the direction where the ostriches had disappeared, our speed, however, purposely reduced to about five miles an hour. It was not long before we came again in sight, and we then a second time slackened our pace a great deal. The birds, who were evidently uneasy at our presence, would run for a quarter of a mile and then look at us, and then trot on again; they described nearly a half circle on the plain before us, which was perhaps six miles, while by following our guide, who cut straight across, we had not, perhaps, more than a mile and a half to traverse. At that great distance, for they always kept more than half a mile in front, it was difficult to count their numbers, but as near as we could guess we imagined there must have been about 300. We could just descry that some of them were using their wings in running, and the gauchos began to fear that they were making off in earnest, so we halted till they had disappeared on the horizon, which they very shortly did, but always by an oblique and winding course. We rested for about half an hour and then started again full gallop. It was really admirable to see the judgment, or rather I might say instinct, the hunters displayed in

discovering the track of their prey, and pushing straight on, so as to cut off all the useless rounds they had made, without erring, perhaps, for an inch. The ostriches were just preparing to rest when their indefatigable foes again appeared in sight, and off they went again. In this way we continued keeping them continually on foot for many hours. On the way we caught two quinchillas, or armadilloes; a knife was introduced between the scales of the neck and they were then thrown across a peon's horse, for they had not leisure to dress them on the spot, which otherwise would certainly have followed. We saw a good number of deer and a solitary wolf, but we kept slowly following up the ostriches till evening; but they were still too fresh to venture letting the dogs after them, although Matteo assured me they would be too glad of rest to move much further if we ceased to pursue them.

We made a fire with the resinous bushes which we collected, but it was barely enough to cook the quinchillas by, of which I did not partake, and we lay down to rest after carefully covering the embers with sand, for fear of being seen by a party of Indians who generally take that time to travel; and although a thing which might not happen once in a man's life, yet, after that *once*, he would never have the opportunity of using the experience he had so ruefully acquired. It was rather cold during the night, and we were again disturbed by the baying of the dogs, probably at some animals passing near whose scent they had winded. As soon as ever it was light enough to distinguish anything my peon (as I must call the one I brought with me from Cordova to distin-

guish him from the rest) arose, and went out to catch our horses which had been left to graze. This time Matteo seemed completely puzzled as to what direction the fugitives had taken; he could guess, but not with sufficient certainty to satisfy a gaucho.

We now took different ways, though all were in a northerly direction; but the soil was so hard and so barren that we could not discover either trace on the sand or scent by which the hounds might have directed us, but as each rider was a half-mile apart, and traversed the ground in a zig-zag direction, it was impossible that we could go long without discovering some clue; accordingly, after about half an hour, one of the party paused, and putting his hands to his mouth halloed out in a way peculiar to the gaucho huntsmen, "A-ou, a-ou, a-ou!" This cry is heard an immense way in the desert, and the next horseman uttering it in the same way, the one who was next to him repeated it to apprise his neighbour, and in a very short time every one had gathered where the first cry proceeded from. The soil being softer, one of the peons had fallen upon the track; it was so evident as not to be mistaken, for the ground was as if a flock of sheep had traversed it, and we instantly pressed forward in that direction. We next came to what was of rare occurrence in that part of the world—a low and rather dense shrubbery of accacias, extending perhaps four miles. We rode through it rather straggling, and I had just reached the other side when the boy who was behind me shouted — "Puma! Puma!" with all his might, and a lion rushed out close before my horse

and made away for the open country. I followed him up full gallop, and when I had gained a little I flung my bolas at his legs, but from want of experience either I was too far or did not throw them with sufficient force, but certain it is I entirely missed my aim. The boy who was following close behind me when I left the wood, dragging a string of change horses after him, instantly left his cattle and was almost up with me when I hurled the bolas; as soon as I had missed he shot forward, and having galloped three hundred yards further threw his lasso right over the neck of the lion; he then pressed forward with all his might, and the enraged animal instead of flying at the horse resisted the pull of the lasso with all his strength; the little fellow, however, was afraid to stop, and roared out to us with all his might for help. The rest of our party had by this time reached the border of the plain, and seeing his perilous situation instead of riding up to him loosed all the dogs; they very soon overtook and attacked the lion, and the boy continuing at full speed, what with the strangulation occasioned by the lasso, and the fury of the dogs, he was quite overcome and nearly torn to pieces before we could reach the mangled carcass or the youthful hunter stop his affrighted steed. This was the post-master's eldest son, a lad about fourteen. After congratulating him on his victory, which was no small feather in his cap, the peons tried to skin the body of their fallen enemy, but it had been too much torn by the dogs, and so was given over. The South American lion, or puma, has no mane, or at least one so short that it can hardly be called such; like most of the ani-

mals of the New World it is smaller and less fierce than those found in the old; but, notwithstanding, in chasing them, if after the rider has secured it with the lasso he were to stop one moment he would inevitably be torn to pieces.

We now proceeded at a pretty sharp pace, but found the birds had been too restless during the night, and had gone further on than Matteo at first dreamed of. We again lost their trace in a district thinly covered with bushes, but the hounds were loosed and very soon recovered the trace, for the scent the ostrich leaves is very strong, and the number that had passed of course increased it. From the number of "billets" lying about my companions conjectured they must have passed some hours there, and having again tied up the dogs, about three hundred yards further on we surprised the whole flock. From this time we never lost sight of them for a quarter of an hour together, although our pace was often still slower than the preceding day. By this time the continual following them up at a distance had grown very fatiguing and wearisome. Not being so much accustomed as the peons I could hardly sit on my horse, who, poor creature, had scarcely a leg to stand upon. One thing gave me a little comfort—the objects of our pursuit seemed still less to like it than ourselves, and we were evidently gaining upon them very fast—the last two hours we were always within six hundred yards of them, and they seemed so overcome with fatigue that I made no doubt but that we could have got up to them in five minutes, but as the two most experienced peons shook their heads, and I had been so far under their directions, I was

resolved to do nothing against their advice.

At last Matteo drew up. "Now, Garillo," said he, "change horses, man, and gallop up to the right, so as to drive them on the rocky ground, where they cannot run so fast, and then we will run into them at once." We now all changed horses and took those that were led; and, indeed, it was high time, for we had ridden five-and-thirty miles that day, and nearly all the time in want of water. The steeds we mounted were far from being fresh, having, of course, come the same distance as the others, but not having been ridden, and being finer animals kept purposely for the reserve, I thought they might do well enough to run down the desert birds, with whom, from their manner of dragging themselves along, I made no doubt of coming up to in a few minutes, so we were obliged to make the best of a bad bargain. Every one was now in high spirits. Having passed round my flask with rum, Matteo gave the signal, and all the dogs (nine in number) were again loosed, the hunt pressing forward full gallop to back them, and the peons inciting them with their wild and discordant cries, they advanced with about the speed of a heavy greyhound, and I was never so surprised in my life as to see the inconceivable rapidity with which the whole troop of ostriches made off when they found the hounds straining after them; an instant before they seemed ready to drop at every step, but now extending their long necks, and flying rather than running, they dashed along with the rapidity of the wind, and for the moment as I saw their short black wings beating the air I actually could not divest myself

of the idea that they were going to fly away. We followed, however, at all the speed we could muster, and we presently saw the hounds almost at their heels; one of them had just secured a fugitive, when with its hard and bony heel the bird sent him sprawling on the ground. They seemed a little discouraged at this and were evidently loosing ground, but the ostriches according to their custom swept round the plain; and as we now strained every nerve by riding straight onwards we cut them short. It was a curious sight to see the peons dividing to hem them in, the bolas already twirling round and round in the air, and their animated countenances beaming with triumph, and their coloured ponchos and raven locks streaming in the wind. It required but an instant to take aim;—whiz! whiz! and the balls entangling the leather thongs round their legs down came two of them struggling to the ground. It was really admirable to see them when running at forty feet from their pursuers brought down as suddenly as if they had been shot; the hunters rode right over them with their horses, and stooping from the saddle gave them "a settler" with their long knives; they then instantly unfurled the lasso to secure another victim, and cut the throats of two or three that were struggling with the dogs. For myself I made but awkward use of my weapons compared to my companions; after three attempts I got my lasso round the neck of one and dragged it up to Matteo to dispatch, and I also brought one down with my bolas; but as I had to dismount to finish him he disentangled himself and escaped me, not without my very narrowly

avoiding a kick on the knee, which would have been as bad as a like salutation from a horse; one of the gauchos, however, pursued and killed him a little further on. The whole scene was more like a charge amongst a broken square of infantry than anything else, and if we had been more in number we might have secured about half a hundred of them; as it was we killed thirteen, but the horses were too much fatigued to pursue much further; besides which it was a sandy soil beyond, and there they had decidedly the advantage of us. These birds are rather different from the Arabian ostrich, being of a lighter colour and considerably less in size; the feathers of the back are grey, and those on the breast white; when standing upright the old ones measure six feet in height, the young from four and a half upwards. The thigh of one of them which I measured was like that of a very stout man, and the legs as bony and hard as the leg and hoof of a horse. The body is of a rounded oval shape, almost like a duck's egg. The cry they utter when approached by the hunters is like the scream of a hoarse child, and they have a singular way in running of stretching first one wing and then the other to catch the wind; but as for the tales that are told of their hiding their heads in the sand when they can run no longer, I saw nothing of the kind, nor had any of the Chilians I spoke to, so that I should be inclined to say with the old song, "But travellers see strange things."

The first care of the gauchos was to take the carcasses of their victims one by one and open their throats; a strong ligature of hide was then tied over it, and two or

three of them having taken up the carcass and shaken it violently about, it was then hung down from the saddle of the horse, and the ligature being untied a sheepskin was placed underneath it, when a quantity of thick oily matter poured out of the wound, from some of the fattest I suppose as much as eight or nine pints: this grease is greatly valued by the natives. The next operation was to skin them: the skins are sometimes used with the feathers on, but oftenest tanned for the sake of the leather, which is the hardest and most durable known. The ostrich although not commonly eaten is by no means bad, particularly the flesh of the young ones. Having chosen as tender a one as could be found, the gauchos, who preferred it to dried beef, cut off large pieces from the breast and other fleshy parts which they roasted. The meat was dark, rather tough, and strong tasted, but this they informed me was on account of its being too old. After skinning the others they opened the stomach and carefully sought among the number of stones and various hard substances which these birds swallow for the small transparent flints which are sometimes found; to these they attach great value, as they are supposed to possess the most miraculous qualities. Two or three were picked up, and I actually thought the peons would have fought about them. The outer coat of these stones was eaten away and they were rounded like marbles by the constant action of the stomach. They are strung like beads, and worn about the neck, where they are imagined to cure, or rather avert, a thousand diseases and misadventures. The carcasses were thrown to the dogs, and amid their growl-

ing and fighting, and the boisterous mirth of the peons, I lay down to rest on the spot we had chosen for bivouacing that night; and right glad I was of a little repose after a chase of three days, during which we had traversed about a hundred and fifty miles, all the time either under the hot sun or exposed to the cold winds, with nothing but my cloak during the night time. Although for the first two days' ride it was rather tiresome, this was fully compensated by the sport we met with on

the third; and the vanquished lion and the spoils of thirteen of the "camel-birds," as they have sometimes been called, made me far from being displeased with my expedition. Nor did it appear at all unsatisfactory to my gaucho companions, who, as I was composing myself to sleep, kept singing snatches of an old Moorish ditty, and dipping the ends of their bolas, and dabbling with their hands, in the blood of their feathered enemies—an operation which apparently gave them great pleasure.

FURTHER REMARKS ON THE ARTICLE ON "THE ROAD," IN THE QUARTERLY REVIEW.

BY A FETTER LANE COACHMAN.

SIR,

I have just come from Fetter-lane, laughing in my sleeve, for the whole of the last hour has been taken up in trying to discover which of us wrote the letter on Coaching in your pages under the name of Medium. Of course I joined in the conversation, and wondered as much as any of them who it could be. I fancy I hear you, Mr. Editor, saying, "All right—get to work." So I will, without any further prelude, and, in the first place, take up that part of the Reviewer's article which touches on the manner in which a coach is worked. He says, "If at the end of the lunar month the gross earnings of a coach should be £10 per mile," &c. &c. I shall answer it by asking if *ever* such a thing did happen. A coach which averages £4 (and this is a topper) per mile clear is now called a *very* good one *and rare*. In short, was

it not for horse-keep being so cheap coaching would be a very losing concern. No man should be a coach proprietor who is not both a farmer and post-master. He should be a farmer, because he can work his stale horses on his land; for there is no better restorative for legs and feet than the plough. Another advantage is that, in ploughing, the horses receive sufficient exercise to keep them in condition, so that at the end of five or six weeks they are ready to go to work again; whereas, a proprietor who has no land must either sell to a great loss or send his horses out to grass, but when they are brought home they are invariably out of condition and unfit for work. The manure is an article of great importance to the farmer-proprietor. A Yorkshire farmer talking with his man after a continuance of wet weather, said, "Tommy, what dost think o' t' weather?"

"Can't say much about it." "Why, let me see, Tommy, I think 'twas new moon last night." "Weel," says Tommy, "what's mune to de wi' t' weather—t' weather mun have summut to de wi' t' mune?" "Well, well, Tommy, thou shalt have thy own opinion about the moon, but, I think after all, if this drizzly weather would take up, and Providence prove kind, we may yet have good crops." "Ah, measter, it's all weel enew talking about Providence and t' weather, but, after all, 'Muck's your man'—can't do without tillage."

My reason for saying a man should be a post-master as well as farmer is this—when posting is slack he has an opportunity of resting his coach-horses by letting the postmen take a journey or two in his coaches; and, on the other hand, should posting become brisk (which, by-the-by, is very uncertain), a turn or two will not hurt the rest-horses; but I dare say I shall get fault found with for making this last remark, as there is scarcely anything annoys a coachman more than meeting his horses on a posting job; but it must materially help the proprietor, and servants ought to consult the interest of their masters as well as themselves.

I must pull up, for I wish to say a little on a subject I think of great importance; it is to show how little protection there is for coach proprietors when everything is done for steam*—the latter is protected, while the former is more and more oppressed. I allude to the extra penny per mile duty on stage-coaches; but I will copy an article

that appeared some time ago in a Cambridge paper—it was this:—
 "There is, perhaps, no town in England in which greater accommodation is afforded to its inhabitants than to Cambridge; I mean with regard to the number of stage-coaches which run from thence. The expense to the proprietors must be immense, as the style in which every coach is worked sufficiently indicates; and when we see that every attention is paid on the part of the proprietors to ensure the comfort and safety of the passengers, ought not the people of Cambridge to do what lies in their power to protect those who afford them so much accommodation? Economy and reduction of taxes are now the order of the day, but instead of decreasing the already very heavy tax levied on stage-coaches, it appears there is a Bill which has now passed the Commons, and which Bill is introduced by the new candidate for Cambridge, Mr. Spring Rice, who with his friends are all for economy, &c. &c.; yet the Bill was brought before the House at the end of the session, so that there was no time for appeal. It is to lay another penny per mile on stage-coaches, which to Cambridge alone will make a difference of £1300 per annum; therefore the extra sum produced from stage-coaches throughout the country must be enormous. Should Mr. Spring Rice favour the people of Cambridge with a few more such inventions they will have great reason to remember his very praiseworthy services. There were many most ridiculous clauses in the Bill, some of which have

* The Manchester and Liverpool railway continues to prosper. At the last half yearly meeting a dividend of £4 4s. per share was declared. The receipts of the half year amounted to £80,901, and the expenses were £48,278, leaving a net profit for six months of £32,623.—*Bell's Life in London*.

been altered, but no change can be made on the duties—they must stand. Mr. S. R. and his colleagues may well swagger on their candid and straight-forward mode of doing business."

Now, Mr. Editor, is not this a shame? If steam supersedes horses, I think those on the other side the water will ultimately have the laugh at Old England; for now there is one half of the best horses sent abroad, and if our roads should be sullied by the d—d smoky chimney system, good bye to the breeding of horses in this country; but I think after all if neither your head nor mine aches till steam becomes general it will be some time first. I am no politician, but I fancy it would be a most injurious thing to agriculture in particular, and would be felt by the country at large. I hope to see our roads (may I say) ornamented with our elegant drags while I live. My friend, the reviewer, thinks with me that coaching has now nearly arrived at its grand climax; however, there are certain things that I am not quite sure but which might be improved. I think the foot-boards of nearly all the coaches are too low, so that in descending a hill, or in pulling up, the wheel-horses' tails touch it. Many horses will not stand this. I do not know but that it is owing to the fore-wheels being placed too backward, or perhaps if the futchells were a trifle longer it would bring the splinter-bar out further, and that would obviate it. I hope Mr. Wright will not find me out or he will consider this taking a great liberty with the coachmaker, but I will put it in another light—it may be from the traces of the wheel horses being too short. It certainly is a mistaken notion that when they are so the horse has

more power. I contend that when your traces are too short you must of necessity pole your horses up so tight to keep them from the splinter-bar, that they are most miserably confined in their work, and the draught of the leaders acting on the end of the pole throws a considerable weight on the necks, and consequently on the fore-legs of the wheelers. I like a short trace to leaders, as it keeps the bars from swinging. The mails are certainly now too low with their splinter-bars, for a horse with the string-halt would jerk his leg over the pole. Extremes are seldom good, and they are now carried in this particular to the very utmost; in fact, I don't think the pole is above eighteen inches from the ground. I am aware that the leaders have great power from the low pole, as they certainly draw in a direct line, and keep the fore-end of the coach alive by (as it were) lifting the fore-wheels out of the ground; but the effect on many horses of the pole dangling about their legs will cause them to kick, when with a higher pole they would not attempt it.

I hope the reviewer will not consider me rude in saying I think him wrong in saying that the mails are called paper-carts from their lightness. I drove a mail when they weighed 24 cwt., and they then were nicknamed paper-carts; but it was not from their lightness but from what they carry, viz. letters and newspapers, that they received this appellation. There is only one thing more I must beg to differ with him in and then I have done: he says, "Some persons object to two sweats a-day; but it is *nonsense*; how does the race-horse run heats?—and how many sweats does a hack or hunter get?"

He says, "It is better for cattle to run five miles in and out on the same day than nine miles straight on end." I object to two sweats a day because it comes *every day*; not like either the race-horse or the hunter, the former only runs, to say the most, ten or twelve times a year, and the latter, perhaps, once in from five to six or seven days; and both race-horses and hunters have their periods of rest—the race-horse all the winter and the hunter during the summer; whereas the coach-horse running in and out must sweat 730 times in the year, and sweating to excess is the greatest enemy to condition. On this point I think the reviewer hits himself a drawing stroke, for he says in one part of this very excellent article, "Horses draw by their weight, and not by the force of their muscles." True. Now if weight in the coach-horse acts as strength, what can reduce his weight so much as sweating? What do jockeys walk and sweat for, but to reduce their weight? I am told that a jockey in one walk can throw off seven pounds; nay, Sam. Chifney has got off eleven or twelve. Two sweats a day will always keep horses light.

Now, sir, accept my thanks for your kindness in sending me the February number of your out-and-out machine. I have read your valuable correspondent's (Nimrod) observations on my friend Joe Walton. He observes he is not a neat whipper, chiefly because he does not bring his thong up with the draw. Perhaps he did not observe that the wheeler following the leader he had occasion to hit was right up to his work at the time, and therefore the thong touching him on the neck, which is generally the case with the drawing-

stroke, might have set all wrong. I am sure Joe is so good a judge that he had a reason for not trying to bring the thong back to hand in the way Nimrod describes. Comparisons are odious, and I am always sorry to see them made, but Nimrod, like the reviewer, will at every turn twist the present-day coachmen in and the old ones out, at any rate he always gives them a decided preference, as is the case between Jack Peer and Joe Walton. There never was one so good but another can be found to equal him; but I must be allowed to doubt Peer being, as Nimrod has it, "*greatly Joe's superior*." I know them both, they are both good coachmen. I will mention two men I have seen drive—one of them hundreds of times, the other as a matter of curiosity—and what is rather singular (but as two are plural perhaps I am wrong) both bear the same name—John Richardson. These two Johns, I am confident, were qualified to compete with any Peer in England in the science of driving four-in-hand. I mean John R. of the Worthing, and John R. of the Glasgow, and afterwards of the Edinbro' mails, from Huntingdon to Grantham. The former I have known at least twenty-five years, and in my opinion a better coachman cannot be. The latter, better known by the name of Sailor Jack, is now unable to follow his business. Of course I must inform you why. I had heard tell of him from several north country guards, and therefore as I now and then take a peep at the Doncaster St. Leger, contrived to go by the Edinbro' mail at the time he drove it. When he came to the coach at Huntingdon I was struck with his workmanlike appearance, which certainly pre-

possessed me in his favour; but when he got up and started I was quite satisfied in the first mile that his abilities had not been over-rated. I will pass on to the last stage he drove, for here lays my story. I don't recollect the name of the place, but that matters little. I saw all was caution—both wheelers' traces thrown over in front of the pads, sufficient to indicate a pair of kickers. I did not choose to keep my seat while this infernal team were putting to, but as soon as Jack put his foot to the wheel to get up I did the same; the guard, I suppose, expecting something wrong did not attempt it till we really did start, which was not till he had replaced a broken trace. Such plunging, jibbing, kicking, and rearing *with all four* I never saw before, and never wish to witness again. After two or three false starts off we went in the most frightful manner. Yet with these four mad devils I must say I never saw such exquisite driving in my life, and what is more never expect to see again. I think if four lions could have been harnessed he was the most likely man in the world to drive them. He seemed to combine great patience with plenty of resolution. It was a hilly stage, and neither of the wheelers would hold an ounce, but kept continually kicking; they would not pull up sufficiently long ever to hang the drag on. He was compelled to use the whip most freely about the wheelers' ears to, in some measure, take their attention from kicking. However, though this would naturally cause them to increase their speed, by beginning at the top of the hill as slow as they (without plunging) would allow, he contrived, by his fine handling and prodigious strength, to keep them

from breaking into a gallop. I observed to him, "You will drive this team once too often; for should anything break I would not give twopence for your chance." He answered, "If they break my neck I shall not find fault with them; though my guards say they wont ride with them, but will report them to the post-master." "Why not find fault with them?" said I; "I have seen many awkward teams, but these beat all I ever saw or heard of." "I went to my master," said he, "last journey, and told him I should wish him to take one of these out and let me have one steadyish one, for four that were all of a mind for mischief were *rather* too many to be safe." "Well, what answer did he make?—he could not refuse so reasonable a request." "If you knew him," said he, "as well as I do, you would have been able to tell before-hand. He grumbled out 'Oh, I have to find horses, and suppose my next job will be to try and make coachmen!'" Jack and his guard both assured me that he scarcely ever had a horse belonging to this proprietor that was not a cast-out from some other team, and if there was a new horse bought it was always given to "Sailor Jack." I have heard since that in less than a week after I rode with him, he tried to pull this very team up on the top of a hill, when one of them plunged over the pole, and threw herself down, but afterwards righted, and off they went in spite of all his skill. He contrived, however, to land them at the bottom, against a bank, without any accident, took the grey mare out that had thrown herself down, and went into Grant-ham with three; but from that day he lost all his nerve, and from fif-

teen stone has dwindled into a thin spare man. He cannot bear even the rattle of a gig; and if he rides a mile or two he has the sensation for hours afterwards; this was seven or eight years back. His employment now is merely waiting on the coachmen of Grantham, and I feel persuaded many of the north country gentlemen, did they know how he is reduced, would leave him now and then a *sovereign* remedy, for he was highly respected. I understand this said proprietor is now a coachman himself, and a very sorry tool, too. A gentleman told me a few days' ago he was baiting at Shirley's, New Inn, Staines, and went in front to see the numerous coaches pass; he found by his side a horsekeeper who seemed inclined to be communicative. He said, "That's a beautiful team that has just gone through the toll-bar." "Call that a beautiful team, zur? Lord, bless you, ve calls them are nothin! You should zee the chestnuts az has passed about half an hour since, if you want to see a slap up turn out." "They are something superior then are they." "Vy, I'll tell you, they are such a set of clippers. Vhat do ye think of um running away three times in a fortnight? It's true, by G—d, zur! But vun time, you must know, as how they got sarved out; for the coachman to prevent a vorser haccident shoved um all on a heap into a ditch." This must be pleasanter to talk about than to witness, and proprietors ought to be careful not to select an entire team of mistaught horses. If horses do ever get the master of the coachman and run away they should be shifted from that ground directly, for to a dead certainty they will try it on again, and most likely at the very same place.

Nimrod observes that Joe Walton wore pantaloons and shoes, without even gaiters. It is worth knowing that it is now customary to wear wash-leather socks that reach above the ankle, and I can assure coachmen, travellers, fox-hunters, or any one who has to contend much with the weather, that they are the very best things in the way of comfort that have ever been introduced. A chum of mine, and, by-the-bye, an excellent dragsman, told me (speaking of the present style of dress) he had agreed to meet several other coachmen to spend the evening with an amateur, and as his wardrobe was in London went down, as he termed it, full dressed, but not in the garb he had been in the habit of wearing in his work. When about twenty miles on his journey he found a quaker waiting to go by his coach who had been in the habit of riding with him for years, but seeing him thus dressed, very dryly (pretending not to know him) said, "Friend, what art thou about to do with that whip? Thou art surely not going to drive, I hope?" Not at the moment seeing the quiz, he answered, "Yes, sir, I am. Why not?" "Bless me," said he, as if surprised, "I did not remember thee, thou art so disguised. I thought thou might have been some haberdasher that had just escaped from behind the counter, and therefore was fearful I should be upset by thee in some ditch. I beg thy pardon, friend, but must say thou art prodigiously disguised." I now come to the end of my stage, and all I have got to add is, "Please to remember the coachman."

Your obedient servant,

MEDIUM.

White Horse, Fetter-lane.

THE STARLING.

BY CHARLES WATERTON, ESQ.

From the "Magazine of Natural History."

" 'I CAN'T get out,—I can't get out, said the starling.' I know not any thing, except Gay's 'Hare and many Friends,' that made so much impression on me, when a boy, as Sterne's description of the captive starling in its cage. His attempt to relieve the prisoner bird,—its pressing its breast against the wires,—its telling every body who came down the passage that it could not get out,—its remaining in hopeless captivity,—all tended to make this pretty bird particularly interesting to me; and, in days long past, I have spent many an hour in listening to its morning warblings, and in admiring its aerial evolutions towards the close of day.

" I wish I could do it a friendly turn, for the pleasure it has so often afforded me; but, in taking up the pen to clear its character, my heart misgives me, on account of the strong public prejudice against it.

" There is not a bird in all Great Britain more harmless than the starling; still it has to suffer persecution, and is too often doomed to see its numbers thinned by the hand of wantonness or error. The farmer complains that it sucks his pigeon's eggs; and, when the gunner and his assembled party wish to try their new percussion locks, the keeper is ordered to close the holes of entrance into the dovecot overnight; and the next morning three or four dozen of starlings are captured to be shot; while the keeper, that slave of Nimrod, receives thanks, and often a boon, from the surrounding sportsmen, for having freed the dovecot from such a pest. Alas! these poor

starlings had merely resorted to it for shelter and protection, and were in no way responsible for the fragments of egg-shells which were strewed upon the floor. These fragments were the work of deep designing knaves, and not of the harmless starling.

" The rat and the weasel were the real destroyers; but they had done the deed of mischief in the dark, unseen and unsuspected; while the stranger starlings were taken, condemned, and executed, for having been found in a place built for other tenants of a more profitable description.

" After the closest examination of the form and economy of the starling, you will be at a loss to produce any proof of its being an egg-sucker. If it really sucks the eggs of pigeons, it would equally suck the eggs of other birds; and, those eggs not being concealed in the dark recesses of the pigeon-cot, but exposed in open nests on the ground, and often in the leafless bushes of the hedge, this fact would afford to the inquisitive naturalist innumerable opportunities of detecting the bird in its depredations. Now, who has ever seen the starling in the absolute act of plundering a nest? It builds its nest here, in company with the ringdove, the robin, the greenfinch, the wagtail, the jackdaw, the chaffinch, and the owl, but it never touches their eggs. Indeed, if it were in the habit of annoying its immediate neighbours, upon so tender a point as that of sucking their eggs, there would soon be hue and cry against it; nor would the uproar cease until the

victor had driven away the vanquished. So certain am I that the starling never sucks the eggs of other birds, that, when I see him approach the dovecot, I often say to him, 'Go in, poor bird, and take thy rest in peace. Not a servant of mine shall surprise thee, or hurt a feather of thy head. Thou dost not come for eggs, but for protection; and this most freely. I will give to thee. I will be thy friend, in spite of all the world has said against thee; and here, at least, thou shalt find a place of safety for thyself and little ones. Thy innocence and usefulness demand this at my hands.'

"The starling is gregarious: and I am satisfied in my own mind that the congregated masses of this bird are only dissolved at the vernal equinox, because they have not sufficient opportunities afforded them of places wherein to build their nests. If those opportunities were offered them, we should see them breeding here in multitudes as numerous as the rook. They require a place for their nest, well protected from the external air. The inside of the roof of a house, a deep hole in a tower, or in the decayed trunk or branch of a tree, are places admirably adapted for the incubation of the starling; and he will always resort to them, provided he be unmolested. The same may be said of the jackdaw.

"Attentive observation led me to believe that the great bulk of starlings left our neighbourhood in the spring, solely for want of proper accommodation for their nests. For many years, two pairs of starlings only remained on my island. One of them regularly built its nest in the roof of the house, having found entrance through a neglected aperture; the other reared its

young, high up, in the deep hole of an aged sycamore tree. Two or three pairs frequented the dovecot; but I observe that they built their nests in the crannies, and not in the holes made for the pigeons. These poor birds, together with the owl, had to suffer persecution from wanton ignorant servants, until I proclaimed perpetual peace in their favour, and ordered, I may say, the Temple of Janus to be shut, never more to be opened during my time.

"Having been successful in establishing the owl in the old ivy tower over the gateway, I conjectured, from what I had observed of the habits of the starling, that I could be equally successful in persuading a greater number of these pretty lively birds to pass the summer with me. I made twenty-four holes in the old ruin; and in the spring of this year I had twenty-four starlings' nests. There seemed to be a good deal of squabbling about the possession of the holes; till, at last, might overcame right. The congregated numbers suddenly disappeared, no doubt with the intention of finding breeding quarters elsewhere; and the remaining four and twenty pairs hatched and reared their young, causing, I fear, the barn owls, their next-door neighbours in the tower, many a sleepless day, by their unwelcome and incessant chatterings.

"On the one hand, when we consider how careful the starling is in selecting a place for its incubation, sheltered from the storm; and, on the other, when we look around us, and see how many old houses have been pulled down, where these birds found a refuge; and when we reflect how modern luxury, and the still more baneful turf, have forced many a country squire to fell his aged oaks, his ash trees,

and his sycamores, which afforded the starling a retreat; it will not require the eyes of Argus to enable naturalists to discern the true cause why such numbers of assembled starlings take their leave of us in early spring.

"This year, seven pairs of jackdaws, twenty-four pairs of starlings, four pairs of ringdoves, the barn owl, the blackbird, the robin, the redstart, the house-sparrow, and chaffinch, have had their nests in the old ivy tower. The barn owl has had two broods, and, while I am writing this, there are half-fledged young ones in the nest. As far as I can learn, there has been no plundering of the eggs of this community, on the part of the starlings.

"Now that autumn has set in, the movements of this delightful assemblage of birds already warn us to prepare for winter's chilling blasts. The redstart is gone to Africa; the chaffinch has retired to the hawthorn hedges; the ringdoves, having lost half of their notes by the first week in October, became mute about ten days ago; and have left the ivy tower, to join their congregated associates, which now chiefly feed in the turnip fields; and will return no more to the ivy tower until the middle of February. The jackdaws are here, morning and evening, and often at noon; and at nightfall they never fail to join the passing flocks of rooks in

their evening flight to their eastern roosting-place at Nostell Priory, and return with them after day-break. The starlings retire to a dense plantation of spruce fir and beech trees, and in the morning come to the ivy tower to warble their wild notes, even when the frosts set in. These birds are now in their winter garb, which they assumed at the autumnal equinox, much duller, and of a more greyish white appearance, than that which they had in the summer. I cannot find that naturalists have noticed this change.

"The starling seems to be well aware of the peaceful and inoffensive manners of the windhover. This hawk rears its young in a crow's old nest, within two hundred yards of the ivy tower. Still, the starlings betray no fears when the windhover passes to and fro; but they become terribly agitated on the approach of the sparrowhawk. I often see this bold destroyer glide in lowly flight across the lake, and strike a starling and carry it off, amid the shrieks and uproar of the inhabitants of the tower and sycamore trees.

"The starling shall always have a friend in me. I admire it for its fine shape and lovely plumage; I protect it for its wild and varied song; and I defend it for its innocence.

"CHARLES WATERTON.

"Walton Hall, Nov. 3, 1832."

REMARKS ON THE DERBY FAVOURITES.

I THINK every one will bear me out, when I say that the last year's two year olds were, as a lot, decidedly better than those of the pre-

vious year, added to which, the immense number of nominations (124 being the greatest number ever known, either for this or any

other race), makes it appear almost a farce to think about *naming the winner*. Still, Mr. Editor, with your kind permission, I will give my opinion of the favourites now in the market, knowing there are many people who are *small betters*, consequently not always in the ring, and who have certainly "a very up hill game to fight," belonging to no party, and having no friends at Newmarket to give them the earliest information about trials, breaking-downs, &c. To these, and to these only, I submit my remarks, beginning *not as the horses now stand in the odds*, but as I consider their respective chances to be. I shall, therefore, first introduce Mr. Rawlinson's Revenge, by Fungus, out of Ruby's dam, by Ditto; probably you will think little of my remarks, by placing this country nag before the great Newmarket Lion, Glaucus, but certainly Revenge is the best public horse in the great stake, and public running against private, "all England to an orange." It is true he is not in what is called a "Flash Stable," but he *belongs to a gentleman* whose greatest ambition in the Sporting world would be to win a Derby; to a gentleman *who has* won large stakes, and who almost won the Oaks with a half sister to Revenge. Revenge made his *debut* at Ascot-heath, in the Old Two-year-old Stakes, against Young Rapid (previously a winner of three races), Aspasia filly (a winner of a stake the day before, and since of two races at Newmarket), Weeper (a winner before, and three times afterwards), Samarcand (also a winner), Dromedary (the pet of the Wood party, who regretted that he was not in the Derby), Marpessa, (winner of the Nursery Stakes,

beating Chifney's crack, and a large field), and St. Julien (who had previously ran a good second in several races); betting 6 to 4 against Rapid, and 9 to 2 against Revenge, who won very easy; it is true he received 3lb. from Rapid, but I think those who saw the race will agree with me, that he could have given 7lbs. and still have won. He is a remarkably neat horse, with beautiful action, and appears very temperate, and having no engagement previous to the day will have the great advantage of freshness; there are many people who think him an *impostor*, but if this meets their eye I will just hint to them to take care they *do not impose* upon themselves; the odds, taking every thing into consideration, are about what they should be. The next horse that I shall notice is Mr. Ridsdale's Glaucus, whose many races must be in the recollection of all your turf friends; this horse was sold at Lord Lowther's sale, in August, 1831, to Mr. R. Stevenson, who immediately sold him (at a profit of 50 guineas) to General Grosvenor, who showed great judgment in selecting him. Glaucus first started at Stockbridge against Sadler's large Derby horse Dangerous, and one would have thought to have heard the betting (two to one on him), that Sadler had not named him for nothing; he was however beaten quite in a canter by Glaucus. I was extremely glad to see the old General break out so strong, he having been rather unfortunate for some years. Glaucus next made his "bow" at Newmarket, in the Prendergast Stakes, where he met much better company than at Stockbridge; this however did not prevent his winning easy against Jason, Sister to

Greenmantle, &c. He next came out in the Criterion Stakes, giving 7lb. to most in the race, but owing to the heavy state of the ground, and getting a bad start, he was just *beat at the finish*, about half a length, by that little game mare "Weeper," ridden by Connelly in beautiful style; the "knowing ones" said Jim Chapple did not ride Glaucus well, but I *thought otherwise*. Glaucus next ran a match against Lord Orford's Clearwell (winner of that Stake) for £500, distance almost a mile, and very severe; this race was decisive of his merits as a race-horse, he won in a canter by at least four lengths, which he could have doubled if he had liked; the Orford party would not allow him any credit, for, said they, "the grey was amiss," then, say I, "what did you *back your horse so heavy for*." Glaucus is in excellent hands, both master and trainer, for no one likes to win *Great Races better* than Mr. Ridsdale, and no one can bring the horses to the post *better* than Mr. Webb; St. Giles being in the same stable will be an excellent schoolmaster for him, his blood is of the right sort to run on, he is also a horse with an immense stride, and remarkably temperate; I think the odds however a point or two too low, and at 11 or 12 to 1 he ought to be backed. He is engaged in two matches, one on Monday in the Craven Meeting, against Lord Chesterfield's Elvaston, 8st. 7lb. each, D. M. 200 h. ft., the other on Wednesday, same meeting, against Lord Exeter's c. by Mountbank, out of Ada, 8st. 7lb. each, 200 h. ft. R. M., also in the 2000 guineas Stakes 30 Subscribers; and the Newmarket Stakes 33 Subscribers, in the first Spring

Meeting, where he meets Forester, Ishmael, Divan, Clearwell, &c. You of course expect the new favourite Prince Llewellyn next, but I am sorry to say I must differ in opinion, I say *sorry*, because I think him one of the *dearest* horses ever bought, and having the pleasure of knowing his new master, than whom a more honourable or gentlemanly man does not exist, can say, he *almost* repents his *bargain* already. I shall say more about this horse *in his place*, and turn at once to Mr. Hunter's Forester, by Gustavus, out of Young Pipylina, by Orville. Because Mr. H. has been unlucky since he won the Derby with Gustavus, there are not wanting men who think he does not manage his horses well; but this can only be prejudice, for his string looked quite as well and as fit as any other gentleman's at the last meeting at Newmarket; then *they* hate the Gustavus blood, but for why I really cannot tell, *for he won the Derby and other Stakes* in good style; if I have any friends who so far honour me as to read these remarks, I will just tell them to take care "*that they be not led away*," for Forester won the July as easy as that race was ever won, beating Jason and an immense field. Mr. Hunter managed this uncommonly well, no one but his own party had an idea of his being so strong; one *leg* had the impudence to think Mr. H. could never win a great race, and not only to think *but to say so*, and to back his opinion at £5000 to £50 against him for the Derby *previous to this race*; the "knowing ones" say "the whole field was bad," and I say and *know* that Forester *won easy and the Mona colt a bad third*. He is

engaged on Tuesday in the Craven Meeting, in a Sweepstakes of £100 each, against six others, also in the Newmarket Stakes first Spring Meeting: taking into consideration the extent of the field for the Derby, 12 to 1 appears very little odds, particularly when there are three at less, but this colt has a good party who have backed him to a great amount; and the only thing more I have to say about him is, that his friends are ready to take a point more than the above odds *to any amount*. It would appear almost presumptuous in me to place any other before Prince Llewellyn, yet I can hardly bring myself to name him here, being convinced that there are many horses standing at upwards of 20 to 1 much more deserving notice than this Prince. Prince Llewellyn, by Waxy Pope, out of Princess Royal, late the property of Mr. Mostyn, is a large brown horse, not unlike that great brute Æneas, by Emilius, out of Pastille; Prince Llewellyn certainly won the only race he started for, but what sort of a field did he meet? why not even a third-rater amongst the lot; Decoy, probably the best of the "bad'uns," was dead amiss, and the others as racers had better been *dead quite: if this horse goes for the Derby, look at him about Tattenham Corner*, and you'll think of me. The next horse I shall bring before you is in reality a dark one, I mean the Duke of Rutland's colt, out of Moses's dam, by Waterloo, purchased by his Grace at the King's sale, for 360 guineas. I have seen this colt several times, and must say as far as shape goes, he looks like racing; but I am led to suppose him an infirm horse, certainly he never has been all right since he

was in Boyce's stable, and we all know that a sick horse has but little chance at Epsom; Boyce is, or at least appears to be very fond; if he does *get all right by the day*, with lucky Jim on his back, *I would rather have him a winner than a loser*; he has several engagements, but 'tis supposed "he'll be bottled up for the great Lion at Epsom," he however should not be at less than 20 to 1 if so low. Of Divan, by Sultan, out of Dervise's dam, the Duke of Grafton's, I have only to say, I consider him a very good second-rater; after his defeats the Duke's party said "he was not right;" I, who am not so gifted as to see through a horse, thought he looked very well, and his running convinced me that he was *not very sick*; as Captain O' B. said, I would rather take 35 to 1 about him, than 18: he has many engagements. Bravo has been longer in the market than I expected, he is by Reveller, dam by Phantom, and is the property of Colonel Cosby—Bill Day says this colt is a flyer, and the Colonel believes him—I hope *they won't* hit him too hard. Cooper's party made a great noise at one time with their "I'll take a thousand to a hundred," but they are *more quiet now*; they are very strong, much more so than their horses I think; we shall however see how *little Whiteboy* carries *little Natty* in the Handicap (I think he's uncommonly well in), though *they* say the Twatty colt is the best; but I think that's NONSENSE. Mr. Batson's colt, by Gustavus, out of Jessy, although not in the betting, I cannot help noticing, he being a very promising horse; Mr. B. never gets his horses up in the odds unless he wants to sell, but after all

Lucetta has paid her way: this colt is also in the Leger; recollect Batson never puts a bad one in. I must now come to that Great Goose, supposed until very lately to be a Swan; this own brother to Margrave is not so ugly as his brother, *consequently not so promising*, what could induce Sir Mark to think this brute had a chance for the Derby, I cannot imagine, he could never get out of the "*old Count's*" way, and the Count could not have won the Derby had he been turned loose. Sir Mark is rather unlucky with his Derby nags, to wit the Mummer, Cetus, Count Robinson, &c., he must not complain however when such a mare as Camarine stands in his stable; "*she's a good'un by Juniper!*" I will put before you a whole lot now, which will you have for a pony, Jersey or Exeter? Exeter will you? so you shall! Lord Exeter, as long as he has a horse and that horse a racer, is sure to be noticed at some price or another; and as he always makes it a point to send his horses, whether well or ill, many people are often led away by backing them, thinking on the day to hedge to advantage. It is somewhat singular that the noble Marquis should have been the winner of the Oaks no less than three times, and never of the Derby; Cactus before his defeats was thought to be the most promising, then the Marinella colt, afterwards the Emmeline colt; and now he appears to totter, no doubt *Brother to Beiram will figure* again at 20 to 1. It strikes me that they are

too near together to afford his Lordship much hopes; I think Cactus is a *little* the best, but either Glaucus or Revenge could give him seven pounds; the whole lot are deeply engaged. Of Lord Jersey's lot I can say but little, never having seen them, his Lordship says Ishmael is the finest colt in the Derby, if so, why does he not send him to Newmarket, instead of keeping him so close at Middleton, but his Lordship is an excellent judge, and no doubt has his reasons; I think from what I have heard, Lucius *if allowed* to run would carry off the Riddlesworth: I hope there will be no *blunder* amongst this lot, some say they are all three cripples, *but they* are in the Leger. Rogers has nothing; Cock-a-Hoop, Emperor (and of course Sevillian will appear next), Boscobel, &c. are very well for the "Mr. York's" to pick up a five, and now and then a pony with, but let them alone, *they work very hard for their money*; I hope there will be no dispute about plunder this year. There is only one more horse to mention, but this is a winner, and what's more he is to be sold, and I think at a reasonable figure too; he never has appeared in the odds at any price, consequently a fine time to make money—do buy him! just suppose him the winner, and your property, with £15,000 won in bets, and no party to *swindle* you out of any of it; is it not agreeable? I do not mean Connoisseur, or Blank, or Wonford, but

UNCLE TOBY.

February 7th, 1833.

DASHWOOD'S REPLY, WITH NOTES AND OBSERVATIONS BY THE EDITOR.

THAT silly, self-sufficient gentleman, Dashwood, took it into his head in the early part of the past month that (because we had addressed a few lines to him in our last number) he was really a person of some importance, and that the sporting world, and, indeed, the world in general, were interested in his proceedings; so what does he do, but put himself to the expense of printing and advertising a reply to the "attack made on him in the *New Sporting Magazine*," which he said was to be had gratis at the printer's, Mr. Mallett, of Wardour-street, who, by the way, neither printed the article or knew of its existence for three days after it was publicly advertised to be given away by him! Lest any of our readers should have applied for it and received the same answer that we did, in order to remove the great anxiety they must naturally feel regarding so important a document, emanating from so important a personage, we give it insertion below, with a few observations of our own, which, with our letter of last month, will tell as much of the story as any one will feel desirous of knowing.

After "most particularly requesting his friends to give the greatest publicity in their power" to the document, he prefaces it by publishing a letter he addressed to us, denying the allusion to our *Magazine* in the passage we quoted last month, and our answer referring the point to the decision of the public, and also by giving a copy of our letter to him of last month. He then proceeds with his

REPLY.

"I beg to state explicitly, that neither in the extract that forms the text of the Editor's remarks, nor in any other part of the article styled 'New Year's Eve,' had I the most remote intention of alluding to the *New Sporting Magazine*, or any person whatever in any way connected with it; and it does certainly strike me that my language could be tortured into such allusion only by a person who was resolved to manufacture a peg from it whereon he might hang an attack.

"On resuming my pen in the *Old Sporting Magazine*, I sat down with a strict determination to avoid on all subjects any, even the

very slightest, reference to the *New*; and on again and again reading over the article that has provoked this unmerited assault I must be pardoned for declaring my conviction that an allusion*, such as that imputed to me, might just as well have been looked for in the first twenty verses of the Book of Job or the Prophets.

"In his concluding paragraph, indeed—of which more anon—the Editor himself completely proves† that I could not have had the *New Sporting Magazine* in my eye.

"On this part of the subject, however, I shall say no more than that common courtesy‡, I think, did he imagine I had aimed a blow at

* To what did you allude then?

† He does no such thing.

‡ Courtesy might also have suggested to you the propriety of ac-

his Magazine, might have suggested to him the not unusual course of a private communication, by which he might at once have satisfied himself. It is for the public to judge the reason why this course was not adopted.

"I now come to that part of his letter in which he states that I 'endeavoured to embarrass the proprietors of the *Old Magazine* in 1830, by breaking off in the middle of an article, and leaving the Editor to finish it the best way he could.' Does he mean to say that I did so *purposely*?—that I had a *wish*, an *intention*, to embarrass, &c.?"* If he does, I tell him in plain terms that a more truthless charge was never preferred by man. The article in question was the 'Memoir of his late Majesty,' and he is quite correct in saying that I wrote only the first published portion of it; and, furthermore, he would have been quite correct if he had gone on to say that much 'embarrassment' was caused by my 'breaking off': but neither he nor any man breathing shall impute to me *motives* by which I was never actuated; and so far from wishing or endeavouring to cause annoyance

by 'breaking off,' the non-completion of the Memoir by me was a source of most bitter disappointment†. The fact is simply this; for the second and concluding part of it I was promised a mass of private anecdote and information from a personal and intimate friend of George the Fourth that could be procured from no other quarter, and that would have rendered the article both graphic and interesting in the very highest sense of the words. Circumstances connected with the pecuniary affairs of his late Majesty, from day to day and from week to week, prevented my being supplied with it; and I knowing its extreme value, and being in almost hourly expectation of getting hold of it, I made, in consequence, a corresponding delay in transmitting the conclusion to Warwick Square. In this I now own that I was wrong. I ought to have complied with Mrs. Pittman's wish and finished the Memoir, however *briefly* and *roughly*. I did, however, what I thought was for the best, and certainly felt particularly annoyed, though I could not be surprised, at seeing the finishing stroke put to my work by the hand

quainting us with your movements otherwise than through the pages of the *Old Magazine*.

* I look to your acts, by which alone I can judge of your intentions.

† Then why did not you finish it the best way you could, instead of throwing it upon the Editor? After postponing the conclusion for a month, had he not to take it in hand himself, and did he not commence with the following statement?—

"In resuming this Memoir we unhesitatingly admit that the object we had in view by postponing its continuation has been defeated by circumstances over which we had no control. The expected private and original anecdotes have not come to hand; we therefore proceed to our task with such materials as we have collected, trusting that our intentions will be duly appreciated; and that as we are not only not accustomed to break *our own promises* but too often to *anticipate* them, we may stand excused to our readers for the breach of faith and disappointment caused by *others* on whom we placed implicit reliance."

2 x 2

of another person. So much for this part of the story.

"I *did* then retire from the Old Mag., and when the announcement of the New was put forth I did 'offer my services,' and they 'were accepted,' as were also the terms on which I proposed to write. And I may here mention that I was *particularly requested* by the Editor to name my own remuneration*, as his letters now before me prove; and the sum I fixed on was

precisely that which about a twelve-month previous I had endeavoured (without success) to persuade Mrs. Pittman to allow me. The sum proposed to me (at first starting at all events) was exactly what the Old Magazine had paid me; but no difficulty whatever was made by the proprietors to the terms which I suggested, whatever opinion their Editor might then have entertained of 'my *disinterestedness*;' and I must here beg leave once for

* Extracts from correspondence respecting remuneration.

Dashwood to the Editor.

May 26, 1831.—"I am now approaching rather a delicate topic, but as that brute Spaniel thought proper to win the Derby, the pocket, I am sorry to say, is rather lighter than it was this day week; and if without inconvenience you would allow me to draw for the amount of what you consider my humble services entitled to, I should feel obliged. As I have already said, I leave that amount entirely to the proprietors, as I am fully aware I am in the hands of gentlemen."

Extract from Answer.

May 27, 1831.—"The Editor does not see how the proprietors can set about forming an estimate of another's property when they are the purchasers. Moreover, save from what they know of the prices paid by the Old Magazine, they have no grounds to go upon. Now the Old Magazine is no guide for the New; the former never was conducted with a spirit becoming the patronage which it sought, but then, on the other hand, it has possession of the field, and the New Magazine has to struggle for a place. If the New Magazine receives the support to which the proprietors conceive it entitled, they will be able to afford liberal remuneration to their writers; but the Editor should observe that the value of a contribution is greatly enhanced by the punctual delivery of copy. Until the Magazine attains a circulation sufficient at least to cover expenses, the proprietors must necessarily keep rather a tight hand upon the purse-strings; however, if Mr. — will be contented for the present with the price he had from the Old Magazine there can be no difficulty just now, if not, the proprietors must really beg Mr. — to name his own terms."

On the 28th of May you proposed within one shilling a page of double what we offered, to which I replied on the 1st of June, "that the proprietors acceded to your terms, but they begged to observe that they did not intend carrying the Magazine on for the benefit of the writers alone, and that an overwhelming expense in the outset might have the effect of stopping it altogether." So much for your *disinterestedness*!

all to state that I never considered myself as treated otherwise than well and handsomely in all pecuniary transactions with the *New Sporting Magazine*, from the first day of the arrangement to the period of my quitting it.

"To the best of my belief nothing whatever was said about a limited or unlimited number of pages at starting; and the refusal of my claim a twelvemonth afterwards to have fourteen per month allotted to me, shows, I think, pretty plainly, that my allowance was a contracted one*.

"And now for one word as to this *claim*, which caused so much indignation†. At the close of last hunting season I had, at very considerable expense and trouble, collected and amassed a heap of composition, of every possible variety‡—‘the germ,’ to use my own words to the Editor, ‘of 200 pages—condense it as you please;’—and in order to do justice to this mass, and lay it before the readers of the *New Sporting Magazine* as it ought to be, it was that I *claimed* a reservation of fourteen pages per month—a claim which I still consider by no means an immoderate one, and a claim which ought certainly to have met with a different reception (even if eventually refused), were the circumstance alone considered of the efforts which I made to support the Magazine on

its first appearance. I now state publicly that I wrote to every individual I could think of, and made it a particular and personal favour to have the *New Sporting Magazine* patronised; and from the day that I first wrote a syllable in it, down to my quitting Dorsetshire last March, I was unremitting in my zeal to swell its list of subscribers. In this I merely state a fact well and amply known to be so with all with whom I had intercourse; and, occupying this position alone, I repeat that my claim to be allowed to earn§ rather less than one hundred and seventy pounds per annum in the service of the Magazine was based on something like a foundation.

"With respect to the charge of unpunctuality and ‘the repeated disappointments and remonstrances in the months of August, September, and October,’ &c. &c., I have in the first place to observe that no one can know better than the Editor of a periodical that a writer, either on sporting or other subjects, can scarcely be treated like a journeyman carpenter, and lectured if he does not finish the job in hand precisely at the hour promised. The very wish to perform the work as it ought to be put out of hand, or at least in as finished a state as the abilities of the workman may allow, will, combined with other circumstances, in the case of nine-

* How does this accord with a letter lying before me, written in June, 1831, containing a programme of your intended contributions up to October following? It contains your own voluntary promise of fifteen articles, of which only five came to hand!

† No indignation at all, but a great deal of amusement, that with ten broken promises in three months you should make such a demand.

‡ “Treeing hares,” &c.; “kennel economy, or the art of feeding hounds on nettles.”

§ Stupid fellow! Why you *would not work* to earn it.

teen writers out of twenty*, postpone repeatedly the completion or dispatch of an article; and, though I admit that great annoyance and disappointment to the Editor may not unfrequently be the result, I have yet to learn that he is entitled to brand his contributor with the accusation of *endeavouring* to embarrass. So far as I am myself concerned, I am quite aware that I have repeatedly deferred sending off articles on the exact day promised. In the first place, for the last three or four years I have had a mass of private discomfort and calamity to struggle through (one tithe of which, I venture to assert, would have overwhelmed my censor), that on many and many a day when I should have been busily employed in writing, has completely disabled me: in the next, I am unhappily subject to a spasmodic affection of the head that attacks me, without the warning of a second, sometimes twice or thrice a week, and places me utterly *hors de combat*, so far as using the pen is concerned, for the period of several hours: and lastly, I have over and over again withheld an article until I had satisfied myself that it was fit to send. I trust in all this that I may not for a moment be misunderstood as defending unpunctuality and non-fulfilment of promises—I merely state the three† causes that, when I have been unpunctual, have repeatedly combined to make me so.

“I have now little further to say, than to make a remark or two on the Editor’s concluding para-

* No such thing; Editors never rely upon promises—*copy in hand* is the word.

† Then with a knowledge of them why did you promise?

‡ Nonsense; you know well enough that it was not the *leaving but the manner in which it was done* that formed the gist of our observations.

graph, and for that purpose proceed to place his own words in juxta position with a passage from an Editorial article in the Number of the *N. S. M.* for April last.—*New Sporting Magazine* for April 1832, page 392:—‘But first we should premise that in the month of September 1830, DASHWOOD having declined all further connection with them (*i. e.* the *Old Sporting Magazine*), the onus of the Magazine fell upon NIM SOUTH, who, in December, having already supplied five papers, and being requested to furnish a sixth, determined in consequence of the state of things either to follow his example or receive something like a remuneration,’ &c. &c.—*New Sporting Magazine* for February 1833, p. 207:—‘The manner in which you (DASHWOOD) deserted the Old Magazine in 1830, and the terms you made with us in 1831, not being calculated to inspire us with much confidence, we declined the former’—namely, *an acquaintance* with you (DASHWOOD). Truly, if looked into, this is most consistent writing; and I trust that NIM SOUTH, one of the principal contributors to the *N. S. M.*, who in the one passage is stated to have made up his mind to the alternative of *following my example*—that is, the example of a man whose ‘acquaintance’ in the other is said to be ‘declined’ in consequence of the part he acted—I trust, I say, that this gentleman feels fully the high compliment there paid to him.

“I am quite at a loss to guess

what is meant by any lack of confidence arising from 'the terms which I made in 1831;' and all that I can say on that subject, in addition to what I have already stated, is, that the correspondence of the *N. S. M.* with me on the point is much at the service of any Gentleman who may wish to peruse it, and that the Editor of the *N. S. M.* has my full permission in return to make mine as public. Whatever letters, indeed, I may have by me that can at all elucidate or be brought to bear on any one topic I have touched upon, I shall be most happy to produce whenever called upon to do so, for the inspection of any member of the *Sporting World*, or other person, who may take an interest in the subject.

"Neither do I very clearly understand whether I am to apply this rejection of my 'acquaintance' to the Editor alone, or whether I am, by the 'we' and 'us,' to include the *Proprietors* of the *N. S. M.* in the list of those who thought proper to 'decline' it*. It is a matter, perhaps, of very trivial importance; but I may be permitted, in self-defence, to say, that

I never knew, or cared to know, an iota of the latter (be they who they may, and I do not even give a guess at them†), and wished only at certain times to have an interview with the former on matters of business and arrangement. I beg, therefore, it may be distinctly understood that no advances on my part to establish such an 'acquaintance,' which is now boasted of as being 'declined,' were ever made by me; though, doubtless, in many of my letters expressions may be found quite as adequate to establish such a charge, as is the quotation from 'New Year's Eve,' to justify the most unwarrantable ebullition of spleen thus poured forth on me.

"The public is now in possession of what I have to say in reply to it; and I beg leave very distinctly and decidedly to add, that *I have completely done with the subject. I will not be tempted into any further paper warfare; and without anxiety as to the result, I leave the merits of the case to be decided by the Sporting World.*

"THE AUTHOR OF
DASHWOOD'S LETTERS."

So much for the "Author of Dashwood's Letters;" and we think our readers will agree with us that he is but a sorry hand at a reply. Now, however, that we are on our legs, to use a parliamentary phrase, we may be permitted to say a few words touching this most absurd controversy.

When Dashwood came to us we make no doubt that he thought he had got into what betting men would call a "good thing"—that

he would play first fiddle, and be a very great man. Unfortunately, however, for him we were no strangers in the field, and knew his value and the dependance that might be placed upon him to a nicety. As the correspondence shows, we accepted his services and gave him his own price; but there we stopped—we never identified him with ourselves—we never consulted him upon the management of the Magazine—we never even

* Either you like.

† Then how did you know they were "gentlemen?"

‡ Quite enough.

afforded him an interview—and if he stood before us at this moment we should not know him. He may have asked what favours, and made what professions he liked to his friends on our behalf, we neither requested or gave him any encouragement to do so, because we knew full well that a work of this nature could not be forced into circulation by the individual exertions of any one, and that unless it carried something intrinsically good to recommend it it must fail. We would, therefore, much rather that he had kept his pen at work, earning the £170 a year he talks about, than have employed it in writing the letters he mentions to the neglect of his voluntary engagements, and the production of endless annoyance, confusion, and expense. We have stated that he broke ten promises out of fifteen in three months, and those, too, in the early days of the Magazine when punctuality was the very breath of its existence. Had this Magazine been in the hands of proprietors who had no resources within themselves, and been conducted by those who relied solely upon contributors for support, we have no hesitation in saying that it would never have reached a second volume. Had our situation been such, the very best thing the proprietor's of the Old Magazine could have done would have been to have thrown us such a contributor as Dashwood, whose mountains of promises ending in molehill performances, would have produced endless confusion, and whose want of punctuality would only have been equalled by the rapacity of his demands.

Dashwood, however, soon saw that he was not the Magnus Apollo in our eyes that he expected; and, indeed, we told him very plainly in

the autumn of 1831 (when he requested an interview to apologize for his remissness) that we desired no explanation, all the proprietors requiring of him being, to be informed of his intentions relative to future contributions, that they might know how to act in a treaty then pending with another gentleman. This would appear to have brushed him up a little, and he kept pretty well to his collar for the next few months, but unfortunately for him in the month of March he took a trip into Dorsetshire, where his head got completely turned with the civilities which gentlemen, and particularly sportsmen, delight to show to strangers, and he returned a perfect hero. We published his trip last April, which number called forth his eulogiums, and he then pronounced the Magazine "*to be perfect*;" and, after stating that he had a long article for the next number, concluded his letter by sending his "*best love to the Old Sporting.*"

We were in a distant part of England on the receipt of this letter, too far, in fact, to be able to take any active part in the management of the work, but the friend who officiates in our absence stated that he could not promise insertion of a long article, telling him the reason, and also what he had arranged of his (Dashwood's) for the ensuing number, from manuscript then in hand. Upon this the gentleman mounted the high horse, and after stating (which was not the fact) that the Editor had "flatly refused" insertion of his article, and hinting at his own importance, he makes his claim of fourteen pages a month or to be allowed to go elsewhere. His letter was answered by stating that a reference to the correspondence would show that

there had been "no flat refusal" on the part of the Editor, all that he intended to convey being that the article could not be inserted in the following number; after which explanation Dashwood was left to pursue his own course with respect to future contributions. He sent us no reply, and we heard no more of him from last spring until New Year's Day, when we found him again figuring away in the pages of the Old Magazine, commencing his first article with the famous quotation which has caused this explanation, the applicability of which he not only denies, but actually turns round and taunts us with want of courtesy, in not having written to him on the subject, when our letter of the 18th of April remained unanswered!

And here we are led to speak of the enviable position he now occupies in that periodical. There stands a man who has deserted, abused, and done every thing in his power to injure the proprietors of the Old Magazine—who has stated that no one, with the feelings of a gentleman, could have any thing to do with them—there, we say, stands a man, who having associated himself with those whom "*he knew to be gentlemen*," who treated him "*handsomely in all pecuniary transactions*," and who under unparalleled difficulties (chiefly occasioned by his own remissness) raised a magazine to *perfection* in twelve short months,—there stands a man who in the paltry hopes of personal aggrandisement, again turns round upon those whom he had lately lauded, and throws himself in all humility upon the subjects of his former vituperation!

Brother sportsmen! friends to gratitude, independence, and con-

sistency, appreciate the value of this man!

A little more and we have done. We have dwelt longer on this matter than the subject of it is worth, but we have had a double object in view. In the first place we wish to expose the individual conduct of this writer, and in the second place to show those who are very prone to censure, the difficulties under which proprietors, however liberal, and however anxious to discharge their duty satisfactorily to the public, are liable to be placed. For our own parts—and we speak for the proprietors generally—we have no object in continuing this magazine beyond that of issuing a really sporting, spirited, independent periodical—one that will neither lend itself to the tricks of the ill disposed on the turf on the one hand, or the chicanery of the booksellers on the other,—and we now state once for all, that if any one thinks he can conduct it better than ourselves he has only to come forward with the bare capital that we have expended in its establishment and we will give our gratuitous assistance, but until some one accepts our offer we claim the indulgent consideration of the sporting world towards our humble efforts in their behalf.

Let it not be imagined, however, that the conduct of the author of Dashwood's letters has had any influence in producing this offer; on the contrary, we prefer the hostility of such a man to his friendship, and a reference to our pages since he left us, will best shew the little need we stand of his support. Indeed, to tell the truth, we think very lightly of Dashwood's ability. In our mind he is any thing but a genius. We should say that he is a man of mode-

rate talent as a writer, who with very little experience, or personal observation, contrives to make a very great show from very little material. His writings are laboured and unnatural, he is devoid alike of humour and originality, and has such an unfortunate trick of diluting his matter, and bespattering his friends with such fulsome adulation, as to render his papers tedious to the reader and his panegyrics disgusting to the subject of them. There is also a pretence and inconsistency in his style, that is laughable in the extreme:—thus, while in one page he labours away at the description of a hare hunt with all the circumlocution of the timid animal herself, or the dexterity of a penny a liner, whose dinner depends on the length of the contribution; he will shine forth in the next as the man of fortune, and talk about meeting hounds* on the confines of his own property!

As to his sporting career, that will go into a nut-shell. He kept a few harriers somewhere in Scotland, a thing that most substantial yeomen have done during some period or other of their lives, and we believe he does know something about hare-hunting. Since he left the north, however, we believe he has been vegetating at that stupid bathing place Worthing, where his sporting faculties must have had a grand field for expansion, while roving

o'er the "glad waters of the dark blue sea," or in going best pace for the scandal stakes round the tea-table of some old gossiping bathing woman. As to fox-hunting, we do not suppose he has been out twenty times in his life, therefore our readers will be able to form some idea of the value of the opinions on the merits and demerits of the several hounds and huntsmen that have appeared under the dread signature of "Dashwood." And here let us remind him, that however misplaced and injudicious his praise frequently has been, that it is much more creditable to his head and heart, than the unqualified censure he heaped upon a poor man last month, whose livelihood, and perhaps the means of supporting a large family, may depend upon the retention of his situation as a huntsman. Let him bear in mind the fable of the boys and the frogs, and remember, that however convenient these remarks may be in enabling him to carry on his trade of a twopenny postman†, that they may be death to the subjects of his censure.

Here then we leave the celebrated author of Dashwood's letters! His onward course will doubtless afford us ample material for future "pegs," in the meantime, we leave him to his low-lived friends, and the upbraidings of his conscience.

* In the first paper he wrote in this Magazine, in 1831, vol. 1, p. 48, is the following: "Mr. Codrington, whom I have not had the pleasure of seeing since I last met his hounds, years ago, on the confines of my own property in Oxfordshire," &c. In his first paper on his return to the Old Magazine, last January, is the following:—"It is now many a long year since I last saw either him (Mr. Codrington) or his hounds; but we had on that occasion, I remember, a very clipping and determined thing, best pace from a gorse called Hedgister, on the verge of my own property in Oxon!" Well done penny a lining! at all events, that day's sport does not owe you much.

† He now collects a lot of trash from the newspapers and elsewhere, which he concocts into an article and sells it our cockney contemporary, under the name of "Dashwood's Letter-bag!"

ON ARABIAN HORSES.

(From the "Asiatic Journal," Feb. 1833.)

"THE collective term whereby the Arabs designate horses in general is *khayl*. They distribute them commonly into five great races, all originally from Nejed, and they have been studious, from time immemorial, to preserve with religious care the purity of the races. Some authors trace them back to the most remote period of paganism, assigning as their sire the famous stallion Mashoor, the property of Okrar, chief of the tribe of Beni Obeyda; others assert merely that they are the issue of the five favourite mares of the prophet, named Rabdha, Noama, Wajza, Sabha, and Hezma. Whatever be the fact the following are the names of the races, which, according to the vulgar notion, are derived from different districts of Nejed where they were born:—Sakla-wooyeh, Kohayleh, .Manakieh, Jelfiyeh, Thooeysiyeh. The first is subdivided into Jedran, Abriyeh, and Nejm-el-subh; the second into Ajooz, Kerda, Sheykha, Dabbah, Ebnghooeysheh, Khumeysheh, and Abumoarras; the third into Shemaytha and Ashayr; the fourth presents a single branch only, that of Estemblath; the fifth has none. Besides these principal races the Arabs have several others less esteemed, namely, those of Henaydi, Abuarkoob, Abayan, Sheraki, Shooeyman, Hadbeh, Wedna, Medhemeh, Khabitha, Ameriyeh, and Sada Thookan. The different races have not any characteristic marks whereby they can be distinguished from each other. They can be recognised only by means of certificates of their genealogy, drawn up by their proprietors and

attested, in which the issue, masculine and feminine, are specified with great exactness; so that an Arabian horse offered for sale is usually provided with his title of nobility.

"The noblest conquest ever made by man was that of that proud animal, the horse, which partakes with him the fatigues and the glory of war; but no nation knows so well how to appreciate it as the Bedouins. We must visit the deserts of Nejed, its native country, and those of the Hejjaz and of Yemen, where this animal multiplied at an early period, to judge of the interest with which it inspires them, and to learn the different races to which it may belong, and which the princes of Asia as well as those of Europe have always been desirous of naturalizing and propagating in their territories. The fraternal affection, the decided predilection, which the Arabs entertain for their horses are founded not only on their utility to them in their active and wandering life, but also on an ancient prejudice, which induces them to regard horses as beings endowed with noble and generous sentiments, and an intelligence superior to that of other animals. Thus they are accustomed to say, 'After man the most eminent creature is the horse; the best employment is that of rearing it, the most agreeable posture is that of sitting on its back; the most meritorious of domestic actions is that of feeding it.' They add, after their prophet, 'As many grains of barley as are contained in the food we give to a horse, so many indulgences do we

daily gain by giving it.' Mahomet said, moreover, to his disciples, 'I particularly recommend to your attention the brood-mares, because their back is a seat of honour, and their belly an inexhaustible treasure.' The following is the same legislator's account of the formation of the horse:—"When God wished to create it he called the south wind, and said, "I desire to draw from out of thee a new being; condense thyself, by parting with fluidity:" and he was obeyed. He then took a handful of this element, now become tangible, blew upon it, and the horse was produced. "Thou shalt be for man," said the Lord, "a source of happiness and wealth; he will render himself illustrious by ascending thee."

"History has commemorated the names of celebrated horses of antiquity, both Arabian and Persian. Amongst the latter, Raksh was that of Rostam, one of the heroes of the *Shah Nameh*. Shebdeez was the steed of Khosroo Parvez, the Saasanide king of Persia, and Gulgoon that of Sheereen, wife of that prince. Dahes was a famous Arabian horse, and Ghabra a mare of the same race, not less renowned. The former's master was Kays ebn Zohayr, of the tribe of Dobian; the latter belonged to Hammal ebn Bedr. These two warlike animals, contending in a race during the sports and amusements of a national festival, occasioned a disastrous war between the two tribes by whom they were respectfully possessed, which lasted forty years. D'Herbelot speaks* of the *Kamel-el-sanateyn*, a work which treats of the keeping and physicking horses. Another work still more curious has the title of 'Summary of all that can be de-

sired to be learned respecting the different Races of Horses.' According to this author these races sprung from a stallion and a mare named Zad-al-rakeb and Serdet Shekban, which belonged to Muthayer ebn Oshaym, one of the most ancient chiefs of the tribe of Yemen. It is in the same book that mention is made of the Safenat, horses of the species of those which were offered as a present to Solomon by the Queen of Sheba. The author gives a table, according to which there exist one hundred and thirty-six races of Arabian horses, three Persian, nine Turkoman, and seven Kurd.

"Arabian horses are in general of a delicate constitution, but accustomed to the fatigues of long marches, light, active, and of surprising swiftness. They have little belly, small ears, and a short, scanty tail. These are the distinctive marks by which they may be recognised at first sight. It may be added that they are almost invariably exempt from apparent deformities; and so gentle, so docile, that they allow themselves to be rubbed down and managed by women and children, with whom they often sleep in the same tent. Till the age of four years they are ridden without a saddle, and not shod. They will endure thirst for days together, and are commonly fed with camel's milk alone.

"The physical qualities which the Arabs prize most in a horse are the following:—neck long and arched; delicately formed ears, almost touching each other at the ends; head small; eyes large and full of fire; lower jaw lean; muzzle bare; wide nostrils; belly not too broad; sinewy legs; pasterns short and flexible; hoofs hard and ample;

* *Biblioth. Orient. art. Feras.*

chest broad; rump high and rounded. Whenever the animal combines the three beauties of head; neck, and rump, they regard it as perfect. This is what Horace has laconically expressed in this verse,

'Pulchre clunes, breve quod caput, ardua cervix.'

"It will not be useless to remark, that amongst the natural signs of the horse several are esteemed by the Arabs sinister and unfavourable, and some they believe to be capable of producing happiness to the owner of the horse. It is needless to give this double enumeration.

"The different colours of Arabian horses are clear bay (*ahmar*), brown bay (*edhem*), sorrel (*ashekwar*), white (*abiadh*), pure grey (*azrak*), mottled grey (*raktha*), and bluish grey (*akhdhar*). Blacks and light bays (*aswad* and *askehab*) are unknown in Arabia; they are found only in Persia, Tartary, and Turkey.

"The races of Nejed are commonly regarded as the noblest; those of the Hejjaz as the handsomest; those of Yemen as the most durable; those of Syria as the richest in colour; those of Mesopotamia as the most quiet; those of Egypt as the swiftest; those of Barbary as the most prolific, and those of Persia and Kurdistan as the most warlike.

"Eulogies of the horse abound in Oriental writings, including the *Old Testament* and the *Coran*. The description of the war-horse in the *Book of Job* is well known.

"The *Moallaka* of Lebid and that of Amr-el-Kays contain highly-wrought descriptions of the horse. In the latter it is said, 'he has the reins of a gazelle and the legs of an ostrich; he trots like the wolf and gallops like the fox; his

haunches are large and strong; when you look at him behind, his tail, which trails on the ground, covers the space between his legs; when he stands beside my tent, the glittering polish of his back is like that of marble; on which perfumes have been rubbed for a young bride on her wedding-day'.

"The most pompous encomium on the horse that could possibly be made, by exhausting all the resources of the Asiatic style, is unquestionably that which occurs in the collection of fugitive pieces of Ghefoori, a Persian poet but little known, but whose elegant and fertile muse might rival those of Nizami and Anwari. 'This courser,' he observes, 'is so full of mettle, that one might say it was quick-silver that flowed in his veins. At the sight of his graceful and elegant figure, the antelope hangs its head in modest confusion; the warlike leopard would exchange the terrible claws with which he is armed for his hoofs; like the earth itself, always well-poised in his motions, not less rapid than the torrent which has forced its bounds, he equals fire in ardour, and wind in swiftness. His forehead, shaded with a fore-top which Aurora seems to have taken delight in painting with her own delicate hand, is the seat of pride. Audacity sparkles like lightning in his looks; his nostrils are inflamed; he has the courage of the lion, the docility of the dog, and the strength of the elephant.'

"Horse racing was much in vogue amongst the ancient Arabs, as it is still amongst their descendants; but the national and solemn exercises, denominated *Messabeka*, have at all times occasioned bloody quarrels between the tribes, whose chiefs upon those occasions dis-

puted the honour of pre-eminence. Horse races existed in Persia, and do so still, under the name of *Asb-divani*. The present Shah, who has a numerous stud, usually attends them; his favourite horses appear first in the list, mounted by young and elegant jockies; and he proclaims the conquerors, distributing the customary prizes with his own hand.

"The Persian and Turkoman horses, whose figures are much alike, differ from the Arabians in this, that they are more corpulent and their coat is not so soft to the touch. Moreover, it is an opinion pretty generally received in the East, that the latter are specially distinguished from the others by the repugnance they evince towards clear water, whilst that which is

turbid pleases them to such a degree, that they never fail to prance about in any they may pass through.

"The finest horses of Arabia are now met with amongst the Anazes, and particularly amongst the Rovalas, a principal branch of that great tribe of the desert; those of Persia in Khorasan; those of the Kurds on the northern and eastern frontiers of the same kingdom, and those of the Turkomans towards the shores of the Caspian Sea and in Syria.

"Speaking of horsemen, it is proverbially said; the Arab is without grace, he mounts mechanically; the Persian is dexterous and impetuous; the Kurd awkward but intrepid; and the Turkoman proud and terrible."

ON ROARING.

THE VETERINARIAN.

MANY of our readers may not be aware of the existence of a periodical devoted exclusively to the veterinary science, we have therefore much pleasure in recommending to such of them as take an interest in that science, a perusal of the "*Veterinarian*,"* which commenced a second series with the new year, and we are happy to observe has made a series of acquisitions in the way of contributors since that period.

It is now under the direction of four gentlemen, in different parts of the kingdom, three of whom are writers of well established celebrity. In the present day, when every profession, art, science, and trade has its organ, so important a de-

partment ought not to be neglected, and we feel assured that the "*Veterinarian*" only requires to be known to insure it that success which all efforts to improve and ameliorate the condition of that useful friend and auxiliary to man, the horse, so well deserve.

Mr. Youatt's veterinary lecture in the February number, is on that singular impairment of the respiratory function called "roaring," which doubtless many of our readers have become acquainted with to their cost; to whom Mr. Youatt's remarks may be both useful and interesting. "It is," says he, "an unnatural, loud, grunting sound made by the animal in the act of breathing in quick action,

* Published by Longman & Co.

or on any sudden exertion. If the horse is briskly trotted on a level surface, and more particularly if he is hurried up hill, or if he is suddenly threatened with a stick, this peculiar sound will be heard, and cannot be mistaken. When dishonest dealers are shewing a horse that roars, but not to any great degree, they trot away gently, and as soon as they are too far for the sound to be heard, shew off the paces of which the animal may be capable, and on returning, gradually slacken their speed when they come within a suspicious distance. This is sometimes technically called 'the dealers' long trot.' On carefully listening to the *sound*, it will appear that the roaring is produced in the act of inspiration, and not in that of expiration."

Formerly it was a disputed point among the judges—we mean the judges on the bench, not the judges of a horse—whether roaring constituted an unsoundness, and one judge decided both ways. In 1810 Lord Ellenborough decided that it was not necessarily unsoundness, and stated that if a horse emitted a loud noise which was offensive to the ear, merely from a bad habit which he had contracted, or from any cause which did not interfere with his general health and muscular powers, that he was still to be considered a sound horse; but on the other hand, if the roaring proceeded from any disease or organic infirmity, which rendered him incapable of performing the usual functions of a horse, that then it did constitute unsoundness; it was not enough, he said, to prove that a horse was a roarer, to prove a breach of warranty of soundness, but that the plaintiff should go on to shew that roaring was symptomatic of disease. In

1817 his Lordship tried another cause, when Mr. Field, the celebrated Veterinary Surgeon, proved that the disorder was of such a nature as to incommode a horse very much when pressed to his speed; whereupon Lord Ellenborough directed the jury to find a breach of the warranty of soundness. At the present day, however, we take it to be well established law that roaring is unsoundness; though we know that there are dealers who have the hardihood to assert the contrary; still we think these gentry would not like to defend their judgment in the form of an action. It is quite clear on the broad doctrine of a general warranty that it must be considered so, for by the general warranty, is understood to be conveyed an unequivocal assurance of the perfect state of the animal at the time of sale, without exception or ambiguity, and we may fairly suppose that if a purchaser was curious in complaints, and wanted to purchase a roarer, that he would ask for one instead of asking generally for a saddle, or carriage, or whatever description of horse he might want.

Mr. Youatt lays it down boldly to be unsoundness. "Roaring," says he, "is a very unpleasant thing to the rider, and it is unsoundness too. It is the sudden and violent rushing of the air through a tube of diminished calibre; and if the impediment, whatever it is, renders it so difficult for the air to pass in somewhat increased action, sufficient air cannot be admitted to give an adequate supply of arterialized blood in extraordinary or long-continued exertion. Therefore, as impairing the function of respiration, although sometimes only on extraordinary occasions, it is unsoundness. In as many cases as otherwise it is a

very serious cause of unsoundness. The roarer, when hardly pressed, is often blown even to the hazard of suffocation. There are cases on record of his suddenly dropping and dying when urged to the top of his speed.

*“Roaring does not always materially injure the Horse.—*We must not, however, take it for granted that the roarer is never good for any thing. There are few hunts in which there is not a roarer who acquits himself very fairly in the field; and it has occasionally so happened that the roarer has been the very crack horse of the hunt; yet he must be ridden with judgment, and spared a little when going up hill. There is a village in the West Riding of Yorkshire, through which a band of smugglers used frequently to pass in the dead of night; the horse of the leader, and the best horse of the troop, and on which his owner would bid defiance to all pursuit, was so rank a roarer, that he could be heard at the distance of a quarter of a mile. The clatter of all the rest scarcely made so much noise as the roaring of the captain's horse. When this got a little too bad, and he did not fear immediate pursuit, the smuggler used to halt the troop at some convenient hayrick on the roadside, and having suffered the animal to distend his stomach with this dry food, as he was always ready enough to do, he would remount and gallop on, and, for a while, the roaring was scarcely heard. I am not compelled satisfactorily to account for this; but the loaded stomach now pressing against the diaphragm, that muscle had harder work to displace the stomach in the act of enlarging the chest and producing an act of inspiration, and accomplished it more

slowly, and therefore, the air taking longer time to rush by, the roaring was diminished. I will not stop to calculate what must have been the increased labour of the diaphragm in moving the loaded stomach, nor how much sooner the horse must have been exhausted. This did not enter into the owner's reckoning, and probably the cruel application of whip and spur would deprive him of the means of forming a proper calculation of it.

“Eclipse was a ‘high-blower.’ He drew his breath hard, and with apparent difficulty. The upper air-passages, perhaps those of the head, did not correspond with his unusually capacious chest: yet he was never beaten. It is said that he never met with an antagonist fairly to put him to the top of his speed; and that the actual effect of this disproportion in the two extremities of the respiratory apparatus was not thoroughly tested.”

We should say that roaring is a disease decidedly on the increase in this country, and notwithstanding the assertion of Eclipse having been a “high blower,” we think it is one of comparatively modern introduction. There are sportsmen alive at this day, who will tell us that it was a complaint unknown when they commenced their sporting career. It is very true that in many hunts there are roarers, who acquit themselves very fairly in the field, but this only proves that they were very good horses, and would have been much better had they been “all right.” Nimrod, whose experience and observation in hunters and horses has been as great as any man's, says that roaring is one of the very deep curses on good horse flesh, and nearly as destructive as foot lameness. “How many hundred, ay I may say thousand

otherwise fresh, young, and sound horses, have I seen," says he, "afflicted with this disease, and therefore in most cases useless for fast work! I am happy to say, however, it has been my good fortune never to have a horse turn roarer in my own stable, having entered it sound; and I only purchased two, which cured me of going to that market again: one nearly broke my neck at a fence, having entirely lost all his powers in the space of five fields; and the other I christened *the Bull*, for he could have been heard half a mile off if he got into deep ground: notwithstanding this, I have seen two brilliant hunters that were roarers."

Mr. William Percival defines the complaint into different degrees, piping, wheezing, whistling, high blowing, and grunting, and gives his opinion that roaring bears some analogy to *croup*, both in relation to the proximate cause and to the parts affected. To the admission of the doctrine of roaring constituting unsoundness, may be added that of its being incurable, therefore, as Mr. Percival observes, it is much better to direct the attention to the *cause*, instead of the removal of the disease. Nimrod and he agree, that turning out horses in the summer is one of the predisposing causes, "recent cough becomes chronic cough," says the former; and chronic cough ends in roaring: for, let us recollect, chronic cough is often the remains of an ill cured cold, *though no cough may have attended it in its first stage*; still we are inclined to think, that it is chiefly produced by breeding from roarers; and at the present time, when breeders are selecting their horses, the following quotation from the "Vete-

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rinarian," with which we shall conclude our remarks, ought to receive the very greatest attention.

"In France it is notorious, that three-fourths of the horses from Cottentin are roarers; some of them are roarers at six months old; but about La Hague and Le Bocase, not a roarer is known. There is certainly a considerable difference in the soil of the two districts; the first is low and marshy, the latter elevated and dry: but tradition traces it to the introduction of some foreign horses into Cottentin, who bequeathed this infirmity to their progeny, and the curse is not worn out.

"In our own country we have as decisive a proof. There was a valuable stallion in Norfolk, belonging to Major Wilson, of Diddington. He was a great favourite, and seemed to be getting some excellent stock; but he was a roarer, and some of the breeders took alarm at this. They had occasionally too painful experience of the communication of the defects of the parent to his progeny; and they feared that roaring might possibly be among these hereditary evils. Sir Charles Bunbury was requested to obtain Mr. Cline's opinion on the subject. Mr. Cline was a deservedly eminent human surgeon; he had exerted himself in the establishment of the Veterinary College; he was an examiner of veterinary pupils, and therefore it was supposed that he must be competent to give an opinion. He gave one, and at considerable length:—"The disorder in the horse," said he, "which constitutes a roarer, is caused by a membranous projection in a part of the windpipe, and is the consequence of that part having been inflamed from a cold, and injudiciously treated. A roarer,

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therefore, is not a diseased horse, for his lungs and every other part may be perfectly sound. The existence of roaring in a stallion cannot be of any consequence. It cannot be propagated any more than a broken bone, or any other accident.' A fair specimen of the *horse-knowledge* of one of the best of those non-descript beings, me-

dical examiners of *veterinary* pupils!

"Sir Charles returned full of glee; the good people of Norfolk and Suffolk were satisfied; Major Wilson's horse was in high request; and in a few years a great part of the two counties was overrun with roarers, and many a breeder half ruined."

THE ROAD.

THE ANCIENT CHARIOT RACE—AN IDEAL ONE—THE MODERN ROAD—ACCIDENT TO THE QUICKSILVER MAIL—FRENCH LAW RESPECTING ACCIDENTS BY PUBLIC CONVEYANCES—HYDE PARK IN ANCIENT AND MODERN DAYS.

By Nimrod.

DEAR SIR,

Allow me to congratulate you on your last number, which is admirable; indeed, it may be compared to the rich parterre which contains the flowers of every country and every clime, and a precious gem into the bargain. The Yorkshireman's story delighted me. There is a playfulness about the whole of it that is of very rare production, and I hope we shall have many such, for I am sure the writing of it was no trouble to the writer. Luckily for me every one in the house but myself was in bed when I read it, for I laughed like an idiot for at least five minutes at the "two bites of a cherry." A happier illustration of an uncertain fencer never entered the mind of man.

A word now for the Fetter-lane Coachman, who, as a practical man, is entitled to my notice. He asks, in his letter on the Quarterly article on the Road, why a coachman is called an *artist*, and I will with pleasure tell him why. First, let him look into Johnson, and he will find the word thus defined:—"the professor of an art, generally of an art *manual*." Now as our Fetter-lane friend says, "good hands are essential to a good coachman," the question is here answered at once. But again; the Doctor has it—"a skilful man—not a *novice*," which our Fetter-lane man certainly is not, or he would not drive out of that yard. I will not enter deeper into the subject or I could soon convince him that the word *art* implies *power**, which is

* "Pictoribus atque poetis
Quidlibet audendi semper fuit æqua potestas."—HORACE.

"Painters and poets our indulgence claim,
Their daring equal, and their *art* the same."

I dare say you remember the answer the *little* coachman made Sir Henry Peyton on his complimenting him on his power over his horses. "Why, Sir Henry," said he, "what the big ones does by *strength* I does by *hartifiz* (artifice)." Now, in spite of this fellow's bad English, no one can doubt his having read Homer; for, does not

very useful with "three blind uns and a bolter," more so, in fact, than the patience of Job, so strongly recommended by the methodist parson. I shall only add, then, that the *art* of coachmanship is intimately associated with the choicest recollections of antiquity; for though the odes of Pindar, at the Grecian games, were in honour of the masters of the chariots, it was to the best coachmen and the fleetest horses that the praise of victory was due. According to Horace, however, a new term may at any time be allowed,—

"Si forte necesse est
Indiculis monstrare recentibus addita verum."

Let us pursue this subject a little further; I have reason to believe it is a popular one. Among the sweet fictions of pagan mythology are several allusions to the *art* of the charioteer; and in honour of this art the first man who put four horses together in harness, and drove them from the hand, is made a constellation of. I believe his name was Erichthonius—rather an awkward one, by the way, for his horsekeepers to pronounce. That the ancients *did* drive four-in-hand is quite clear. Old Turnus went to the field in his chariot and four, young Turnus in his chariot and pair. Again;—"I will drive a hundred four-horse chariots along the river," says Virgil, "in honour of my having surpassed the Greek poets." (A better poet than coachman, I should conceive, friend Editor.) How their horses were put together is difficult to say. By Homer's description of Priam's car the traces were nine cubits long, which seems an extraordinary length, and not unattended with danger when going best

pace, but their reins ran through rings attached to their cars, which may have given them additional purchase. However, the act of first putting four horses together was considered an arduous undertaking, as may be gleaned from what Virgil says of it.

"Primus Erichthonius currus et quatuor ausus
Jungere equos, rapidisque rotis insistere victor."

But are we never to have chariot races in England, after the manner of the ancients, in these classic days, and when the science of the coach-box is arrived at the highest pitch of excellence? No, not if the beautiful Hippodamia were the prize, and the successful charioteer were to enter London after the manner Nero entered Rome; for, unless Sophocles and Pindar have more than reasonably abused their poetical license, the dangers of a chariot race would deter the boldest of our countrymen from striving for the honours of the equestrian crown. Who would be the Tydides? The τέλειον ἄρμα—the full-aged team—would be bad enough, but the πῶλον ἄρμα, or the Derby nags, would be awkward to handle in coming round Tattenham Corner with a crowd of others. But history informs us we may contend by proxies, yet what would a Chifney or a Robinson say to that? No doubt they are Grecians, and might answer thus—"The πῶλος κέλης, the sky-larking two-year old is sufficiently awkward, and sufficiently dangerous, with a running rein and a good martingal, but we beg to decline turning coachmen on a race-course, more particularly so as we have no Pindar now-a-days; and without a Pindar our names will be known for a thousand years to come. We

this agree exactly with the advice Nestor gives his son Antilochus, when instructing him how to drive his horses in the race?

don't wonder that Orestes was flooded; we would have betted high odds against him before starting, had we been at Olympia." Here we must agree with these eminent jockies. A sharp turn, twenty-two times repeated in one heat, with a stone pillar to pull them up if they were not able to avoid it, must have been sufficiently awful at the pace we may imagine *their* horses—low-bred and highly caparisoned as no doubt they had them—were able to maintain; but at *our* racing pace ten times more so. In the Duke of Queensbury's carriage match over Newmarket-heath, all the horses ran away for the first four miles, although ridden by jockies. It is evident, then, that it would be almost impossible for one man, however powerful, to restrain four of our racers, at full speed, in harness, from even a modern coach-box; but if he stood in the floor of the carriage, as the ancients did, it would be madness to attempt it. Neither would the sacred olive, or Pythian laurel, have the charm in these days which they had when, as Cicero says, aluding to the games of Greece, "*Gloriosior erat illos vicisse quam apud nos triumphasse.*" Even a gold cup, unless it have sovereigns at the bottom of it, will not do in these times, much less the sacred sprig.

It is, however, quite apparent that the Olympic and Pythian hippodromes invited danger*, which is not the case in our horse-racing, where every thing is done that can be done to prevent accidents. Nevertheless in those days of heroism—the more danger, the more honour—a race with chariots must

have been a grand spectacle; and as a proof of the grandeur of it the descriptions of the poets who have immortalized it in song, nearly induce us to believe we have witnessed the reality. Let us imagine then we have seen it. The *start* must have been imposing—say twenty chariots drawn up abreast, at the rising of the sun, with horses and their drivers alike impatient for the trumpet's blast. *THEY ARE OFF!* The first towards the centre, or the inside, as we have it, has the best chance to win, if his horses are fleet and his chariot is strong. Only fancy, then, the struggle, *for the prize is immortality!* See that aspiring youth, in the centre chariot, with his team of bays, whose "polished bits shine through a froth of foam." Report says, that, like those of *Ænomaus*, they are begotten of the wind, which is but to imply their well-known speed. Certain of victory, he is prepared with a robe of Tyrian purple, richly studded with golden stars. Fortune, however, has frowned upon him; his lot is unfavourable; but his royal blood rises superior to this, and he is resolved to baffle her malicious designs. Add to which he has been instructed by his father, alike illustrious in his age and his art, and whose fame has been chaunted in lyric strains. He has cleared the crowd! See him making his push for the inside of the course! See his trial for speed with those Thessalian mares, the pride of Greece! They cannot touch him. That Thracian team—those snow-white coursers, first favourites at starting! *Their chance is out!* They are driven by one great in the art, but they cannot

* It appears strange to us, but the chief skill of the ancient coachman was shown by his running *as near to the pillar as possible* without striking it.

foot with the Athenian bays. Flushed with success how daring he becomes! How he lashes his horses, who increase their speed at every stripe! What courage they show as they gallop over the scattered fragments of the broken chariots, and how they face the deafening shouts of the crowd! Even the terrors of Taraxippus* scare them not, for they are bent on victory as earnestly as their owner. But has he not sacrificed to the arch-impostor, to deprecate his wrath, or supplicate his aid? Not he; he spurns his favours, for he has full confidence in his noble steeds. Indeed, he already sees the eagle of victory hover round his chariot, as it proceeds down the course in its rapid career. In short, he is resolved on winning or to be buried with his horses in one common tomb.

With respect to the length of the chariot races at the Olympic Games, neither Pindar nor his scholiast appears to have determined it; but it is conjectured to have been twelve rounds of the Hippodrome—six Grecian miles, about four of ours—for full-aged horses, and four for colts. All particulars, however, as to starting, &c., are to be found in the sixth book of Pausanias's description of ancient Greece; and from him and other authors the reader may satisfy himself that there is no reason to regret the absence of this dangerous pastime in our day. But it was not only in Greece that it was carried to so extravagant a pitch. Although in Rome, as Gibbon says, "the reins were abandoned to servile hands," yet the interest taken in the different charioteers of the day, was sufficient to shake the very founda-

tion of the empire! Juvenal also declares, that, so great was their passion for this sport, that the abandonment of it for one single year, would have caused deeper regret in the Roman people than the slaughter of their countrymen on the plains of Cannæ!

Although we may be somewhat at a loss to account for the immense importance attached to the popular, but at the same time apparently trivial excellence in the Olympic Games—where the wreath of victory was an emblem of nobility—the racing with chariots and horses of those times was intimately connected with the highest interests of society. It improved the breed of horses, combining strength with speed, in which Greece was at that time deficient, and perfected the art of breaking them—each of vast importance to a warlike nation. It brought people of all ranks together, and as we now say helped to *liberalize* their minds. The expenses being enormous, it circulated money, and greatly benefitted trade. It encouraged temperance, produced a noble spirit of emulation, perfect contempt of danger, and a high sense of honour. In fact the office of judge was considered so honourable that kings accepted it, which Demosthenes declaims against in allusion to Philip of Macedon, who once presided at the Pythian Games. Their awards, however, were so honourable and impartial, that Pindar calls the crowns bestowed upon the winners *θεμιλεκτως*, i. e. made by Themis, goddess of Justice, whom Ovid describes with a sword in one hand, and scales in the other. Indeed the fable of Pelops is to this point. He gained the beautiful Hippodamia by bribing the cha-

* An imaginary deity of the Greeks, supposed to strike terror into the horses as they passed by the altar erected to him on the course.

rioteer of his opponent; but when he claimed the reward, he put him to instant death. It was an incentive to humanity, as we learn from the care they took of their horses. Cimon even superintended the burial of his mares with which he had *thrice* conquered at the Olympic Games. Homer makes Agamemnon speak in raptures of the horses he offers to Achilles; and one of the finest passages in Virgil, is his appeal in favour of the worn-out racer. The fine arts likewise reaped their share of the benefits. The magnificence of Olympia was proverbial, and the chisels of those artists whom no one has attempted to excel, were kept in full employ—and what could be finer subjects than the generous ardour and lively spirit of their noble steeds and their highly animated drivers, for the bold but delicate hand of a Phidias or a Praxiteles? Lastly, we are indebted to ancient chariot racing, for the sublimest effusions of the classic Muse, as not only Pindar, but Euripides, Homer, Sophocles, Statius, Juvenal, Virgil, &c., have drawn many of their sweets from the rich and flowery fields of Olympia and Elis.

Now then for another word on the modern road. It is somewhat curious that a very short time after this “much talked of article”—as the newspapers call it—appeared, and which (critic upon critic) has attracted the notice of a book-keeper and a coachman, the Quicksilver mail encountered a dreadful accident on that very ground on which the coaching reviewer had just been escorting his antediluvian friend. But this is not the most extraordinary part of the story. A friend of mine, who had been booked inside from Yeovil, had given up his seat to the unfortunate gentleman

who was so severely injured by the coach falling on him, and only resumed it at Basingstoke, within a quarter of a mile of where the accident occurred. In three days afterwards my friend was in Calais, and related to me his almost miraculous escape. But I must add a word here:—That turnpike-gate, against which the coach struck, used to be in a most awkward place, *at the bottom of the piteh*, and many is the time that I have been glad when I have seen my leaders’ bars clear of its posts. But it is now put on level ground, and from what my friend told me, I fear the late mishap was occasioned by the coachman being drunk, as he had been larking his horses over the last stage. If so, *he should never be put on a coach again!* I have not yet done with the road, and shall have another shy at coach accidents; but in the mean time let me state how these matters (as Sterne says) are “ordered in France.” Some time since, a diligence was overturned by the snapping of the drag-chain, when two passengers were killed, and several badly wounded. On the next day, without having recourse to judge or jury, the Prefect of the Department gave the following order, which was posted up in all the places where horses are let out:—“Whereas the proprietor of the — diligence, did by his neglect in not having a sufficiently strong chain attached to the wheels, while his vehicle was proceeding down a hill, cause the death of two individuals; it is hereby ordered that the said proprietor shall not be, in future, allowed to have any diligences running on any road in this Department. Moreover, a criminal and civil action shall be brought against him, to punish him for his base

neglect, and to indemnify the sufferers by a pecuniary compensation." Look to this, English coach-proprietors! It is not only French law, but justice as well, and, perhaps, it may one day or other be English law*. As far as myself am concerned I am a great advocate for severe penal laws, because I am convinced they are the most merciful in the end. Look for example to this country, and in this respect contrast it with England. I retire to rest here in a lone house, with nothing but a bolt to the outside door, half the size of my little finger. In Hampshire, though protected by a large and deep moat, I had three loaded barrels always in my chamber. Here you may travel in safety at all hours of the night: in England a footpad is looked for in every bush.

It may be now my turn to say a word or two on this "much talked of" Quarterly article on one of my favourite pastimes; and as I have some reason to believe the writer is a particular friend of mine, and a tolerably good-humoured fellow, perhaps he will allow me to correct two trifling errors, either of his own or of the press. The "four-horse" whip, being called the "four-bone" whip, p. 373, is of course to be booked to the printer; but "three miles in a minute," p. 350 (instead of a mile in three minutes), is rather beyond the rail-way pace, and we may suppose it to have been a *lapsus pennæ*. However, we must make allowance for such trifling errors in a work to which these subjects are quite novel, and rest satisfied with the compliment paid by the notice of them.

The Hyde Park scene appears unfortunately to have been cut short, perhaps room being required for more important matter; but what a revolution has been effected in that celebrated place within the last hundred years. "Here," *i. e.* in the Park, says Sir Thomas Brown, speaking of it above a hundred years back, "horses have their diversion as well as men, and neigh and court their mistresses almost in an intelligible dialect. Here people coach it to take the air, amidst a cloud of dust enough to choke a foot soldier. Here is much ado about nothing; a world of brave men, gilt coaches and rich liveries, within some of which are upstart courtiers, blown up as big as pride and vanity can swell them, sitting as upright in their chariots as if a stake had been driven through them. See what a bevy of ladies are in yonder coaches, some singing, others laughing and tickling one another, and devouring sweetmeats, march-pane, and China oranges. See that lady!—was ever anything so black as her eye, and so clear as her forehead? Sure her face has taken its tincture from all the beauties in nature. She might, however, for aught I know, have gone to bed last night as ugly as a hag, although she now appears an angel, and if you did but see this puppet taken to pieces, she's all but paint and plaister."

Now had this witty writer kept above ground till now what a change would he see in this vortex of fashion! The cloud of dust is no longer visible, but with the thermometer at 80°, and a month's drought, he would find the ground as cool as

* Do not let it be supposed I would visit upon proprietors the snapping of a drag-chain, provided it were of the usual substance; and I conclude this was not the case with that used on the ponderous French diligence. It is to rotten harness, drunken or inefficient coachmen, that I allude.

after an April shower. The citizen only rides bodkin in his chariot; the courtier is seen on his thorough-bred hack. Neither is there "much ado about nothing;" considerable business is going on in the Park, and some of a highly interesting nature. Ladies no longer eat oranges in their carriages, and leave the office of *tickling* to the ruder sex. The black eye and the clear forehead are still there, but the paint and plaister, and all such "adulteries of art," are no longer appendages to an Englishwoman's toilet. It is true her ladyship looks pale this morning, but what of that?—it is only the effect of late hours, and it gives a lustre to her bright eyes. Nothing so vulgar as rude health in these days of reform, and the faded rose and the drooping lily may be considered signs of the times.

But the gilt coach of a hundred years back, with the heavy blacks and their buckled-up tails, what a figure it would cut if placed by the side of yon Marchioness's *vis-à-vis*! See it enter the gates at a smart trot. See the switch-tail greys, covered with richly plated harness, with their lofty action and even paces—one would swear they were produced at one birth. Observe the well-fed body coachman, in his splendid livery of blue and orange, his dangling silver shoulder-knots, and white silk stockings, as neat and as clean as if just out of a band-box. But no wonder he shines! He lives like a prince, and has little to do. Can anything exceed the splendour of that equipage? See the blue-embroidered hammercloth, with its emblazoned coronets over the proud escutcheon, which at first obscures a view of the carriage, and the four silver coronets which ornament its roof. 'Tis the

climax of the art! It has all the magnificence of Hiero's car, with the elegant conveniences of modern times. But, ha! here's four-in-hand—a green, with a gentleman driving! Look at his leaders, they ought to be at Melton. Who is he? A late Colonel of Lancers. Then here comes another—a yellow, with four greys. Oh, every body knows *him*; a second Camillus—drives nothing but greys; a worthy Baronet, the best coachman in London. But look at that cabriolet! What a magnificent horse!—what a stepper he is, and how well he is harnessed! Well he may be; he cost three hundred, and Whippy fitted him. Oh, that light green chariot with the green and white hammercloth, and an Earl's coronet, with the widow's ~~large~~ *large* underneath—picked out in straw-colour—green liveries and bay horses, pulling up along-side the splendid cabriolet! Aye, aye, we know the parties; they are congratulating each other on their last contributions to the New Monthly Magazine. And those beautiful roans in that neat phaeton, with a baron's coronet! We think we know *him*; his lordship's father, an old west-country baronet, never put a collar on any other colour. But those four cream-coloured ponies—the cream of everything—were they not at Melton? *The Countess is a very pretty whip.* Another, *another* phaeton of the Lilliputian order—blue and red, with liveries to match, and an Earl's coronet! See the neat little out-riders, in their winker-bridles, what pinks they are!

"the last,

Surpassing all, is not to be surpast."

What, ho! this reminds us of the good old days of Adam and Eve. A low hung dark green

coach, with an earl's coronet and a castle and a lion for a crest, with long tailed blacks drawing by the breast-band, like mourning-coach horses. Yet their action is undeniable, and the tall footmen in the straight cut snuff coloured liveries, with flesh coloured silk stockings, and canes, furnish us with an admirable specimen of a cross between the ancient and modern times, retaining all the stateliness of the former with the taste and elegance of the latter. But look at the airy lightness of this—I don't know what to call it—low park phaeton I suppose—drawn by those "gallant greys," driven by a postillion, with the light blue ribbons streaming gaily in the breeze from his horses' rosetted heads. That equipage is faultless. What horses! They were bought at Melton of a certain baron, and the lady on the off side is the unmarried sister of the titled owner. What a chance for the young!

And now comes on the Grand Falconer of England, with his duchess, in a green barouche and four with postillions in drab and green, with massive silver badges on their arms, and two footmen in the rumble. And here in the new yellow coach drawn by the blood bays, that look as though they could outstep old time itself, drives Cleveland's Duke, as thorough-

paced a fox-hunter as ever strode a saddle. Tell me—can any thing be more elegant than that cabriolet with the head thrown back and the boy in dark livery with the gold band and loop to his cockaded hat, hanging negligently on by one hand, as his noble master threads through the line of vehicles that oppose his progress to the corner? Ah! I thought it would be so—that old gentleman in the leathers and bad hat, with the groom in dark green, took the wrong side as he came up at the long trot, and the near wheel is locked with that of the doctor's pill-box. But enough, friend Editor, we will change the subject. Still methinks I hear you say—what is become of the chocolate coloured chariot, picked out in straw colour, with the red lion and the flag—quite the most *tasty* affair in the ring? Greys again, the finest in London; but there is no such a judge of a coach horse as Mr. ——. And what a pink of a coachman! Yes, the Adonis of coachmen, and a capital finisher of the whole thing? Why I am sorry to say the owner of it is *here*, a brother exile of your humble servant. But times may mend. As for myself

"I would not buy
Their mercy at the price of one fair word."

NIMROD.

FINE ARTS.

THE BRITISH INSTITUTION.

WE paid a visit to the British Institution the other day, and were much gratified by the display of talent exhibiting on the walls. Of course we ought to have gone there to look for sporting subjects only,
NO. XXIII.—VOL. IV.

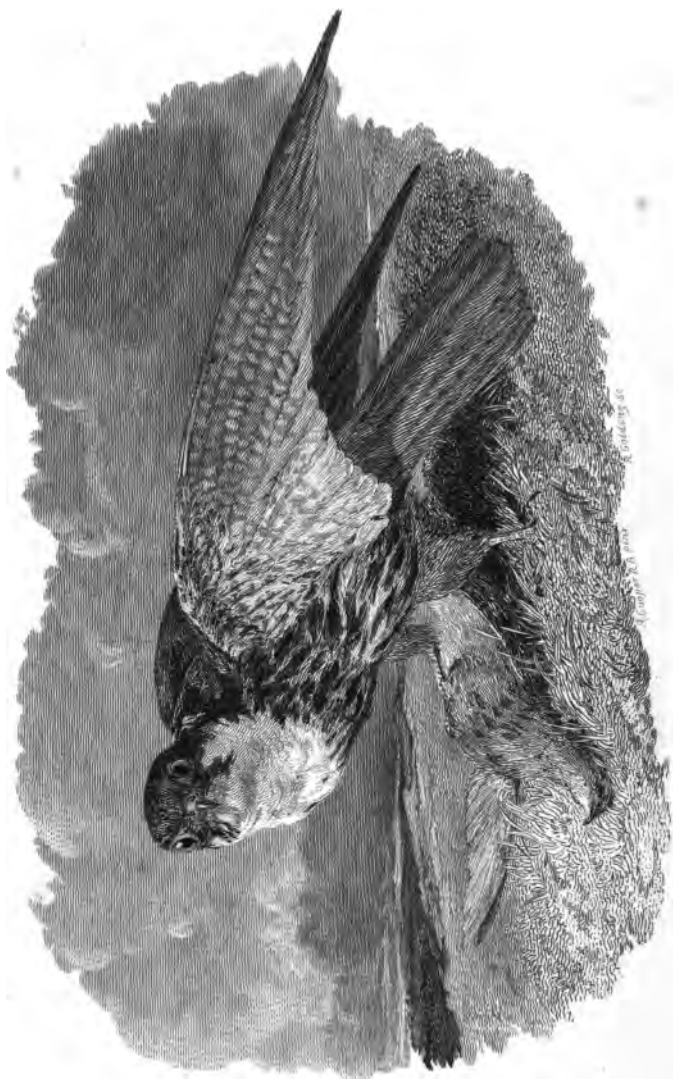
but frail human nature! we had scarcely got well settled into the north room, with our catalogue and pencil in hand, and our spectacles adjusted on our nose, before we were arrested by a *solicitor*
3 A

—not a limb of the law—and though strong as is its arm, it was one still stronger than the arm of the law. But we will out with it, and make a clear conscience at once; it was a beautiful picture by Henry Wyatt, of a most lovely nymph, with a heartease placed in her open bosom, and a rich cachmere falling negligently from her waist, with a lap-dog looking most beseechingly in her countenance, and hence the name, “a Solicitor.” We looked at it for half an hour, and remembering that the pictures are for sale, walked off to the keeper of the gallery, intending to invest some of the enormous profits arising from this magazine in the purchase of it, when, shocking to relate, we found it was disposed of already.

Hard by (No. 16) was a battle piece, “Brian de Bois Gilbert carrying off Rebecca from Torquilstone-castle; Athelstane lying in the fore-ground,” by our friend Cooper, which we heard much commended by some officers of the guards, who were going their rounds of the pictures. But by far the most beautiful things in the exhibition, and indeed by far the most beautiful things we ever saw, are Landseer’s game and other pieces; the Ptarmigan lying on the mountain top, with the blood trickling on the snow, is more “beautiful than nature,” as we heard an old lady say, as she threw up her hands in amazement; and the Grouse (148), and Black Cock and Grey Hen (149), are inimitable; these are pictures that we could look at for ever. The beautiful Hawking piece that was so universally admired in Somerset-house last year, is also in this exhibition, as is “Trim,” the celebrated Sussex Spaniel, which was

engraved by poor Webb, for this magazine. We need scarcely add that all Mr. Landseer’s pictures are sold. “Trim” was painted for that well known patron of the arts, Mr. Wells, of Redleaf, and the inscription on the tree hard by, says the whole subject was accomplished in two hours and a half. Besides these, there are some very pretty subjects by Mr. Wm. Barraud, particularly the “Falcon tearing a Pigeon” (268), which though placed rather high, appears to possess great merit, and makes a most beautiful picture. No. 158, “The keeper going his rounds,” by Mr. Hancock, is a very spirited and talented production; the eagerness of the terriers, as they watch their master’s movements, is admirably depicted. “A Fox on the Watch,” No. 403, by the same artist, is also very good. It has been purchased by Sir M. W. Ridley, and an old master of hounds told us the other day he thought it was the best likeness of a fox he had ever seen. Talking of Mr. Hancock reminds us of a beautiful picture we saw in his studio the other day of that excellent and veteran sportsman, Lord Middleton, with his spaniels, which are allowed to be the best breed in England. There are five brace in this picture, lying and standing in the Park; but in another one which Mr. Hancock has commenced, they are represented bustling about in search of their game, which will show them off to great advantage, and give a very animated appearance to the scene.

We must not conclude our brief notice of this exhibition without expressing the delight we experienced in looking at Miss Emma Jones’ “Boy with Fish,” No. 181, which is beautiful; and at No. 79, “The Sybil,” by Mr. Hayter, un-



HAWK, THE HOBBY.

London, Published for the Proprietors of the New Sporting Magazine by Baldwin & Cradock, Paternoster Row 1833.

der which title he has so exquisitely depicted the lovely authoress of the "Undying one," that having once fixed our eyes upon that expressive countenance we remained a fixture until the emptiness of the darkening room intimated that it was time to retire. We must therefore offer the Bull's apology to those artists whose works we had not time to examine.

THE HOBBY.

Engraved by GOLDING from a painting by A. COOPER, R.A.

THE bird from which the above beautiful plate was engraved, was shot near London, and is a fine specimen of that now rare bird called the Hobby.

General Monthly Miscellany.

THE CHASE.

THE month of February is a most inconvenient one to Editors, though generally very favourable to fox-hunters. In the month that has just gone out we have received several letters that in any other would have been in ample time to secure insertion, but which in this short one arrived too late. The weather throughout the month has been very stormy, and snow, sleet, frost, and rain have visited us alternately. The accounts from most countries are favourable—we have inserted as many letters as we possibly could, and hope for the indulgent consideration of those whose favours arrived too late. We hear that the Berkeley fox-hounds will vacate their country at the end of this season, and that Mr. Combe intends making a present of such hounds as the terms on which he took the country will permit of his taking away, to the Surrey Union fox-hounds, who hunt in the immediate neighbourhood of his seat at Cobham. It is said that arrangements have been made with Mr. Thornhill for hunting Warwickshire after this season. Our friend "Esau" is among the number of late arrivals this month, which we the more regret, as he has sent us a long detail of sport, "seldom," as he says, "equalled, rarely surpassed." On the 19th of January, at Fenny Compton, on the 6th ult. at Bucknell-common, three hours, the 7th at Chinkle-wood, one of Lord Chandos's covers, where

foxes were abundant, and on the 9th at Shugborough-hill, from whence a gallant fox went away before a large field of Leicestershire, Warwickshire, and Oxfordshire gentlemen, and was killed at Nuneham-brick-kilns, after a run of an hour and twenty minutes, in the course of which there were many falls, duckings, and other ludicrous mishaps, but no accidents. On the 19th, at Middleton-park, foxes were most abundant, affording the most satisfactory contradiction to the reported scarcity at the beginning of the season. Mr. Drake is expected to retain the country, hunting it as usual on a subscription of £1,000, £850 of which are subscribed. We must now, though reluctantly, proceed with our letters, and hope our friend Esau will embody the latter part of his excellent epistle in the next month's communication.

THE TOURS HOUNDS.

To the Editor of the New Sporting Magazine.

SIR,

I AM happy to have it in my power to send you an extract from a letter I have just received from that well known sportsman, and splendid horseman, the Hon. Martin Hawke, who, most of your readers know, has been long residing in France, at the head of a pack of hounds. Previous to his removing to

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Tours, he lived in the village of Cologne, not a mile from the spot where I am now sitting, and where his name will long be remembered for his kindness to the poor, and as "*le diable sur le cheval*." He has also sent me a capital hunting song, from his own pen.

Yours, &c.

NIMROD.

"For the last twelve years we have had a subscription pack, in Touraine, for hunting the wolf and boar, and have certainly had most magnificent sport. All we have wanted has been a larger field of sportsmen; but we have proved the truth of Somerville's lines—

'A chosen few alone the sport enjoy,
Nor droop beneath their pleasing toils.'—

"You will no doubt be much surprised when I tell you, that our country extends sixty miles in length by above seventy in breadth, including some of the finest royal forests in France; and that we can hunt from the beginning of September to the end of May without the least hindrance on the part of the proprietors, who are glad to forward our pursuits. This you will say is pretty well for Englishmen who have not an acre in the country, and I assure you has only been obtained by great management—much courtesy—and at a very considerable expense. In one season, some years back, we killed above fifty boars—and all after good runs, some of them splendid—after fine *debouchés* over the open country. We have also been very successful with wolves, and particularly during this season, as at present our pack, though small (for we have hardly any English remaining here and very few that hunt), are particularly good. We have some of the best hounds and the strongest, that belonged to the late Duke de Bourbon at Chantilly, united to some of the first French hounds of the Saintonge breed—as high and as fast as Lord Darlington's old pack when I hunted with him at Sedgfield—and yet the boars are so strong that they will stand before them seven or eight hours before they are brought to bay. As to the wolves, they will go for ever if not hit by a dexterous sportsman, who requires a very fast horse and a very steady hand—

'The bobtail from Billesdon tho' famous in story
Can ne'er hold a candle to piggy for glory!
And a wolf is a beast (though I ne'er knew one
did)

That could easily run from Touraine to Madrid.'

"We have also some excellent stag hunting with the Louvriers hounds and our pack, united in the neighbourhood. We find the largewild red stag which generally gives a brilliant *debouché*—frequently of from twenty to thirty miles—and is killed with the *couteau de chasse* as soon as the hounds bring him to bay, when his body is given *en curé* to them, and the horns brought home in triumph.

"You must excuse this letter, written in a great hurry, and only in compliance with your request, so pardon the scrawl and erasures. At another time I will do better, and I shall be happy to afford you information more in detail—description of the country, &c. I send you a boar hunting song of one of our many excellent runs—its chief merit is its being strictly the fact, as some sportsmen now in England can testify. It has never been published nor given to any one, and if you think it worthy of insertion in your Magazine it is much at your service."

SIR H. GOODRICKE'S, LORD LONSDALE'S, AND THE BELVOIR HOUNDS.

SIR,

I AM happy to say Lord Lonsdale is perfectly recovered from his late fall, and is now to be seen enjoying the sports of the field as usual. Mountford is also much better, but I fear there is little chance of his hunting again this season.

January 28.—Having had little or no hunting for the last ten days, in consequence of the unfavourable state of the weather, we hailed the appearance of this morning with the utmost gratification, a very sudden change having taken place on the 25th.

Monday, 28.—Sir Harry at Kirbygate; a very thin attendance of company, but what few were to be seen looked of the right sort—found a fox at Sir Harry's cover, which went away at the bottom corner, making for Kettleby, he however turned to the right

and crossed the Nottingham road, about a mile beyond Lord Plymouth's Lodge, he then made for Scalford-gorse, then for Melton-spiny where however he did not wait; he then set his head straight for Waltham-thorns, but turned to the left in a direct line for Scalford-village, but being hard pressed he turned to the right, pointing for Waltham-village, and was viewed and ran into in thirty-two minutes in Scalford-field.

January 30.—Sir Harry at Six-hills; found a fox at Curate's-gorse, ran to Willoughby-gorse, then made for Wimeswold which he left to the right, turning for Mundy's-gorse, then to Walton-thorns and Thrussington-wolds, Ragdale, Shoby-scholes, and Lord Aylesford's-gorse, from thence towards Old Dalby, leaving Grimstone to the right, then to Nether-Broughton and Wartnaby-stone-pits and Kettleby; then by Welby to Sir Harry's gorse, he then crossed the river near Melton, then made nearly for Burton-lazars, and turning to the left was finally killed near to the swing bridge, after the severest run this season, in two hours and about twenty minutes.

Lord Forester had also a tremendous run to day; found a fox at Harby-cover, which made for Langar, then for Awthorpe, then over the Foss-road for Widmerpool, then nearly to Old Dalby, and turning to the left came for Upper Broughton, beyond which he was lost, after a very severe struggle of one hour and fifty-five minutes.

February 4.—Lord Lonsdale at Market Overton; found a fox at Woodwell-head, which made direct for the Woodlands leaving Thistleton to the left and South Witham to the right, he now crossed the north road and was killed in Morkery-wood, after fifty-five minutes good hunting.

February 19.—Lord Forester at Marston; had a splendid run of one hour and seventeen minutes without a check, it was a most tremendous day's sport, but did not kill their fox; all the horses dead beaten. We have in addition to our former visitors, Sirs F. Johnstone, J. Boswell, Messrs. Coke, A. Drummond, Hon. — Stanley, Col. Rawstone, Heneage, &c. &c. Lord

Macdonald, Count d'Orsay, and many others.

Melton, Feb. 21.

LORD FORESTER'S HOUNDS.

Lord Forester's sport has continued to be excellent. On Tuesday, the 8th of January, he had two excellent runs; the first from Sapparton-wood to Aswarby, the second fox they found at Aunsby-gorse, he went away leaving Osbournby on the right, over a very strong country by Spanby, to Threckingham, then away for Newton-wood, where they killed him after a sharp forty minutes. He had the same week, a most magnificent run from Croxton-park, and killed his fox in the finest style at Grimstone; this and the brilliant run from Goadby, you had in the February number.

On Tuesday the 15th, from Cranwell, a fine fox-hunting run but not fast, except a small part of it, they found in Cranwell-gorse, went away over the heath to Fulbeck hill top; here a fresh fox was halloed away, but luckily the hounds stuck to the hunted fox, turned short to the left and away for Caythorpe (only one or two persons with them) and would have killed him, if unfortunately they had not got upon a fresh fox at Reeves-gorse; here the field got up to them, and they ran, leaving Fenton to the left, to Barnby, near Newark, where they lost him; the distance, fourteen miles from point to point.

The frost was too hard to hunt, from the 20th until the 28th, when they met at Saltby-heath, the frost barely out of the ground, and had a beautiful day's sport; they had first a brilliant thirty-three minutes from Coston-gorse, they then found a capital fox in a spiny in Croxton-park, went away by Bes-coby-oaks, for Buckminster, leaving Easton, Sir M. Cholmley's on the right, and Mr. Turnor's, at Stoke, on his left, by Stoke-park-wood, without going into it, through Boothby-wood, and killed him almost without a check, between Somerby and the kennel, at Ropsly, in an hour and nineteen minutes; nearly twelve miles straight from where they found him. Lord

Jersey was out for the first time, after a long absence from this country, and rode in the same elegant and gallant manner that always distinguished him in former days; Lord Forester was as usual close to the hounds, as also Sir M. Cholmley, a finer or more perfect day's sport never was seen.

The next day, Tuesday, they met at Weaver's Lodge, with a large field out, Lords Jersey, Villiers, Forester, Willoughby, Granby, Brownlow, and Manners, Sir M. Cholmley, Count Matucheviths, &c. &c., they drew Sapperton-wood, a capital cover in a capital country, a great deal of grass, almost always good scenting and flying foxes; they immediately found a brace, and six couple of hounds instantly went away with one of them very fast, leaving Sapperton-village to the right, Great Humby to the left, by Humby-wood to nearly Boothby-little-wood, here he turned sharp to the left towards Ingoldsby, and between Little Humby and Lenton, back by Sapperton-wood to Newton-wood, nearly to Pickworth-village, to Sapperton-wood again, to Braceby, nearly to Ropsley, Humby-wood to Somerby, here was a check; the field was getting thin, and many thinking it was all over, and their horses thinking they had had quite enough for pleasure, left; but the hounds hit it off beautifully, run him through Boothby-little-wood, nearly the same line back to Sapperton, Braceby, Humby, and killed him between Humby and Lenton. Had it been straight it would have been extraordinary, the half hour to Newton-wood was very fast, only Lord Forester, Mr. Willerton, Sir M. Cholmley, and three or four more saw it, from Newton-wood (where the people got in, and the other part of the pack who had killed their fox in cover joined them), it was a good hunting pace, and the last twenty minutes as fast as the few remaining horses, hounds, and fox, could go; Goosey was up and delighted at having had two such runs, and two such kills, in two successive days. We had then a few days frost, but on the Monday following the hounds met at Lenton, a large party from Grimstone-castle (Lord Willoughby's) were out;

they found instantly in the wood, and went away at the best pace, over the beautiful Falkingham country, all grass, by the gorse, Threckingham, Aswarby to Burton-gorse, where they killed him; nothing could be finer. On Wednesday they were in the Belvoir-woods; on Friday at Barkstone, in the willows; they had another excellent day's sport, they found him in the gorse, or rather he found them, as he was off in an instant, leaving Carlton to the right, to Normanton-hill-top, nearly to Ancaster, here he turned to the right over Honington-heath, and went to ground between Honington and Barkton, in forty-two minutes; we then found another fox, at a place they called Gonorvey-gorse, and killed him in Barkton, after another pretty run, but not so fast. To Normanton-hill-top, in the first, it could not have been faster; a famous old sportsman of the late Lord Forester's time, named Wing, Lord Forester, Captain White, and Mr. Willerton, were in front. On Monday, a curious circumstance occurred, which not often happens; Lord Forester's hounds run up to Woodwell-head, from Coston-gorse, and Lord Lonsdale's, after a fast thing up wind from the woodlands, met them there; the packs joined and went away with a fox, unluckily he was a bad one, and they killed him near Buckminster; the Meltonians, &c. were all out, and all were disappointed at not seeing a better trial of speed between these great packs.

MR. MEYNELL'S HOUNDS.

DEAR N. S. M.

WE have had some capital sport in our Midland world this month, though the weather (John Bull must find a nook for the weather) has been more variable than, I think, I ever remember it. In one week we had fine, mild, May-like days at the beginning, and then hail, rain, snow, thunder and lightning, and winds enough to blow the weather-cock over, following each other in rapid succession.

The best things I have seen have been with Mr. Meynell's hounds. On Thursday last we had a capital day from Catton, with a large field out. The

old favourite find, the ozier bed, was under water, from the previous heavy rains and consequent overflowing of the river; we were obliged therefore to proceed to the wood on the hill. Here the hounds had not been in above two or three minutes before a hollo was heard. You know what riding to a hollo in a thick wood is, Mr. Editor, bumping your knee every now and then against a great brute of a tree that won't stand out of your way, and scratching your eyes out with scrambling through bushes and briars, with the constant vexation of a brother Nimrod in front pulling up to regain his hat, which you bear smashing under your own horse's feet! Well, we got to the hollo at last, but the hounds wouldn't have a word to say to it. "Are you the man that viewed the fox?"—"Yes, he went away at this corner." The corner, however, produced no scent, and at last the man confessed that he wasn't *quite sure* whether it was a fox or not.

We then proceeded to Walton-wood, where we were lucky enough to find a capital old dog-fox, and away he went as hard as he could rattle for Catton-wood. After a short excursion through the wood, he doubled round and broke away again at the bottom: a wide brook, with paling on the near side, now presented itself, which nothing but a regular flyer could carry one across. One scarlet got a roll with his horse, but *I don't think he was hurt*, and away we went up the hill—quite fast enough to be pleasant! Roslistone was the first village we came to, then Cawdell, then Linton. I can't pretend to tell you all the woods, gorses, streams, and hamlets that we passed, for I wasn't born in the neighbourhood, and "the pace was too good" to inquire. At Linton we had a long check (it was now a quarter past two, and we found exactly at twelve), and were proceeding to try for another fox at Drakelow-grove, when by great good luck, we hit off the old chase across the road, and hunted him up to Gresley-wood, where he jumped up in view. We ran him a little further, and on a sudden, and quite unaccountably, we were again at fault. After casting this way and that, and thinking it deuced

odd where pug could be gone, we at last found him out under a carpenter's bench, where several people were at work, unaware of his presence. We soon got my gentleman out of the shavings, and turned him off before the hounds. They ran him in view about a mile further, when he took sanctuary in an old furnace hole, but the sanctuary not being respected by the pack, he was followed to his corner and sacrificed to their vengeance.

A still better thing was enjoyed with these hounds on the Saturday preceding. They met at Radborne, found a fox, and had a rattling burst of *an hour and fifty minutes*, then a long check, after which they got on the line of their fox again, and killed him at a place called Thacker's-wood, two and thirty miles from their kennel, which they did not reach till eight o'clock at night.

Dear N. S. M.,

Yours, very truly,

A. M.

Feb. 20, 1833.

THE OAKLEY HOUNDS.

DEAR SIR,

IN my last communication I gave you an account of the sport with Mr. Berkeley's hounds up to the 15th of January, since when we have had some rare fun, as the following will shew:

Thursday, Jan. 17.—Carlton Hall. Drew to Thickthorn where we found a brace of foxes, settled to one which we lost directly from his having been coursed by a sheep-dog. Found again in Shernington-wood, and a brilliant thing we had, going best pace up to New-wood, where we checked for half a minute, but a cast by the honourable master set them flying again, going by Pict's-hill-gorse, hounds running their fox in view, and away to Solemn-thrift, then to the right to Grub's-wood, and back as if for Clifton, then got on the stained ground near Turvey-gorse, where he baffled us for a long time. We however recovered his line again and hunted him coldly nearly to Solemn-thrift, where a tremendous storm of rain came on and we were beat. This was for one hour as brilliant a

thing as I ever saw, and admirably hunted. I have heard some men remark, that these are a nice pack of hunting hounds if they had a little more speed, however, to-day they managed to go a great deal faster than was agreeable to me, and many others, who were on thorough-bred ones, for the devil himself could not catch them.

Saturday, 19.—Kimbolton Castle; not a bad day considering it was all woodland, but a very indifferent scent and did not kill.

Monday, Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday stopped by frost.

Monday, 28.—At the kennel; found in the Harrold-woods. A capital hour and fifty-eight minutes and ran to ground near Wollaston. Hounds showing to great advantage.

Tuesday, 29.—Chickeley-hall; found in Hollington-wood. Fox had heard us and was viewed away a mile and a half a head. I never saw hounds go quicker to a holloa; one blast of the horn was enough, they were at their master's heels in a minute. Ran the fox coldly towards Clifton-spiny and came to a check. Mr. Berkeley made the remark that the *hanimal* was a long way a-head, and that he would make a wide effort to get up to him. He set off with his hounds at a smart pace, and, curious enough, the fox and hounds came into a lane at the same time, at the top of Clifton-spiny. Mr. Berkeley laid his hounds on, close at his brush, and they gave him a merry go round the spiny, and drove him away for Turvey, he then bore to the right to Thickthorn, within two fields of which they ran into him. In all fifty minutes, the last thirty very fast.

Thursday, 31.—Kennel; found in one of the Odel-woods, ran through the Harrold-woods breaking over the open by Bozeal to the right, leaving Wollaston on the left, nearly to Hinwick, and then back to the great woods and killed him brilliantly, after a capital thing of an hour and twenty minutes.

Saturday, Feb. 2.—Melchbourne; found a brace of foxes—but it was blowing as fine a gale of wind as was ever felt off Cape-horn, and nothing to be done. After an hour or two the

day improved. Found again in Knotting, and ran in the different woods and in rings in the open for four hours and a half, and stopped the hounds in Melchbourne by moon-light, with a fox dead beat before them.

Monday, 4.—Milton-mill; a capital thing at a fair pace of an hour and a quarter, running through Clapham-park from Twin-wood, and going round Thurleigh-park on the Roxton side, then to within a few fields of Keysoe, and up to Galsey, where we were bothered by a fresh fox, and the hunted one escaped.

Tuesday, 5.—Moulsoe; found very late in the day at Kempston. No scent and but little sport.

Thursday, 7.—Were holloaed to a fox near the wood, and went away at a hunting pace through Hanger by Bromham, and, as usual, over the water at Clapham, and up to Clapham-park, from thence by Twin and Lorn-woods to Ravensden-grange, nearly to Renhold-wood, where we lost him.

Saturday, 9.—Hail Weston; found directly, went away at a good pace to Paxton-wood and away round by Buckden, leaving the town to the left, down to the river, which he coasted nearly to the paper-mills. Then turned up through Paxton and Mr. Duberly's woods, and broke back again to Hail Weston. Here, without hanging an instant, the hounds changed to a fresh fox, and went away to Bushmead and over the Colmworth country to Roxton, where the hounds were stopped by Tom Skinner, on his bay horse, Turvey, bought last year by Mr. Berkeley of that famous young sportsman Harry Bolton, of Turvey. Out of a very numerous field only four or five were up at the end, all the horses were dead beat, Mr. Berkeley having come up on a mare he had borrowed, having missed his second horse. I am sorry to say the one he started on in the morning was left stiff in the field, having broken a blood-vessel in the lungs in the first twenty-five minutes, a very great loss to him as he was just in his prime and a capital hunter. The hounds were running hard for three hours; the following were the chosen

few who lived to see the end.—Mr. Moreton Berkeley, Mr. Magniac, Mr. Onslow, Mr. John Fletcher, and Mr. Booth, on his old horse, whose most extraordinary and antiquated appearance needs no description from me, and whose goodness has been too often proved to need any praise from my pen. Mr. Magennis and Mr. Dickens were also very handy, the latter bearing about him a thorough specimen of Cambridgeshire clay, from hat to boot and from nose to tail; I should think he must have had a nice Somerset.

Monday, 11.—Cowper's-oak. I am now going to recount one of the most extraordinary days I ever witnessed, both as to find and run. It was a windy day and Mr. Berkeley had stopped short of the place of meeting, sending on his servant to inform the field. When we came we found him standing in a sheltered place adjoining Olney-cow-pastures. He said his reason for stopping there was to give his hounds the wind, an advantage which should never be forgotten in these immense woodlands. The quarter of the wood into which he threw his hounds was not more than thirty yards from the place where we had been standing and talking, and as the hounds went into cover a hound called Fortitude stood on his hind legs and gave tongue, and was rated by Mr. Berkeley for doing so. The hound however knew he was right, and doubled his tongue the moment he was over the fence, and was cheered by his master and backed by the pack, away they went like lightning; George viewed the fox over the first ride, they were close at him and never hung a moment; they set their heads across the open as if for Weston-underwood, but bearing to the left they crossed the Olney-road, between Lavendon and the turnpike, and ran for Brafield, crossed the end of Snip-wood and over Snelson-grass-grounds down to the river, which was full to the banks. The fox then ran along the river-side, going through Mr. Chandler's yard towards Harrold, but turned up again by Snelson-turnpike into the Lavendon-woods. He broke from the Lavendon-woods over the road and over the great grass grounds, with his

head towards Turvey, Mr. Berkeley and Mr. Maxse exclaiming at the same time, "By Jove, he remembers the bridge!" On he went, and the little rogues at him at a racing pace right down to Turvey-bridge. A man on horseback on the contrary side of the bridge viewed the fox just before he reached the first arch, and tried to head him, but it was of no use, the fox would not have it, and actually charged under his legs and got over. He then ran up to Turvey-abbey when a fresh fox from a double hedge-row jumped up in the middle of the hounds, and it was some time before they could be got back to the old line. They then hunted him coldly to Great-oaks, and had his line towards Pavenham-spiny; here again a fresh fox took the hounds away, and Mr. Berkeley gave it up. From Cowper's-oak to the river at Snelson, was most magnificent for thirty-five minutes, and about forty minutes afterwards at a hunting pace, except from Lavendon-road to Turvey-bridge, which was an absolute race.

Tuesday, 12.—Colworth; a capital day for hounds, one hour and three quarters, and killed in Odell-great-wood.

Thursday, 14.—Ravensden-grange; did not find till we got to Harnou, ran ringing round the woods with but little scent and was beat.

Saturday, 16.—Melchbourne; went down to Shelton-thistles, found a brace of foxes, ran very fast to Stanwick-pastures, from which he headed back and went for the most part a devil of a pace up to Swineshead-wood, within two fields of which they ran into him in the open; a brilliant forty minutes. Found again in Knotting, and ran to the great Hays, when we had several foxes on foot; brought back our hunted one to Knotting, and after running in cover some time, broke right away to Rushden, and then towards Higham-ferrers, and came back by Newton to Knotting, then to Halsey, and they stopped the hounds running a fresh fox hard in Knotting-wood. They were running this fox hard for three hours and ten minutes, and out of a very large field, but five or six besides the master and men were at the

end. Among those were Captain Craven Berkeley, Messrs. Crofts, Day, and Bainbridge. Mr. Moreton Berkeley was unfortunate enough to stake his beautiful black mare, Mole, very dangerously.

I am, dear Sir,
Your well wisher,
A NORTHAMPTONSHIRE FARMER.

THE EAST KENT.

MR. EDITOR,

SEEING that you have expressed a wish for information respecting sport with hounds, I take the liberty of sending you a few lines, and I think that though provincial, and not the best country in the world, we have not been very far in the rear of our neighbours.

Tuesday, Jan. 1, 1833.—The East Kent fox-hounds at Trenley-park; a beautiful burst of thirty-five minutes across the river Stour, through Hoads-wood, and killed at Further Hall-wood at the back of Hale's place.

Friday, 4.—New Barn; did not find until twenty minutes to three, in a gorse near Evington; a beautiful thing of fifty minutes by Warren-wood to the Bockle, Ashenfield, away for Egerton, back to Eggringe, and whipped off at dark; in all two hours and forty minutes.

Monday, 14.—Ashley; did nothing.

Wednesday, 16.—West Brabourne; a ring of one hour and a quarter, and ran to ground at Hin-hill-gorse. Had a pretty burst with a fresh fox from Brabourne Combe across the Dunders to Stouting-common, and eventually lost near Elmstead.

Friday, 18.—Trenley-park; did not find until we came to Gorsley-wood; a good run, chiefly woodland, of one hour, through the cover; coming back to Zuilters, changed foxes, the hunted fox dead beat before the hounds.

Frost till *Monday, 28.*—Evington; a capital fox, and whipped off at dark at the Broome fir-trees, ten miles straight.

Wednesday, 30.—Mockbeggar; a good thirty minutes from Westwood, over the Dunders, and lost on Brabourne-downs. Did not find until we came to Cow Tye, near Thorn; a ca-

pital fox, which went away for Fukes-wood; back through Sandling, at a merry pace, across to Ashley, and lost close to Arpinge, after running one hour and twenty minutes.

Friday, Feb. 1.—Ashley; hung in cover a quarter of an hour, broke away, and had twenty-five minutes, and ran into him just before reaching the cliff. A good fifty minutes afterwards from Paddlesworth-gorse, to Acryse, back by Paddlesworth, and ran to ground on the hill above Ashley.

Tuesday, 5th.—West Brabourne; a capital run of one hour and a quarter from a small cover near Nacolt, and killed at Crundale-church. Did not find afterwards after drawing Evington-covers, Spongs-wood, to Stouting Rough.

Friday, 8.—Acryse; a thirty-five minutes burst, nearly all grass, by Paddlesworth to Ashley, and killed; came back to Canter-wood; found again, and had an uninterrupted burst of one hour and twenty minutes (for the hounds did it all themselves), over the grass fields by Acryse-mill, Paddlesworth-gorse, in a line for Ashley, did not go there, but leaving Arpinge on the left, and Biggin-wood on the right, made for Lady-wood, and the cliff, and ran to ground. It is computed that the fox could not have run less than fifteen miles, all the horses dead beat.

Monday, 11.—Gorsley-wood; a wild stormy day, with an indifferent scent, ran in cover one hour and forty minutes, and lost. The fox was afterwards caught by some people in a pig-stye at Bourne-house. Found a brace in Bursted, had a twenty-five minutes burst to the cover, Friam-park, Atchester, and lost.

Wednesday, 13.—New-in-green; a wild stormy day, a clipping burst of twenty minutes, from Erringe-brooks to Hallington-knok; the hounds on the point of killing their fox, when a fresh one got up. Went away with him down wind; had a cold hunting run of one hour and twenty minutes, to Hell-hurst-wood, Lympre-park, Fukes-wood, Sandling, and lost near Portling-wood; little or no scent down wind.

Friday, 15.—Lydden; a rough

windy day, and no scent, went away well from Rein-den, over grass, but could do nothing.

If this communication proves agreeable, it will give me pleasure to forward you our proceedings with these hounds.

Your obedient Servant,
"A Well Wisher to your Endeavours."

Canterbury, Feb. 21, 1833.

EXTRAORDINARY FOX HUNT IN NORTHUMBERLAND.

The following remarkable feat was performed by two fox-hounds, the property of Mr. John Liddle, of Ninebanks, in the county of Northumberland. On the 31st of January last, Mr. Liddle in company with Thomas Dickenson, the gamekeeper at Whitfield-hall, proceeded in search of a fox which was known to have for some time infested the neighbourhood; they kept the two hounds (Ringwood and Grinder) in couples, in case of hares. And the following circumstantial account of the result, is from the pen of an eye witness. Those of our northern readers who are acquainted with the "locale," will be well able to appreciate the mettle of these determined and indefatigable hounds. "Thomas," says our informant, "went into the Main Ridge-plantation, and Liddle, Mat. Summers, and the gardener, remained outside: very soon reynard broke cover and was tallyho'd by the gardener, Ringwood and Grinder were uncoupled, and took him up in high style; he went out at the high end of the plantation, and crossed over above Morley-hill, took the high end of Parmently-plantation, and came down it by the Grey Stone, Low-house, Ashby bank, Waggot's-bank, Dodd-bank, and Low-banks, out to the new public house near Langley-mills, back again, up by Kingswood and Michael Walton's, doubled back again, and all round the wood to the White Craig, where they killed him in high style; a very large old fox, as large a one as I ever saw. Ned Robson and John Henderson were the only horsemen, but Thomas though slow, was sure, and was in at the death, and the most amusing part was, that Thomas instead of giving the usual tally-ho, gave the

hip and three times three most hearty cheers, very like electioneering; the distance they ran must be about eighteen miles."

The valley of Whitfield, in which this chase took place, is formed by the river Allen, a rapid mountain stream, whose precipitous and wooded banks, as well as those of its tributary burns, form insuperable obstacles to the progress of the mounted fox-hunter through the low and enclosed lands; while the deep and impassable bogs form impediments equally formidable to a rapid or straightforward progress over the high and unenclosed moorland. Ringwood and Grinder must therefore have had the matter very much in their own hands, or rather in their own noses, their progress must have been chiefly through woods and plantations, they must have crossed the Allen three times, and at least four of the burns which fall into it. The chase lasted between three and four hours; the fox was completely exhausted, and his last effort to climb the steep bank leading to the White Craig Head was ineffectual. Two days afterwards, the same two hounds ran another fox, who taking the unenclosed moorland, went straight an end across the fell; but Ringwood and Grinder were as good up hill as down dale, for they ran him to earth after a chase of five or six miles, and he was captured alive.

Limerick, Feb. 9, 1833.

GENTLEMEN,

I BEG leave to forward you a detail of the best chase we have had for years in this county, an account of which appeared in the Limerick Chronicle of this day. The meet was on Wednesday, the 6th, at Cahirelly, the hospitable mansion of Michael Furwell, Esq., the only proprietor of genuine stag-hounds at present in Ireland, where an elegant *dejeuné à la fourchette* was laid out, to which the entire field were welcomed; and at twelve the ladies in carriages, &c. having reached an elevated situation, the hounds (consisting of fifteen couple) were brought to the ground, when a celebrated doe was turned out before them, and allowed seven minutes' law; the result is given below.

3 B 2

Those hounds are generally white and of immense size, standing about twenty-five inches, and often weighing individually from six to eight stone, very deep-toned and heavy hung, the only kennel of the kind in Ireland, and so tender is the breed as to make it almost impossible to be kept up, and could only be done in that very fertile part of the country which is designated the Golden Vein.

Wishing this intelligence may prove pleasing, I am, gentlemen, your constant reader and admirer,

A SPORTSMAN.

"Extraordinary Deer-hunt with Mr. Furnell's Hounds."

"The Cahirelly stag-hounds had a most brilliant run on Wednesday, the 6th of February. At twelve precisely the doe (a noted good one) was enlarged near the kennel, and, as if scorning all advantage, would not avail herself of the usual law, until the deep baying of the heavy hounds close at her haunches set her flying. Away to Cahirelly east, Ballyhoudane, and round by the castle of Ballyblake, there crossing the frightful Clybuy, where many a *rum 'un* floundered. She led ahead to Cariganathin fox-cover, and up the steep Knockrue, giving the toppers leave to call the thing select; but this was only the prelude to their toil, for away she went far east of Ballyamcreese to Kilcoolen, and round under

Cahirnarry fox-cover to Edwardstown-hill; here a gentleman (feeling he had enough) thought to throw in a fast relay from Mr. Shines' kennel, but most fortunately William, the huntsman, had his key, and was slapping along with the stag-hounds, which just got a distant view of their chase on the summit of the hill, holding forward to Raheen, and on to Friarstown-gorse-covers, where she stood up from layer to a racing *imprime*, and off to Lickadood, and through Roxboro' demesne to Islandnisky, where out of the swollen brook she gave another *imprime*, but left the soil in such distress that the *keen 'uns* saw it was a decided finish, and neither man or horse was spared to save the noble creature, which was safely accomplished by Mr. George Furnell, near Ballysheedy, only three gentlemen being up, after the longest and severest chase remembered for years, certainly over twenty miles of the most trying country, all through going a tremendous pace without check. It might be invidious, or perhaps unpleasant, to mention names, where upwards of a hundred best bred Limerick men and hunters were at the turn off, with the *élite* of the County and Bruff hunts—the superintendent of the latter on his famous chestnut, Paddy, for whom no day was ever too long or country too stiff, could minutely detail every particular of this unparalleled chase."

THE TURF.

RACES TO COME.

Newmarket Craven	April 8
Caistor	9
Catterick Bridge	10
Holderness Hunt	10
Bath Spring	17
Malton	18
Newmarket First Spring	22
Clifton and Bristol	May 1
Chester	6
Newmarket Second Spring	6
York Spring	13
Liverpool Spring	15
Epsom	21
Manchester	29
Ascot	June 4
Newton	5
Buxton	12
Newcastle-upon-Tyne	17

Bath	18
Stockbridge	25
Wells	25
Ludlow	26
Liverpool	July 2
Newmarket	8
Preston	9
Newcastle (Staffordshire)	16
Cheltenham	16
Goodwood	30
York August Meeting	August 6
Worcester	6
Wolverhampton	14
Leeds	14
Warwick	September 3
Dorchester	4
Lichfield	10
Leicester	11
Abingdon	11

Doncaster	16
Heaton Park	25
Lincoln	25
Newmarket First October	30
Newmarket Second ditto Oct. 14	
Newmarket Houghton	23

Pytchley Hunt Races will take place on the 22nd of March.

Warwick Races will be the week before Lichfield Spring; Beverley, the

week after York Spring; Hereford, the week before Worcester; Shrewsbury, the week after Knutsford; Southampton, the week after Goodwood; and Brighton, soon after Goodwood.

It is reported, that the Duke of Richmond intends to break up his racing establishment in April next.

ALPHABETICAL LIST OF WINNING HORSES, FOR THE PAST SEASON, 1832.

(Concluded from page 286.)

BY PARTISAN.

Bay colt, out of Custard, 3 yrs. Lord Tavistock's, 300 at Newmarket—1.

Bay filly, out of Fawn, 2 yrs. Sir M. Wood's, twice 100 at ditto—2.

Caledonian, 4 yrs. Mr. Thomas's, 55 at Tunbridge Wells—1.

Chestnut filly, out of Filagree, 3 yrs. Lord Jersey's, 450 at Ascot—1.

Deva, 2 yrs. Mr. Henry's, 100 and 50 at Newmarket—2.

Dirce, 2 yrs. Lord Chesterfield's, 200 at Newmarket—1.

Drover, 3 yrs. Mr. C. Newman's, twice 50 at Huntingdon, 50 at Bedford, and 50 at Newmarket—4.

Flora, 3 yrs. Mr. Grant's, 400 and 110 at Newmarket—2.

Glaucus, 2 yrs. General Grosvenor's, 250 at Stockbridge, 850, 30, and 500, at Newmarket—4.

Lazarone, 3 yrs. Lord Lowther's, 100 at Ascot, 40 at Hampton, and a Gold Cup with 30 in specie at Brighton—3.

Messenger, 3 yrs. Lord Lowther's, 525 and 185 at Newmarket—2.

Protocol, 4 yrs. Mr. Henry's, 50 at Newmarket—1.

Roebuck, 3 yrs. Lord Exeter's, 50 at Goodwood—1.

Rouncival, 3 yrs. Mr. Hunter's, 50 at Newmarket—1.

Sceptre, 3 yrs. Lord Lowther's, 950 at Newmarket, 300 at Ascot, and 90 at Newmarket—3.

Scuffle, 3 yrs. Lord Lowther's, 50 at Newmarket, 50 at Stamford, and 50 at Huntingdon—3.

Scurry, 2 yrs. Lord Lowther's, 100 at Newmarket—1.

BY PAULOWITZ.

Archibald, 3 yrs. Colonel Peel's, the 2000gs. Stakes of 1450 sovs. at Newmarket, 175 at Epsom, and 400 at Newmarket—3.

Cis, 3 yrs. Mr. E. Peel's, 50 at Stafford—1.

Eager, 5 yrs. Mr. Wilkinson's, 50 at Lichfield—1.

Little Boy Blue, aged, Mr. Day's, 325, 60, and 65 at Bath, and 20 as second at Hereford—4.

Olga, 3 yrs. Lord Chesterfield's, 450 at Newmarket, 250 at Goodwood, and 50 at Newmarket—3.

Mr. Nott's Rosalind, 3 yrs. 50 at Lichfield—1.

Sappho, 5 yrs. Mr. M. Ongley's, the Hack Stakes at Bath—1.

BY PAVILION.

Dandina, 5 yrs. Mr. Bailey's, 40 at Brecon, 40 at Worcester—2.

BY PERCY.

The Earl, aged, Mr. Williamson's, 50 at Newcastle-upon-Tyne, 50 at Preston, and 62 at Kendal—3.

BY PETER LELY.

Ballochmyle, 4 yrs. Mr. Gray's, a Sweepstakes with 50 added at Perth, and the King's Plate at Edinburgh—2.

Perlet, 4 yrs. General Sharpe's, 50 at Carlisle, and 50 at Caledonian Hunt—2.

BY PHANTOM.

Amesbury, 3 yrs. Lord Amesbury's, 50 at the Bibury Club, 450 at Stockbridge; Sir M. Wood's, 30 at Newmarket—3.

Chestnut filly, out of Discord, 4 yrs. Mr. Rush's, 50 at Hampton, 60 at Chelmsford, and 45 at Rochester and Chatham—3.

Vanish, aged, Mr. Houldsworth's, a Gold Cup with 90 in specie at Heaton-park, 80 and 60 at Chesterfield, and the King's Plate at Nottingham—4.

BY POLYGAR.

Florine, 3 yrs. Mr. Piper's, 50 at Southampton—1.

BY POOR PAT.

Cigar, aged, Mr. Granville's, 40 at Warwick—1.

BY PYRAMUS.

Scrub, 5 yrs. Mr. Scotland's, 50 at Southampton—1.

BY RASPING.

Schoolmaster, 3 yrs. Lord Tavistock's, a Stakes at St. Alban's, and 50 at Goodwood—2.

BY REVELLER.

Bacchanal, 4 yrs. Mr. Farquharson's, 51 at Weymouth—1.

Damascus, 3 yrs. Sir G. Heathcote's, 50 at Egham—1.

Datura, 3 yrs. Lord Clarendon's, 60 at Chelmsford, 145 at Northampton, and 50 at Newmarket—3.

Delight, 4 yrs. Mr. Sadler's, the Cup (value 150) with 60 in specie at Oxford—1.

Lucetta, 6 yrs. Sir M. Wood's, twice 50 at Newmarket, the King's Plate at Chelmsford, 730 at Goodwood, the King's Plate at Bedford, 50, the King's Plate, and 200 at Newmarket—8.

Mortimer, 4 yrs. Mr. Jones's, 45 at Winchester—1.

Norna, 4 yrs. Mr. Landon's, 50 at Chelmsford—1.

Wassailer, 5 yrs. Mr. Wiltshire's, 53 at Clifton and Bristol, 50 at Bridgewater; Mr. Dilly's, 35 at Dorchester, and 71 at Epsom—4.

BY ROBIN HOOD.

Agnes, aged, 72 at East Essex Hunt—1.

East Sussex, 6 yrs. (late Hop-duty) 70 at East Sussex Hunt, and 55 at Rochester and Chatham—2.

Will Scarlet, 3 yrs. Mr. W. Cooper's, 80 at Newmarket—1.

BY RUBENS.

Achilles, 4 yrs. Mr. Sadler's, 245 at Abingdon—1.

Carmine, 5 yrs. Mr. Smith's, a Stakes at Bedford, and 45 at Enfield—2.

Ch. c. out of Double Entendre, 3 yrs. Lord Warwick's, 40 and 50 at Worcester—2.

King William, 5 yrs. Mr. Gardnor's, 50 at Epsom, 25 at Ascot, and 45 at Egham—3.

Protophenes, 3 yrs. Mr. Hick's, 40 at Worcester, 70 at Warwick, and 60 at Heaton-park—3.

Trouville, 5 yrs. Mr. West's, 80 at Warwick, 40 at Gloucester—2.

BY ST. PATRICK.

Bay filly, out of Trulla, 3 yrs. Mr. Gascoigne's, 125 at Leeds—1.

Birdcatcher, 3 yrs. Sir R. W. Bulkeley's, 525 at Chester, 525 at Liverpool, 100 at Preston, 175, 25, 50, and 100 at Holywell—7.

Circe, 5 yrs. Mr. Witty's, 50 at Holderness Hunt—1.

Pickpocket, 4 yrs. Sir R. W. Bulkeley's, 100 at Liverpool, a Gold Cup with 245 in specie and a Gold Cup with 130 in specie at Newton, the Gold Cup with 20 in specie and 50 at Holywell—5.

Rubini, 4 yrs. Mr. Vansittart's, 170 and 100 at Newmarket, 100 at Epsom, and twice 100 at Newmarket—5.

Tutor, 4 yrs. Mr. Charlton's, 70 and 120 at Ludlow—2.

BY SALADIN.

Mabooba, 3 yrs. Mr. Legh's, 100 at Liverpool, 100 at Newton—2.

BY SCARECROW.

Fright, 5 yrs. Mr. Henderson's, 80 at Haverfordwest—1.

BY SHUTTLEPOPE.

Balloon, aged, Mr. Hadden's, 70 and 50 at Canterbury, and 50 at Dover—3.

BY SIR OLIVER.

Orphan, 3 yrs. Mr. France's, 110 at Tarporley Hunt—1.

BY SKIFF.

Tigress, 2 yrs. Mr. Sowerby's, 60 at Bedford—1.

BY SKIM.

Bay filly, out of Centaur's dam, by Orville, 2 yrs. Lord Egremont's, 100 at Brighton—1.

BY SLIGO.

Terry Alt, 3 yrs. Lord Lichfield's, 200 and 100 at Newmarket, and 100 at Ascot—3.

BY SMOLENSKO.

Retriever, 6 yrs. Lord Kelburne's, one third of the Great Subscription at York—1.

Thorn Grove, 5 yrs. Mr. Griffiths's, 55 and 50 at Bath, 90 and 120 at Worcester, 50 at Warwick, and 40 at Shrewsbury—6.

Timekeeper, 4 yrs. Lord Lowther's, the King's Plate at Guildford, and 50 at Hastings and St. Leonard's—2.

BY SMYRNA.

Kitty Fisher, 3 yrs. General Grosvenor's, 50 at Newmarket, and 50 at Stamford—2.

BY SPECTRE.

Forester, aged, Mr. Hudson's, the Gold Cup (value 150) and the Swelter Cup (value 120) at Holderness Hunt—2.

Jasper, 5 yrs. Mr. O. Gore's, 50 at Wolverhampton—1.

Jerry, aged, Mr. George's, 50 at Leominster—1.

Off-she-goes, 6 yrs. Mr. Meyrick's, 50 at Carmarthen—1.

BY SPRING GUN.

Mantrap, 6 yrs. Mr. Catlin's, 50 at Stamford, 50 at Northampton, and 60 at Bedford—3.

BY STAINBOROUGH.

Young Rapid, 2 yrs. Colonel Peel's, 100 and 175 at Newmarket, and 195 at Epsom—3.

BY STARCH.

Roué, 3 yrs. Lord Langford's, 40 at Epsom—1.

BY STRAITWAIST.

Stately, 3 yrs. Sir G. Heathcote's, 100 at Stamford—1.

Tantalus, 2 yrs. Sir J. Boswell's, 140 at the Western Meeting—1.

BY STREAMER.

Fox, aged, Mr. Johnson's, 37l. 10s. at King's Meadows—1.

BY SULTAN.

Anglesea, 2 yrs. Lord Tavistock's, 200 at Newmarket—1.

Bay colt, out of Palais Royal, 3 yrs. Lord Exeter's, 50 at ditto—1.

Bay filly, out of Antiope, 3 yrs. Mr. Kent's, 50 and 100 at Southampton—2.

Beiram, 3 yrs. Lord Exeter's, 600 and 525 at Newmarket, the Drawing Room Stakes of 940 and 100 (as second for the Cup) at Goodwood, 150 and 100 at Newmarket—6.

Circassian, 4 yrs. Mr. Houldsworth's, 75 and 45 at Heaton-park, and 50 at Nottingham—3.

Divan, 2 yrs. Duke of Grafton's, 800 at Newmarket—1.

Firman, 5 yrs. Mr. Taunton's, 210 at Taunton, 100 at Plymouth—2.

Frederica, 4 yrs. Mr. Houldsworth's, 50 at Ascot, 30 at Hampton, and 200 at Dorchester—3.

Galata, 3 yrs. Lord Exeter's, 300 and the 1000gs. Stakes of 1250 at Newmarket, the Oaks Stakes of 2300 at Epsom, 225 at Ascot-heath, and 150 at Newmarket—5.

Ipsala, 5 yrs. Mr. Stonehewer's, 25 at Newmarket; Mr. Coleman's, 60 at Tonbridge Wells; Mr. Back's, 50 at Ashford—3.

Mantilla, 2 yrs. Lord Exeter's, 100 and 50 at Newmarket—2.

Minima, 2 yrs. Lord Exeter's, 250 at Ascot, 80 at Stamford, and 50 at Newmarket—3.

Spencer, 3 yrs. Lord Exeter's, 200 and the Albany Stakes of 250 at Ascot, and 60 at Newmarket—3.

BY SWAP.

Changeling, 4 yrs. Mr. Peel's, 145 at Southampton, 120 at Winchester, and 140 at Gloucester—3.

Grab, 4 yrs. Mr. Yates's, 80 and 60 at Newmarket—2.

Lochinvar, 4 yrs. Colonel Peel's, 25 and twice 100 at ditto—3.

Sinbad, 4 yrs. Mr. Sadler's, 65, the Ladies' Purse with 12 added, and 85 at Cheltenham—3.

Sister to The Flyer, 6 yrs. Mr. H. Clarke's, a Cup (value 50) with 40 in specie at Warwick—1.

Sylph, 4 yrs. Mr. Yates's, 50 at Bridgnorth, 50 at Lichfield, and 50 at Oswestry—3.

The Flyer, aged, 100 at Clifton and Bristol—1.

BY SWISS.

All Max, 2 yrs. Mr. Whitelock's, 140 at Catterick-bridge—1.

Bay filly, out of Fairy, 2 yrs. Sir E. Dodsworth's, 100 at Manchester, and 120 at Northallerton—2.

Farce, 4 yrs. Mr. Thornhill's, seven 50's and 100 at Newmarket—8.

Miss Georgiana, 5 yrs. Mr. Hobson's, 40 at Bedford—1.

BY TARRAGON.

Olive, 4 yrs. Mr. G. Ogden's, 50 at Knutsford—1.

BY TENIERS.

Bay filly, 3 yrs. Mr. Hicke's, 60 at Worcester—2.

Filly, out of Peruviana, 3 yrs. Mr. Mostyn's, 80 at Chester, 150 and 65 at Liverpool, 50 at Burton-upon-Trent, and 50 at Holywell—5.

BY TIGER.

Catalani, 5 yrs. Mr. Skipsey's, 50 at Newcastle-upon-Tyne—1.

BY TIRESIAS.

Amphictyon, 4 yrs. Mr. Prince's, 50 at Newmarket—1.

Amphitrite, 3 yrs. Duke of Portland's, the Column Stakes of 875 at Newmarket—1.

Lioness, 4 yrs. Captain Rous's, twice 100 and 40 at Newmarket—3.

Oatland's, 6 yrs. Mr. Rush's, 50 at Chelmsford—1.

Streamlet, 4 yrs. Mr. Osbaldeston's, 45 and 40 at Pytchley—2.

Tam o'Shanter, 4 yrs. Mr. Henry's, 150 at Newmarket; Lord Stradbroke's, twice 50 at Ipswich—3.

Whiskey, 4 yrs. Mr. Hill's, 50 at

Newmarket; Lord Chesterfield's, 50 at Newmarket—2.

BY TOM THUMB.

William Tell, aged, Mr. Skey's, 56 at Gloucester—1.

BY TRAMP.

Antimony, 4 yrs. Lord Exeter's, 62l. 10s. at Ascot—1.

Camilla, 5 yrs. Mr. Turk's, 45 at Cheltenham; Mr. Munro's, 50 at Yarmouth—2.

Device, 6 yrs. Mr. Sadler's, 165 at Wells, 100 at Goodwood—2.

Doctor Fraser, 4 yrs. Mr. Williamson's, 50 at Kendal—1.

Donegani, 5 yrs. Mr. Dockeray's, 50 at Guildford, 50 at Brighton; Mr. Cosby's, the King's Plate at Lewes, and 60 at Egham—4.

Lady Moore Carew, 2 yrs. Mr. R. Allanson's, 180 at Newton, and 100 at Derby—2.

Little Red Rover, 5 yrs. Mr. Biggs's, 70 at Stockbridge, twice 50 at Salisbury, 160 at Blandford, the King's Plate at Weymouth, and 69 at Dorchester—6.

Liverpool, 4 yrs. Mr. Robinson's, the Port Stakes of 700 at Newmarket; Lord Cleveland's, a Piece of Plate (value 100) with 30 in specie at Knutsford, and 65 at Doncaster—3.

Pedestrian, 5 yrs. Sir T. Stanley's, 60 at Knutsford—1.

Sarah, 4 yrs. Mr. Ogden's, 50 at Chester, 80 at Newton, and 50 at Preston—3.

Sir John, 4 yrs. Mr. A. Bowers's, the Gold Cup with 20 in specie at the Pottery, and 375 at Wolverhampton—2
St. Giles, 3 yrs. Mr. Ridsdale's, 100 and 60 at Newmarket, and the Derby Stakes of 2825 at Epsom—3.

Traveller, 4 yrs. Mr. Giffard's, 68gs. at Chester, 50 at Buxton, 50 at Shrewsbury, and 50 at Wrexham—4.

Vagrant, 4 yrs. Mr. Sowerby's, 70 at St. Alban's, 190 and the King's Plate at Northampton—3.

BY TRISSY.

Tally-ho, 6 yrs. Mr. Campbell's, twice 50 at the Western—2.

BY TROY.

Pumpkin, 3 yrs. Mr. Shackle's, 50 at Lewes—1.

BY TRUFFLE.

Banquet, 3 yrs. Mr. Batson's, 600 at Ascot—1. [Mr. Houldsworth's Corset came in first for this Stakes; but it being proved that she was improperly nominated, the prize was given to Banquet.]

Bay colt, out of Blue-stockings, 3 yrs. Mr. Udny's, 100 at Newmarket—1
Choaspes, 3 yrs. Lord Stradbroke's, 125 at Brighton—1.

Miss Mary Anne, 3 yrs. Sir R. K. Dick's, 50 at Newmarket, 55 at Epsom, and 75 at Stamford—3.

Pinions, 3 yrs. General Grosvenor's, 100 at Newmarket—1.

Reaction, 3 yrs. Mr. Munro's, 50 at Newmarket—1.

Typhon, 3 yrs. Mr. C. Day's, 69 at Oxford—1.

Zorilda, 3 yrs. Mr. Price's, 65 at Holywell Hunt—1.

BY VALENTINE.

Variety, 6 yrs. Mr. Codrington's, 100 at Bath—1.

BY VAMPYRE.

Bay colt, 4 yrs. Mr. Dickens's, 50 at Bedford—1.

BY VANDYKE (JUNIOR).

Artist, 6 yrs. (late Sailor), Mr. Barton's, 50 at Bath, and a Silver Cup with 30 in specie at Wells—2.

BY WALTHAMSTOW.

Moses, aged, Mr. Reeves's, the Steward's Cup at Salisbury, and 45 at Southampton—2.

BY WAMBA.

B. c. out of Mervinia, 3 yrs. Mr. Charlton's, 40 at Knighton—1.

B. c. out of Stingtail, 3 yrs. Mr. Charlton's, 200 at Epsom—1.

BY WANDERER.

Fawn, 4 yrs. Mr. Brown's, 50 at Tunbridge Wells—1.

BY WANTON.

Myrtle, 3 yrs. Mr. Metcalfe's, 50 at Northallerton—1.

BY WATERLOO.

Caleb, 4 yrs. Mr. Etwall's, 80 and 45 at Bibury, twice 50 at Wells, 77 at Salisbury, and 50 at Weymouth—6.

BY WAVERLEY.

Lockjaw, aged, Mr. Maule's, 45 at Hutingdon—1.

Saddler, 4 yrs. Mr. Wagstaff's, 500 at Newmarket—1.

Volage, 5 yrs. Mr. Hunter's, 70 at Doncaster, the King's Plate at Lincoln, and 50 at Newmarket—3.

BY WAXY POPE.

Agitator, 3 yrs. Mr. O. Gore's, 25 at Ludlow, 50 at Warwick, 125 and 25 at Oswestry—4.

Cardinal, 5 yrs. Mr. Miles's, 80 at Liverpool, 80 at Manchester, the Gold Cup with 10 in specie at Derby, the King's Plate and 60 at Leicester—5.

Count Robinson, 3 yrs. Sir M. Wood's, 200 at Newmarket—1.

Cube, 5 yrs. Mr. Williams's, 45 at Hoylake—1.

Prince Llewellyn, 2 yrs. Mr. Mos-tyn's, 275 at Holywell—1.

BY WELBECK.

Georgiana, 5 yrs. Mr. Nanney's, 45 at the Pottery—1.

BY WHALEBONE.

Alea, 4 yrs. Lord Jersey's, 125, 40, 100, and 50 at Newmarket—4.

Argent, 3 yrs. Mr. Wilson's, twice 40 and 25 at Newmarket—3.

B. f. out of Harpalice, 4 yrs. Lord Egremont's, 50 at Brighton—1.

B. f. out of Lucinia, 4 yrs. Mr. Tre-lawny's, 25 at Plymouth—1.

B. f. dam by Phantom, 4 yrs. Lord Exeter's, 50 and (Mr. Messer's) 50 at Huntingdon—2.

Beagle, 5 yrs. Mr. Houldsworth's, 220 at Manchester, 110 at Newton, 60 and 75 at Liverpool, 40 at Heaton-park, and 55 at Nottingham—6.

B. c. out of Miss Emma, by Walton, 2 yrs. Colonel Craufords, 250 at Liver-pool—1.

Busk, aged, Mr. I. Day's, 50 at Oxford, 60 at Goodwood, and 70 at Abingdon—3.

Bustle, 5 yrs. Lord Lowther's, 50gs. at Northampton, and 50 at Bedford—2.

Cinderella, 2 yrs. Mr. Gardnor's, 100 at Ascot, 40 at Lewes, and 40 at Egham—3.

Conscript, 4 yrs. Mr. Watson's, the King's Plate at Ascot, the King's Plate and 110 at Canterbury—3.

Corset, 3 yrs. Mr. Houldsworth's, 300 at Newmarket, 100 at Ascot, 550 at the Bibury, 50gs. at Northampton, 100 and 30 at Newmarket—6.

Dryad, 3 yrs. Captain Byng's, 200 and (Mr. Greville's) 70 at Newmarket—2.

Gretna Green, 3 yrs. Mr. Ricard's, twice 50 and 55 at Epsom—3.

Hindoo, 6 yrs. Mr. Cosby's, 60 at St. Alban's; Mr. W. Day's, twice 50 at Brighton, 60 at Lewes; Mr. Shack-le's, 100 at Canterbury—5.

Ida, 4 yrs. Mr. Gardnor's, twice 50 at Ascot, and the Gold Cup with 45 in specie at Rochester and Chatham—3.

Spaniel, 4 yrs. Mr. Meyrick's, 50 and 40 at Haverfordwest, 65 at Carmarthen, and twice 50 at Brecon—5.

Varlet, 4 yrs. Mr. W. Ley's, 50 added to a Sweepstakes at Plymouth, and a Piece of Plate (value 100) at Exeter—2.

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Vestris, 4 yrs. Lord Verulam's, 200 and 100 at Newmarket—2.

Walter, 4 yrs. Mr. G. Roberts's, 50 at St. Albans, 60 at Epsom; Mr. C. Trelawny's, 390 and 50 at Plymouth, and 75 at Abingdon—5.

Witch (the) 4 yrs. Mr. Smith's, 55 at Tunbridge, twice 50 at Canterbury, twice 50 at Dover, 60 and 30 at New-market—7.

Whip, 5 yrs. Lord Grimston's, a Stakes at the Hoo—1.

BY WHISKER.

Br. f. out of Miss Fanny, 3 yrs. Mr. Powlett's, 140 at York—1.

Ch. c. out of Selma, 3 yrs. Lord Orford's, 100 at Newmarket—1.

Emancipation, 5 yrs. Lord Cleve-land's, 90 at Catterick-bridge, the Gold Cup with 100 in specie at Preston, 110 at Doncaster, and 200 at New-market—4.

Favori, 3 yrs. Mr. Riddell's, 50 at Morpeth—1.

Jenny Mills, aged, Lord Cleveland's, 50 at Kendal, and 50 at Richmond—2.

Fortitude, 6 yrs. Mr. Houldsworth's, 60 at Liverpool, 125 and 30 at Heaton-park—3.

Lady Marcia, 2 yrs. Duke of Leeds's, 50 and 450 at York—2.

Lawrie Todd, 5 yrs. Sir T. Stanley's, 50 at Knutsford, 60 at Worcester, and 45 at Wrexham—1.

Manchester, 4 yrs. Mr. Robinson's, 80 at Leicester, and 50 at Heaton-park—2.

Mangel-wurzel, 5 yrs. Mr. Field's, the Cup (50) at Hoylake—1.

Maria, 5 yrs. Lord Cleveland's, 30 and the Gold Cup at Newcastle-upon-Tyne, the Silver Tureen with 50 in specie and the King's Plate for mares at York—4.

Nitocris, 3 yrs. Mr. Watt's, 1350 at York, and 50 at Northallerton—2.

Perion, 3 yrs. Mr. Vansittart's, 150 at Newmarket, and 100 (for being second for the Derby) at Epsom—2.

Persian, 3 yrs. Mr. Houldsworth's, 30 at Pontefract—1.

Tesane, 2 yrs. Mr. S. L. Fox's, 190 at York, and 160 at Leeds—2.

Trident, 3 yrs. Mr. Houldsworth's, 325 at Chester, 200 at Doncaster, 30 and 100 at Nottingham—4.

Victoire, 4 yrs. Mr. Forbes's, 50 and 100 at Newmarket—2.

Whisk, aged, Mr. Biggs's, 25 at Bibury, and 25 at Stockbridge—2.

Wildboy, 3 yrs. Sir E. Dodsworth's, 40 at Catterick-bridge—1.

3 c

BY WOFUL.

Minetta, 4 yrs. Mr. Martyn's, 100 at Ascot—1.

Posthumous, 3 yrs. Lord Tavistock's, 50 at Newmarket, and 650 at Goodwood—2.

Weeper, 2 yrs. Lord Chesterfield's, 50 at Newmarket, the Lavant Stakes of 350 at Goodwood, 100, the Criterion Stakes of 850, 100, and 25 at Newmarket—6.

BY WOODMAN.

Sportsman, 3 yrs. Mr. Pickernell's, 50 at Worcester—1.

BY WOTHORP.

Anti-Catholic, 6 yrs. Mr. Flintham's, 50 at Stamford—1.

BY WRANGLER.

Ch. c. out of Whiteboy's dam, 2 yrs. Mr. Payne's, 50 at Newmarket—1.

Haymaker, 3 yrs. Lord Worcester's, 100, 200, 50, and 40, Newmarket—4.

Margaret, 3 yrs. Mr. Henry's, 100, 150, 100, and 40 at ditto—4.

Pandora, 5 yrs. Mr. Ongley's, 90 at Clifton and Bristol, and 35 at Bedford—2.

Santillane, 3 yrs. General Grosvenor's, 150 at Newmarket, 210 and 50 at Stamford—3.

BY YOUNG FILHO.

Br. h. Mr. Worsley's, a Stakes at Holderness Hunt—1.

BY YOUNG JOHNNY RAW.

Shepherdess, 4 yrs. Mr. Robins's, 50 at Warwick, 50 at Stafford—2.

BY YOUNG PHANTOM.

Lady Emmeline, 5 yrs. Mr. Powlett's, 60 at Liverpool—1.

BY ZEALOT.

Mountain Maid, 2 yrs. received 50 at Ascot—1.

WINNING HORSES, &c. NOT NAMED IN THE PRECEDING LIST.

Alice, Mr. Oliver's, 45 at Croxton-park—1.

Anti-Reformer, aged, Mr. E. Hobson's, 25 with a Purse added and 55 at Bedford—2.

Arthur, aged, Mr. Curteis's, 45 at Hastings and St. Leonard's—1.

Artichoke, Mr. Thompson's, 50 at Hampton—1.

Balloon, aged, Mr. Hadden's, 45 at Dover—1.

Bay horse, Mr. Crump's, 50 at Worcester—1.

Bay mare, aged, Mr. Sanderson's, Silver Cup at Southampton—1.

Bay mare, aged, Mr. Barlow's, 50 at Nottingham—1.

BY BEDLAMITE or PAUL PRY.
Frailty, 2 yrs. Colonel Peel's, 50 at Newmarket—1.

BY BEDLAMITE or PAULOWITZ.
Daft Jamie, 3 yrs. General Yates's, 100 at Newmarket—1.

Ernest, 3 yrs. Colonel Peel's, 50 at Northampton—1.

BY BLACKLOCK or GRENADIER
Storm, 6 yrs. Captain Copeland's, 45 at Durham—1.

BY FILHO or SHERWOOD.

Independence, 6 yrs. Mr. Beardsworth's, 90 at Manchester, 150 at Newton, 120 at Lichfield, and the Gold Cup with 40 in specie at Nottingham—4.

BY HEDLEY or MANFRED.

Bilberry, 6 yrs. Mr. Osbaldeston's, 80 at Pytchley Hunt, 60 at Croxton-park, 100 at Ascot, 150 at Bibury, 150 at Heaton-park—5.

BY MANFRED or MASTER HENRY.

Abel, 2 yrs. Mr. L. Charlton's, 70 at Liverpool—1.

BY MIDDLETON or ANTICIPATION.

Schoolboy, 3 yrs. Mr. Ongley's, twice 50 at Enfield—2.

BY PHANTOM or MORISCO.

Taurus, 6 yrs. Lord Tavistock's, 175, 25, and 100 at Newmarket—1.

BY ROLLER or IVANHOE.

Roulette, 3 yrs. Mr. Forbes's, 20 at Newmarket—1.

BY WATERLOO or SMOLENSKO.

Landgravine, 3 yrs. Mr. Greville's, 150 and 100 at Newmarket—1.

Blue Ruin, 6 yrs. Mr. Hopkins's, 50 at Dorchester—1.

Br. g. 6 yrs. Mr. Burbidge's, 50gs. at Croxton-park—1.

Brownie (late Speck) aged, Mr. Gough's, 45 at Carmarthen—1.

Brunswick, aged, Mr. Buckwell's, 45 at Newport Pagnel—1.

Cannon Ball, aged, Mr. Peirson's, 50 at Beccles, and a Stakes at Southwold—2.

Chancery Suit, Mr. Oliver's, 30 at Hampton—1.

Ch. gelding, 5 yrs. Mr. Hickling's, 50 at Leicester—1.

Confidence, aged, Mr. I. Sadler's, 121 at Cottisford, and the Ladies'

Silver Cup with 65 in specie at Bath—2.

Corsair (the) aged, Mr. Biggs's, 50 at Derby—1.

Don Antonio, aged, Mr. Oliver's, 50 at Southampton—1.

Doubtful, aged, Mr. G. Coll's, 43 at Stamford—1.

Dulcinea, Lord E. Thynne's, 50 at Croxton-park—1.

Dwarf, aged, Mr. Mills's, 50 at Dorchester—1.

Edgar, aged, Mr. Trelawny's, 70 at Tavistock—1.

Fidget, Mr. Hunter's, 200 at Warwick—1.

Gaiety, 6 yrs. Mr. Cooper's, 50 at Calster—1.

Haidee, aged, Mr. Dundas's, 80 at Richmond—1.

Harkaway, Mr. Upfold's, 50 at Southampton—1.

Harvest Home, Mr. Cooper's, 50 at Southampton—1.

Haycock, Lord Eglinton's, 50 and 25 at the Western—2.

Intrepid, 4 yrs. Mr. Sutton's, 50 at Burton-upon-Trent—1.

Kill Devil, 5 yrs. Mr. Matthews's, 50 at Cheltenham—1.

Lady Bird, 5 yrs. Mr. Tawney's, 39 and 57 at Banbury—2.

Lady Susan, 6 yrs. Lord Eglinton's, a Stakes at Western—1.

Lady Grey, 5 yrs. Mr. Stevenson's, the Yeomanry Plate of 50 at Leicester—1.

Laundry Maid, 6 yrs. Mr. Lake-man's, a Stakes at Tavistock—1.

Longtown Lass, aged, Mr. Wright's, the Convivial Stakes of 20 at Carlisle—1.

Luey, Mr. Druce's, the Cavalry Stakes at Southampton—1.

Major, 4 yrs. Mr. Curry's, a Sweepstakes with 30 added at Haverfordwest—1.

Master Syntax, 6 yrs. 80gs. at New-castle-upon-Tyne—1.

Matilda, 5 yrs. Mr. Herring's, the Sandridge Stakes of 100 at St. Alban's, 50 at Rochester and Chatham, 50 at Southwold; Mr. Clarke's, 50 at Nottingham—4.

Miss Thursley, 6 yrs. Mr. Knowles's, 50 at Guildford—1.

Miss Whitworth, Mr. Robertson's, 50 at Belford (Northern)—1.

Plato, Mr. Hudson's, 40 at Holder-ness Hunt (Beverley)—1.

Prudence, 5 yrs. Mr. Turner's, Yeomanry Cup at Bridgwater—1.

Rock, 5 yrs. Mr. W. Croyton's, a Sweepstakes with 25 added at Plymouth—1.

Rose Leaf, 3 yrs. Mr. Jennings's, twice 50 and a Handicap Stakes at South Shields—3.

Saddler, Mr. Hignett's, Farmers' Cup at Tarporley Hunt—1.

Sailor, 6 yrs. Mr. White's, 100 at Burton-upon-Trent—1.

Sal Volatile, aged, Mr. Seavour's, Hooton Cup at Hoylake—1.

Sarah, aged, Mr. Harris's, 50 at Bath—1.

Skipper, Mr. St. Paul's, a Stakes at Richmond—1.

Smuggler, 6 yrs. Mr. Smith's, a Stakes at Beccles—1.

Southdown, aged, Mr. Roger's, the Pic Nic Stakes with 50 added at East Essex Hunt—1.

Sportsman, 6 yrs. Mr. Flesher's, 53 at Pytchley Hunt—1.

Tally-ho, aged, Mr. Smith's, 50 at Hoylake—1.

Taurus, aged, Mr. Wilson's, 50 at Edinburgh—1.

Teddy-be-Aisy, Mr. Wooton's, 50 at Derby—1.

Tristram (old) aged, Mr. Pierson's, 50 at Yarmouth, and a Stakes at Southwold—2.

Tristram (young) Mr. Pierson's, 50 at Southwold—1.

Vestris, 6 yrs. Mr. Nelson's, 100 and 30 at Cottisford—2.

Victorine, aged, Mr. Holt's, a Stakes at Hoylake—1.

Viscount, 5 yrs. Mr. Eaglesham's, the Yeomanry Plate at the Western Meeting (Ayr)—1.

Whirlwind, Mr. Tobins's, 50 at Dorchester—1.

Whittle, 6 yrs. Mr. Smith's, 50 at Pytchley Hunt, the Yeomanry Cup (value 50gs.) with 26 in specie and 66 at Northampton—3.

Young Sancho, aged, Mr. W. Hat-ton's, 50 at Plymouth—1.

LIST OF STALLIONS FOR 1833.

(Ages at May Day next).

7. AARON, at Grove-house, Battersea, Surrey, at 10gs.—by Moses, dam by Election, out of Miss Manager, by Giles.

11. ACTEON, at Middleham, York-shire, at 10 sovs. and one sov.—by Scud, out of Diana (sister to Emily) by Stamford; grandam by Whiskey.

3 c 2

8. **ALBANY**, at Bildeston, Suffolk, at 10 sovs. and one guinea—by Whalebone, dam (Moses' dam) by Gohanna.

ARABIAN, a grey, at Hampton Court, at 3 sovs. and half a sov.

AUGUSTUS, at Newmarket, at 10 sovs. groom's fee included.—by Sultan, out of Augusta, by Woful.

9. **BATTLEDORE**, at Puddington, near Chester, at 10 sovs. and half a sov.—by Sir Oliver, out of Racket (sister to Bustard) by Castrel; grandam Miss Hap, by Shuttle—sister to Haphazard, by Sir Peter.

10. **BEDLAMITE**, at Newmarket, at 15gs.—by Welbeck, out of Maniac, by Shuttle, grandam (Offa Dyke's dam) by Beningbrough.

10. **BELZONI**, at Lutterworth, Leicestershire, at 7gs. and 5s.—by Blacklock, out of Manuella, by Dick Andrews; grandam Mandane, by PotSo's.

20. **BOBADIL**, at Clearwell Court, Newland, Gloucester, at 12 sovs. and 10s.—by Rubens, dam by Skyscraper, out of Isabel, by Woodpecker.

7. **BOLIVAR**, at Buckenham, near Swaffham, Norfolk, at 10gs.—by Blacklock, dam by Tramp, grandam by Hambletonian.

12. **BRUTANDORF**, at Bishop Burton, near Beverley, at 12 sovs.—by Blacklock, out of Mandane, by PotSo's; grandam Young Camilla, sister to Calibri, by Woodpecker.

7. **CADLAND**, at Bonehill-farm, one mile from Tamworth, thorough-bred at 10gs. all others at 4gs.—by Andrew, out of Sorcery, by Sorcerer, her dam, Cobbea, by Skyscraper.

CAIN, at Bonehill-farm, one mile from Tamworth, thorough-bred at 10gs. half-bred at 3gs.—by Paulowitz, his dam by Paynator, grandam by Delpini.

11. **CAMEL**, at Stockwell, Surrey, at 15gs. and 10s. 6d.—by Whalebone, dam by Selim; grandam Maiden, by Sir Peter.

12. **CANTEEN**, at Smeaton Mains, near Dalkeith, at 10gs.—by Waxy Pope, out of Castanea, by Gohanna.

24. **CATTON**, at Tickhill, near Bawtry, at 10 sovs. and 1 sov.—by Golumpus, out of Lucy Grey, by Timothy—Lucy by Florizel.

CERUS, at the Hare-park, near Newmarket, at 15 sovs. and one sov.

8. **COLONEL THEZ**, at the Royal Stud, Hampton Court, 50 mares at 20 sovs. each, and one sov.—by Whisker, dam (My Lady's dam) by Delpini.

24. **COMUS**, at Murton, near York, at 10 sovs and 1 sov. by Sorcerer, out of Houghton Lass, by Sir Peter.

CONDUCTOR, at the Eaton Stud House, at 10gs. (groom's fee included)—by Filho.

COUNT PORRO, at Dickinson's Farm, Willesden, thorough-bred gratis, except one guinea to the groom—by Leopold (son of Camillus), out of Wathcoote Lass.

12. **CYDNUS**, at Stockwell, Surrey, at 5gs. and 10s. 6d.—by Quiz, out of Persepolis, by Alexander.

DEFENCE, at Stockbridge, at 10gs. and half a guinea.—by Whalebone, out of Defiance, by Rubens.

22. **DOCTOR SYNTAX**, at York, at 10gs. and half a guinea—by Paynator, dam by Beningbrough; grandam Jenny Mole, by Carbuncle.

16. **DUNSHANE**, at Bretby Park, near Burton-on-Trent, at 5 sovs. and 10s. Tenants' mares at half price:—by Macbeth, out of Peterea, by Sir Peter; grandam Mary Gray, by Friar.

13. **EMILIUS**, at Riddlesworth, 45 mares, at 40gs. each mare, and one guinea—by Orville, out of Emily, by Stamford.

7. **EXQUISITE THE**, at Stockwell, Surrey, at 5gs. and 10s. 6d.—by Whalebone, out of Fair Ellen, by the Wellesley Grey Arabian.

7. **FELT**, at Knowsley Hall, near Prescott, Lancashire, at 6 sovs. and 5s.—by Langer, out of Steam, by Waxy Pope.

FILHO DA PUTA, at Farnsfield, near Southwell, Notts, 25 mares at 15 gs. (groom's fee included.)

11. **FLEXIBLE**, at the Sefton Arms, Aintree, Liverpool, at 10 sovs. and 10s. (half-bred mares 3 sovs. and 5s.)—by Whalebone, out of Themis, by Sorcerer; grandam Hanna, by Gohanna.

16. **FLIBBERTIGIBBET**, at Stockwell, Surrey, at 2gs. each and 5s.—by Comus, out of Selima, by Selim.

17. **FUNGUS**, at Chadlington, near Chipping Norton, Oxon, at 10 sovs. and 1 sov.—by Truffle, out of Sister to Rival, by Sir Peter.

HELENUS, at the Royal Stud, Hampton Court, at 10 sovs. and half a sov.; the dams of winners at half-price—by Soothsayer, out of Zuleika, by Gohanna.

HINDOO, at Cherry Down, Chingford, at 6gs. and a half; winners, and the dams of winners, at half price—by Whalebone, out of Arbis (sister to Cydnus).

HONEST ROBIN, at Barton Court, near Newbury, Berks, at 5gs. and 5s.; those not thorough-bred at 2gs. and 2s. 6d.—by Robin Adair, dam Euphrasia, by Rubens.

12. JERRY, at Dring Houses, near York, at 20 sovs. and one sov.—by Smolensko, out of Louisa, by Orville; grandam Thomasina, by Timothy.

LAMPLIGHTER, at Newmarket, at 12gs.

LAPDOG, at Risterne, near Ringwood, Hants, at 10 sovs. and 10s.—by Whalebone, his dam by Canopus.

16. LANGAR, at Tickhill, near Bawtry, at 12 sovs. and 1 sov.—by Selim, dam by Walton; grandam Young Giantess (Sorcerer's dam) by Diomed.

9. LAUREL, at Stockwell, Surrey, at 10gs. (half-bred 5gs.) and 10s. 6d.—by Blacklock, dam by Wagtail, by Prime Minister; grandam by Orville.

13. LOTTERY, at York, fifty mares at 20 sovs. each, and one sov.—by Tramp, out of Mandane (sister to Enchanter) by PotSo's.

MALCOLM, a Grey Arabian, at the Royal Stud, Hampton Court, at 3 sovs. and 5s.; the dams of winners gratis.

9. MAMELUKE, at Stockwell, Surrey, at 12gs. and 10s. 6d.—by Partisan, out of Miss Sophia, by Stamford.

MASTER HENRY, at Knights' Hill Cottage, Dulwich, Surrey, at 5gs. and 5s.; half-bred mares. 2gs. and a half and 5s.—by Orville, out of Miss Sophia, by Stamford.

8. MERCHANT, at Riddlesworth, at 5gs. and 5s.—by Merlin, out of Quail, by Gohanna.

MERMAN, at Mr. Brown's, Veterinary Surgeon, West-street, Warwick, thorough-bred mares at 10 sovs. and 10s.; other mares (after the 1st of April) at 3 sovs. and 5s.—by Whalebone, dam (Mermaid) by Orville.

11. MIDDLETON, Mr. Tattersall's, at Dawley Farm, near Uxbridge, at 7gs. (half-bred mares 3gs.)—by Phantom, out of Web, by Waxy; grandam Penelope, by Trumpator.

MUSCAT, a grey Arabian, at Ivy Cottage, Shepherd's Bush, at 5 sovs. and 10s.—Dams of winners of 100l. gratis, except the groom's fee.

9. NECROMANCER, at Knowsley Hall near Prescott, at 2 sovs. and 2s. 6d.—by Milo, dam by Sorcerer; grandam by Sir Solomon.

NORFOLK PHENOMENON, THE, at Stockwell, Surrey, at 5 sovs. and 10s.

8. OPPIDAN, at Whittlebury Lodge, near Towcester, at 5 sovs. (half-bred 3 sovs.) and 5s.—by Rubens, out of Dorina, by Gohanna.

17. PACHA, at Hedgerley Park, Gerard's Cross, at 5 sovs. (half-bred mares 3 sovs.) and 5s.—by Selim, dam by Hambletonian.

PANTALON, at the Eaton Stud House;

at 10gs. (groom's fee included)—by Castrel.

PARTISAN, at the Links Farm, near Newmarket, 20 mares at 20gs. a mare, and one guinea.

7. PATRON, at Burghley, near Stamford, at 10 sovs. and 10s.—by Partisan, dam by Rubens; grandam Guildford Nan, by Guildford.

15. PETER LELY, at Stoke College, Halstead, by subscription, twenty mares at 15gs. each, and one guinea—by Rubens, out of Stella, by Sir Oliver, grandam Scotilla, by Anvil.

6. PRIAM, at Brethby Park, near Burton-on-Trent, Staffordshire, by subscription, thirty mares (exclusive of the owner's) at 30 sovs. each—by Emilius, out of Cressida (sister to Eleanor) by Whiskey.

18. RANTER, at Hampton Court, at 3 sovs. and half a sov.—by Comus, dam (sister to Rosette) by Beningbrough.

6. RECOVERY, at Newton, near Warrington, at 6gs. and one guinea—by Emilius, dam (Camarine's dam) by Rubens; grandam Tippetwitchet by Waxy.

11. REDGAUNTLET, at Burghley, near Stamford, at 10 sovs. and 10s.—by Scud, out of Dulcinea, by Cervantes; grandam Regin, by Moorcock.

18. REVELLER, at Hedgerley Park Gerard's Cross, at 20 sovs. and one sov.—by Comus, out of Rosette, by Beningbrough; grandam Rosamond, by Tandem.

ROBIN ADAIR, at Barton Court, near Newbury, Berks, at 5gs. and 5s.; those not thorough-bred at 2gs. and 2s. 6d.—by Walton, out of Canidia, by Sorcerer.

7. ROWTON, at Fidget Farm, near Newmarket, at 20 sovs. and one sov.—by Oiseau, out of Katherina (late Perspective) by Woful; grandam Landscape, by Rubens.

10. SAILOR, at Canford Farm, Westbury, near Bristol, at 10 sovs. and 10s. (half-bred mares 5gs. and 5s.)—by Candidate, dam by Corporal.

7. SHORTWAIST, at James King's stables, Chiseldon, near Marlborough, Wilts, thorough-bred at 5 sovs. and 10s.; all others at 2 sovs. and 5s.—by Whalebone, dam (Precieuse) by Dick Andrews.

6. ST. NICHOLAS, at York, at 7 sovs. and 10s.—by Emilius, out of Seamew (sister to Sailor), by Scud; grandam Goosander, by Hambletonian.

16. ST. PATRICK, at Newland Park, near Wakefield, at 5 sovs. and 10s. (half-bred mares at 2 sovs. and 5s.)—by Walton, dam by Dick Andrews.

8. **SCIPIO**, at Scabe's Farm, near Brighton, at 10gs. and half a guinea—by Filho-da-Putá, out of Miss Syntax, by Panator; grandam by Beningbrough.

10. **SHAKESPEARE**, at Bildeston, Suffolk, at 10 sovs. and one guinea—by Smolensko, out of Charming Molly, by Rubens.

12. **SKIFF**, at Putteridgebury, near Luton, at 10 sovs.—by Partisan, dam by Gohanna, out of Kezia, by Satellite.

19. **SOBER ROBIN**, at Scabe's Farm, near Brighton, at 10gs. and half a guinea—by Orville, out of Harpy, by Phenomenon.

SOLIMAN, an Arabian, at Warfield, near Ascot, Berks, at 5gs. and 5s.—Dams of winners gratis.

11. **STUMPS**, at Bentley, near Broms-grove, Worcestershire, at 11 sovs.—by Whalebone, out of Scotina, by Delpini; grandam Scota, by Eclipse.

17. **SULTAN**, at Burghley, near Stamford, 25 mares at 50 sovs. each, and one sov.—by Selim, out of Bacchante, by Williamson's Ditto, sister to Calomel, by Mercury.

14. **SWAP**, at Canford Farm, Westbury, near Bristol, at 10 sovs. and 10s. (half-bred mares 5gs. and 5s.)—by Catton, dam by Hambletonian; grandam Vesta, by Delpini.

6. **TANTIVY**, at the Warren Lodge, Loughton, Epping Forest, at 5gs. (half-bred mares 3gs. and 5s.)—by Emilius, out of Moonshine, by Soothsayer.

10. **TARRARE**, at Stockwell, Surrey, at 10gs. (half-bred mares 5gs.) and 10s. 6d.—by Catton, out of Henrietta, by Sir Solomon—Woodpecker.

14. **THEODORE**, at Willeaden, near London, thorough-bred mares gratis, one guinea to the groom—by Woful, dam (Blacklock's dam) by Coriander.

9. **TINKER**, at Walkington, near Beverley, at 5gs. and 5s. (country mares at 2gs. each)—by Tramp, dam by Remembrancer; grandam Loom, by Shuttle.

23. **TRAMP**, at Murton, near York, at 20 sovs. and one sov.—by Dick Andrews, dam by Gohanna, out of Flaxinella, by Trentham.

7. **TRANBY**, at the Royal Stud, Hampton Court, at 10 sovs. and 10s.—by Blacklock's dam, by Orville, out of Miss Grimstone, by Weasel.

9. **TRUMPETER**, at Clearwell Court, Newland, Gloucester, at 10 sovs. and 10s.—by Waxy Pope, out of Bella Donna, by Seymour.

VANISH, at Farnsfield, near South-

well, Notts, at 7gs. (groom's fee included); half-bred mares at 3gs.—by Phantom, out of Treasure.

8. **VARRO**, at Hoar Cross, near Burton-on-Trent, 20 mares by subscription, at 10 sovs. each, and 10s.—by Orville, out of Emily, by Stamford.

8. **VELOCIPEDE**, at Middlethorpe, near York, at 13gs.—by Blacklock, dam by Juniper—Sorcerer—Virgin, by Sir Peter.

7. **VOLTAIRE**, at Boroughbridge, at 10 sovs.—by Blacklock, dam by Phantom; grandam by Overton.

19. **WATERLOO**, at Hampton Court, at 10 sovs. and half a sov.—by Walton, out of Penelope, by Trumpeter.

13. **WISEACRE**, at Newmarket, at 10 sovs. and 10s.—by Rubens, dam by Skyscraper; grandam Isabel, by Woodpecker.

17. **WRANGLER**, at Bildeston, Suffolk, at 10 sovs. and one guinea—by Walton, out of Lisette, by Hambletonian.

5. **YOUNG EMILIUS**, at Putteridgebury, near Luton, at 3 sovs.—by Emilius, out of Mercy, by Merlin; grandam Shoveller, by Scud, out of Goosander.

11. **YOUNG PHANTOM**, at Walkington, near Beverley, at 10gs.—by Phantom, out of Emmeline, by Waxy; grandam Sorcery, by Sorcerer.

4. **YOUNG SULTAN**, at Saxton Hall, near Newmarket, at 5 sovs. and 5s.—by Sultan, out of Palais Royal, by Blucher.

8. **ZINGANEE**, at Bretby Park, near Burton-on-Trent, at 10 sovs. and one sov.—by Tramp, out of Folly, by Young Drone; grandam Regina, by Moorecock.

KING'S PLATES.

THE following new regulations have been made with respect to King's Plates, which we think will afford general satisfaction to the owners of horses and the sporting world.

The weights of the King's Plates run for at Newmarket, shall be fixed by the Stewards of the Jockey Club.

Chester—thrice round the Course, rather more than three miles; three yrs., 7st. 2lb.; four, 9st. 2lb.; five, 10st.; six and aged, 10st. 5lb.

Ascot Heath—to start at the New Mile Starting-post, go once round and in; weights, the same as at Chester.

N. B. This does not apply to the Hunters' Plate, of which the conditions are to be fixed by the Master of the Buck-hounds, as formerly.

Manchester—three miles and a distance; weights, as at Chester.

Newcastle-on-Tyne — three miles; weights, as at Chester.

Guildford, Edinburgh, Hampton, Liverpool, Ipswich, Chelmsford, Winchester—three yrs., 7st. 5lb.; four, 9st. 11lb.; five, 9st. 11lb.; six and aged, 10st. 2lb.; two-mile heats.

Goodwood — three yrs., 7st. 4lb.; four, 9st. 2lb.; five, 9st. 13lb.; six and aged, 10st. 4lb.; about three miles and five furlongs.

York — three yrs., 8st.; four, 8st. 12lb.; five, 9st. 4lb.; six, 9st. 7lb.; and aged, 9st. 9lb.; two miles.

Canterbury, Salisbury, Lewes, Warwick, Weymouth, Lichfield—three yrs., 8st. 2lb.; four, 9st. 6lb.; five, 10st.; six and aged, 10st. 3lb.; two-mile heats.

Northampton, Bedford, Leicester, Shrewsbury—three yrs., 7st. 11lb.; four, 9st. 1lb.; five, 9st. 9lb.; six and aged, 10st.; three miles.

Doncaster, Carlisle, Caledonian Hunt—three yrs., 7st. 9lb.; four, 9st.; five, 9st. 9lb.; six and aged, 10st.; four miles.

Lincoln, Nottingham—three yrs., 8st. 2lb.; four, 9st. 4lb.; five, 9st. 11lb.; six and aged, 10st.; two-mile heats.

York and Richmond (alternate Plate)—four yrs., 8st. 7lb.; five, 9st. 11lb.; six and aged, 9st. 5lb.; three miles.

The first Newmarket Plate, the Plates at Chelmsford and Lincoln, and that run for alternately at York and Richmond, are to be run for by mares only, as heretofore.

January, 1833.

ALBEMARLE,
Master of the Horse.

The St. Alban's Steeple Chase, is fixed for Tuesday, March 5th.

Lord Forester intends to give a Plate of £50, to be run for at Wenlock Races, by hunters bred in the county of Salop, and that have been regularly hunted with the Shropshire or Altrington hounds, to be ridden by farmers.—*York Herald*.

HORSES GONE ABROAD.

The following horses, &c. have been purchased by the Marquis de l'ampara, and gone to Sardinia.

1. The stallion Maresfield, by Antar, out of Priam's dam.

2. Esprit, by Emilius, in foal to Merchant.

3. Bay Filly, by Emilius, out of Sal, in foal to Merchant.

4. Grey Mare, by Tiresias, dam by Hambletonian, bought of Mr. Wilson, in foal to Wrangler.

5. Muff, by Blacklock, in foal to Bedlamite.

6. Isabella, by Whisker.

7. Augusta, by Tiresias.

8. Bay yearling filly, by Sir Malachi Malagrowther, out of Isabella, by Whisker.

This Nobleman also bought about twelve other horses, most of them half-bred mares, he was a very good judge of horses.

OBITUARY.

WE regret to record the death of the venerable Earl Fitzwilliam, one of the oldest and steadiest patrons and supporters of our national sports. His lordship expired at Milton House, near Peterborough, on the 8th of last month, in the 85th year of his age.

TATTERSALL'S.

ANOTHER dull and unprofitable month has passed away, and we find the Derby horses with scarcely any variation from the prices given in our last number. Business has been dreadfully slack; the gentlemen are shy, and the legs, in despair of legitimate food, are ready to devour each other; in fact, if things do not take a turn for the better it will come to "dog eat dog." A few remarks on the principal favourites will serve to explain the nature and extent of speculation since January. Glaucus keeps at the head of the poll, where, in truth, his performances entitle him to remain, even if he were not in a fancy stable; still he is without backers; this we should imagine must be owing to Mr. Ridsdale's having two or three other Derby nags, and to a natural desire to see first how he gets over the 2000 gs. and Newmarket Stakes; it is a fact that he has not been backed since the October Meetings. Prince Llewellyn's ownership continues a profound secret, for what reason we are unable to divine. Various parties are guessed at, from the Duke of Cleveland down to the Fang party; the latter, however, are entirely out of the question, as we take it for granted that the frequent and complete exposures of the precious junco have had the effect of altogether excluding them from the Turf. We are inclined to suspect that the Duke of Cleveland is the man; we are the more inclined to this opinion from having observed Lord J. F., who bets occasionally for his Grace, take the odds at less than the usual price. Our Newmarket correspondent speaks of the Prince in high

terms; his outward recommendations must be great indeed to please such fastidious judges as the cognoscenti of Newmarket. Revenge was not in force till the end of the month, it being rumoured that he was not quite up to the mark; he is now in great favour. Forester has considerably improved on his two-year old form, goes well, and has some influential friends. The Duke of Rutland's colt had been quite a dead letter till towards the close of the month, when the same noble lord that took the odds about Prince Llewellyn, backed him at 18 to 1, and was the cause of his advancing three or four points, much to the joy of a select few who began to fear that his chance was gone by, certain it is that latterly he has not *looked* so well as he did in October last. Lord Tavistock's Anglesea (the Mona colt) has risen from the rear ranks to 22 to 1, with the prospect of becoming a favourite; he ran a moderate third for the July Stakes, and beat Dirce in a match two days after, giving weight; his public pretensions are of a negative character. Emmeline and the Bravo are backed now and then to small amounts without improving in the market. Ishmael is again mentioned, and once only—25 to 2 was taken; it is still doubtful whether he will be sent to Newmarket; the party are very close, and like to keep the good things to themselves. Several outsiders have been backed, Mounteagle alone showing any corresponding improvement.

The Oaks.—Some half dozen bets, at the most, have been made without producing any effect. Octave's friends are very sweet, and will no doubt make her a prominent favourite if ever there should be any betting raised on the race.

St. Leger.—The only horses in favour are Belshazzar, Muley Moloch, Frankenstein, and Rockingham; the two latter ran second and third to Belshazzar at Doncaster, and have strong parties. Should Glaucus, Revenge, or Prince Llewellyn, run forward for the Derby, the field for this event will be brilliant.

It would be useless trouble to give an index of the odds on the several public betting days, for so seldom have been the fluctuations, so slight, and, generally speaking, so unimportant, that the quotation of one day would almost suffice for the month; we shall, therefore, confine ourselves to the present current prices against all the horses mentioned since our last.

RIDDLESWORTH.

5 to 2 agst. Lord Tavistock's Anglesea.

2000 GS. STAKES.

2 to 1 agst. Mr. Ridsdale's Glaucus.

DERBY.

9 to 1 agst. Mr. Ridsdale's Glaucus—*tk.*

10 to 1 agst. Prince Llewellyn—taken.

9 to 1 agst. Mr. Rawlinson's Revenge.

11 to 1 agst. Mr. Hunter's Forester—taken.

15 to 1 agst. Duke of Rutland's c. out of Moses's dam.

22 to 1 agst. Lord Exeter's Emmeline colt—taken.

22 to 1 agst. Mr. Cosby's Bravo.

22 to 1 agst. Lord Tavistock's Anglesea.

30 to 1 agst. Lord Exeter's Cactus (Dahlia).

25 to 1 agst. Lord Jersey's Ishmael.

27 to 1 agst. Duke of Grafton's Divan.

25 to 1 agst. Mr. Ridsdale's Cock-a-Hoop (Petunaria).

40 to 1 agst. Mr. Walker's Boscobel.

30 to 1 agst. Lord Graham's Twatty colt.

30 to 1 agst. Lord Lichfield's Mounteagle.

50 to 1 agst. Mr. Greville's Brother to Grampus.

33 to 1 agst. Lord Egremont's Brother to Waxlight.

40 to 1 agst. Mr. Ridsdale's Emperor.

60 to 1 agst. Mr. Gratwicke's Sister to Frederick.

50 to 1 agst. Lord Langford's Fashion.

40 to 1 agst. Mr. Houldsworth's Blank.

50 to 1 agst. Mr. Houldsworth's Despot.

10 to 1 agst. Lord Exeter's Lot.

12 to 1 agst. Lord Jersey's Lot.

10 to 1 agst. Cooper's Stable.

OAKS.

9 to 1 agst. Lord Chesterfield's Weeper.

10 to 1 agst. Duke of Grafton's Octave (Sister to Oxygen).

15 to 1 agst. Lord Exeter's Sister to Augustus.

17 to 1 agst. Lord Egremont's Sister to Gayhurst.

ST. LEGER.

10 to 1 agst. Mr. Watt's Belshazzar.

12 to 1 agst. Duke of Cleveland's Muley Moloch.

15 to 1 agst. Mr. Gully's Frankenstein.

13 to 1 agst. Mr. Vansittart's Rockingham.

20 to 1 agst. Mr. Yarburgh's c. out of Laurel's dam.

13 to 1 agst. Sir E. Dodsworth's two.

BETTING IN THE COUNTRY.

Chester Trade Cup.—3 to 1 agst. Beardsworth's two; 6 to 1 agst. Pick-pocket; 6 to 1 agst. Speculator; 7 to 1 agst. Her Highness; 7 to 1 agst. Hope; 9 to 1 agst. Clarion; 6 to 5 the field agst. five.

Manchester Cup, P. P.—4 to 1 agst. Gallopade—taken; 7 to 1 agst. Physician; 10 to 1 agst. David.

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JOHN WINTER.

Engraved by SCOTT, from a Painting by FERNELEY.

HERE stands—or rather sits—John Winter, huntsman to Ralph John Lambton, of Merton-house, in the county of Durham, Esq.; and whether the picture is regarded as a specimen of the art or a good sporting subject, we think it will stand the scrutiny of the connoisseur. The painting from which this plate was taken, is allowed to be as good a likeness as ever was seen; and we think our engraver, Scott, has been extremely happy in transferring the likeness from the canvass to his copper.

John Winter is a Durham man, the son of Sandy Winter, now a hale old man of eighty-two, whose life has been spent in the service of the Lambton family. John Winter entered Mr. Ralph Lambton's service at the age of thirteen (some forty-six years ago), and has filled the situations of second horseman, second and first whip, and on Mr. Lambton relinquishing the hunting of his hounds himself, he was promoted to the office of huntsman.

He has also constantly superintended Mr. Ralph Lambton's stables, and as a groom he is allowed to be unrivalled. When Mr. Ferneley, of Melton, was in the north painting the several pictures for Mr. Ralph Lambton, and the gentleman of the Sedgefield Club, mentioned in this number of the Magazine, he painted the picture from which this engraving is taken, and in the kindest manner possible presented it to John Winter. As we said before, the likeness is excellent, and the seat and attitude true to nature. The horse is also very like, and is one of Mr. Ralph Lambton's own hunters; he is seven years old, we believe, and was got by Richard (who was by Orville, out of Miss Sophia, by Stamford, her dam Sophia, by Buzzard, Huncamunca by High-flyer, Cypher by Squirrel, Regulus, Bartlet's Childers, Honeywood's Arabian, the Byerley mare, dam of the two True Blues), out of a celebrated hunting mare, the property of Mr. Ralph Lambton.

THE NEW GAME LAWS.

Mr. LENNARD had a notice for the 28th ult., of a Bill to repeal sections 7 and 8 of the Game Act (1 and 2 W. IV. c. 32), and also so much of section 30, as is contained between the words provided always and the end of the section.

The 7th section provides, that under existing leases, the landlord shall have the game; except the right of killing game has been expressly granted, or a fine paid, or the term exceeds twenty-one years.

The 8th section provides, that the Act shall not effect any existing or future agreements respecting game, nor any rights of Manor, forest, chase, or warren.

The words referred to in section 30, relate to proceedings for trespass in the day time upon lands in search of game, and provide that the licence of the occupier shall not be a sufficient defence where the landlord is entitled to the game, and that the party entitled

to the game may enforce the penalty.

The late period of the month for which this motion stands on the books of the House of Commons, will preclude the possibility of our noticing the result of it in the present number (supposing the honourable member be successful in bringing it before the house), but we are induced to mention the circumstance, from having read a very sensible article upon the game laws in the last number of the *Metropolitan* Magazine*, a periodical that we have great pleasure in recommending to our friends; containing many opinions in unison with our own, and the whole directed to the maintenance of social order, and the preservation of the rights of the aristocracy. In a former number of this *Magazine*, we expressed our decided approbation of the amendments made in the House of Lords, which vested the property in game in the landlord, instead of the tenant; and that opinion we still maintain—despite the opposition of able men.

There are some people however, who assert that game is not private property; who those parties are (says the author of the paper in the *Metropolitan*) it is easy to imagine; not those possessed of landed property, but those who have money in the funds, and every other description of property not landed, backed by those who have no money at all. We need hardly add (says he) that they are by far the most numerous, and that the holders of the soil would have little chance if the voting on the question were to be carried by scot and lot. These gentlemen assert that game is the property of any one, “free denizens of the earth and

air, over whom man has no controul;” and that for the landholder to assert that they are his private property, is an assumption warranted neither by law or gospel. Now with those of the gentlemen who have thus argued, it may be fairly said that the “wish was father to the thought;” with others it has arisen from a cocknified ignorance of the peculiar habits and modes of existence of the game—they hardly know a pheasant from a partridge until they see them at table, at the same time that they have that peculiar knowledge of telling one from the other with their eyes shut, from the flavour of the meat when it is in conjunction with their palates.

Latterly, since game has been publicly exposed for sale, they have learned to distinguish between a cock and hen pheasant; but as for pointing out the difference between the mallard and the wild duck, or other varieties of fowl not so well known, we assert again, it is only with the feathers off, roasted to a turn, and served up with the variety of sauces *selon les regles*, that they can recognize them; much less know the peculiarities of their habits and modes of existence.

The necessity of making game private property is, we should think, admitted by all rational men; for if it were not, indeed there would soon cease to be any game to wrangle about, and as a writer in the *Edinburgh Review†* says—“Amidst all the contrariety of nominal authority, the reason of the thing directs us to property *ratione soli*, as to the natural and proper title. All that is really important in the line of argument, by which the necessity of private property in

* Game, Game Laws, and Poachers, by a Country Magistrate.

† Vol. liv. p. 284.

land is supposed to be established, applies *pro tanto* to an article like game. The things which the common interest of mankind requires to be left in common, are such things only as appear to be in their nature inexhaustable; such things as live at no man's cost; in which after every man has taken what he wants, enough and as good remain behind. Whilst one nation prohibits another from sharing in the fisheries on its coast, an individual proprietor may well insist that the occupation-jurist should distinguish the case of a stubble-field from that of salt water, and a covey of partridges from a shoal of herrings."

Having established the necessity of making game private property; the question naturally arises, to whom it shall be given?—"To the farmer on whose produce it is fed to be sure," say one.—"To the landlord on whose property it is," says another—while Colonel Hawker is inclined to leave the landlord and tenant to settle the matter between themselves; a proposition that Mr. Lennard's motion would lead us to suppose he is favourable to.

The author of the paper in the Metropolitan enters into a very able examination of the claim which the owner of land has to the game upon it, by feeding, breeding, planting for shelter, allowance to tenants for damages; and states (which is very true), that no one pays so dearly for his game as he does who breeds it, and that, generally speaking, while the pheasant may be purchased for three shillings and sixpence in the market, the gentleman who rears it does not pay less than a guinea a-head for every one he kills, reckoning, of course, in addition to the expenses already mentioned, those of game-keepers, with the minor expenses of

dogs, duties to Government, and the licenses taken out for themselves and their keepers.

After expressing his approbation of the legalization of the sale of game, he proceeds to the common complaint against the law of trespass as it now stands, which he prefaces by the following exposition of the various methods practised by poachers in taking game, for the purpose of showing the impossibility of preserving it, unless the landowner is better protected by law than he is at present.

"Pheasants are taken in many ways; the most destructive perhaps is a system which is called *kingling*. This is day and night poaching. The poacher conceals himself in the covers during the day, and searches for the *runs* of the pheasants; for pheasants seldom fly, except when they are put up. Like the barn-door fowl, they will run before the dogs for the whole length of the cover, if it is sufficiently thick to hide them. When the poacher has discovered their runs, he fixes wires with open loops in different parts of them, the loops hanging about four inches from the ground; the pheasant runs his head into the wide loop, which as he advances forward, closes and strangles him. At night the poacher returns, and takes out those which have been captured. Another curious plan of taking pheasants has been practised with great success, and at the same time proves the similarity of this bird to the common barn-door fowl. Cock pheasants are very pugnacious, and fight each other *à l'outrance*. The poachers select a good game cock, properly trimmed, trained for wind, and *spurred*. They select any open space in the covers, near to which the pheasants resort, and which they can

always tell by the crowing of the cock pheasant in the morning, or when he goes up to roost at night. The game cock is thrown down, and the poacher conceals himself. The game cock crows immediately, and his challenge is answered by the cock pheasant, who flies in haste to the combat. The battle is soon terminated; for the cock pheasant is too game to run away, and he soon falls in the unequal contest, his own blunt natural spurs being but a poor defence against the sharp steel spurs of his adversary. When the pheasant lies dead at his feet, the game cock crows in victory. This challenge is again accepted by another cock pheasant; and by this ingenious invention, three or four brace of pheasants have been taken in a day.

"The other methods of taking pheasants are chiefly resorted to during the night. The first is, when the covers are not very high, and the pheasant is perched not above eight or ten feet from the ground, to smoke them down with sulphur; but this requires a calm night. It may be a matter of surprise how poachers can discover the pheasants at night; but the fact is, that they are to be discovered in the very darkest nights with little trouble. A pheasant will never perch on an evergreen, such as the Scotch or spruce fir, if he can find a hard wood tree, such as the oak, ash, or elm. The reason is, that they are very nice about their plumage, which becomes soiled by the droppings of the evergreen trees. The hard wood trees having no leaves, the pheasants are easily discovered when at roost, during the darkest nights, appearing like black round balls on the branches, as the poacher examines the tree from beneath, with the sky only as a background. If the poachers go

out with guns to shoot pheasants during the night, they select the most inclement night that they can; rain, with a very high wind, is the best adapted for the purpose, as it not only prevents the keepers from hearing the guns, but the pheasants do not fly off at the first report of the gun, as they would if the night was even moderately calm. On the contrary, a dozen pheasants have been shot one after the other, from off the branches of the same tree, without those which remained attempting to fly away. But perhaps the most destructive plan is that of the air gun, as it can be used during the finest night without disturbing either keeper or pheasant. We were ourselves a witness to the destruction occasioned by this weapon, the season before last, when some poachers had been taken in Mr. Coke's preserves, with this implement in their possession. They had killed seventeen pheasants before they were captured. Every pheasant had been shot with a small bullet in the breast, as he was asleep at roost; and the nicety of the aim was very remarkable. The air gun was fitted up as a walking stick, the air pump to charge it carried in the coat pocket. The gun, with the whole apparatus, had been purchased at Wells for the sum of £3 10s.!!

"Partridges are chiefly taken at the commencement of the season, before the coveys are broken. To explain this to the reader, who may be no sportsman, the cock and hen bird, with their brood, often amounting to a covey of twenty or more, keep together until part of them have been killed, and the others scattered by the guns of the sportsmen. Early in the season, and generally a night or two before the 1st of September—that annual

Avatar to partridges—the poachers drag the fields at night with *drag nets*, and frequently take whole coveys by this plan. This is the only method of taking partridges, except by the gun and dog, which is occasionally resorted to in the latter part of the season, the poachers trusting to their heels for escape at the approach of the keepers.

“Rabbits are little sought after by the poacher, although they are not rejected when they fall into the trap laid especially for the hare. Hares are taken in every way; in the open day by greyhounds or swift lurchers, knocked on the head when sitting in their forms, snared with wires, or shot like the partridges at the risk of detection. But the most destructive method is what is termed *gate-ing* hares, which is accomplished as follows. After dusk, the poacher affixes a net to the gate of a field, and then sends in his lurcher. This description of dog, who is really as much a poacher from instinct, as his master is from a desire of gain, will traverse the whole field, if it consist of even twenty acres; and he will so work it, that if there are thirty hares in it, he will drive them all to the gate, where they are taken in the net.

“A lurcher is a half-bred dog, uniting speed with a good nose. The best description of lurcher is between a setter and a greyhound, or else the common shepherd's dog and the greyhound; but the fact is, that the dogs in the game counties have been so bred in and in for lurchers, that it is almost impossible to meet any dog now that has not something of the lurcher in his blood. The sagacity of these dogs is most remarkable; they often hunt alone, and bring home the game to their masters. We

ourselves knew a small spaniel and a very fast lurcher, who used every day (if not shut up) to go out together; the spaniel used to find, and the lurcher to kill, and we have several times known this lurcher, when the spaniel put up a pheasant, to make a spring at it as it rose, and catch it when three or four feet in the air. Lurchers are not allowed by act of Parliament; but, as we have before said, they have now increased to such a number, and in such variety, that it is almost impossible to decide upon what is a lurcher.”

The writer then leaves us to judge, whether it is possible for the game-owner to preserve his game under such disadvantages, if the law of trespass is not valid; and says, that he has had forty poachers brought before him in one season without being able to convict one, although of their guilt there was not the slightest doubt.

By the present law, any person found upon land in search or pursuit of game, with game in his possession, which shall appear to have been recently killed, is liable to have the same taken from him by the person entitled to shoot over the property; but if the poacher once escapes into the high road without being discovered he is safe, and cannot be molested, even though he has the game upon him.

Colonel Hawker in his excellent work on “shooting,” which ought to find a place in the library of every gentleman and sportsman, complains of this clause as inefficient, and would have a penalty for *trespass only*, so as to catch the poacher who is too well versed in his art to be taken in pursuit of game. “See how the matter at present stands,” says he (p. 463), “we have on the one hand legalized the sale of game, and thereby

opened the market an hundred fold; without, on the other hand, having taken any one additional step against the wholesale destroyer of it—the poacher.

“We may proceed against the fair sportsman like a common felon, if by chance or absolute mistake he crosses one little strip of land without a formal permission; while the poacher, unless you can prove him *“in search or pursuit of game,”* is wholly exonerated from the penalty of the present act. No man should be subject to a penalty, unless he has received a *notice*, and *then* let the penalty be made even more severe than that in the new game-laws. And above all, let the PENALTY be for WILFUL TRESPASS, WHETHER IN PURSUIT OF GAME OR NOT. How could the poacher then go to reconnoitre, or to set his wires, or to take the eggs of game?”

In a former part of the work (p. 282), Colonel Hawker says, the most scientific poacher, and the least likely to be detected, is the one who snares partridges in the open country, or catches hares and pheasants in cover, in the middle of the DAY. Take a cover for instance: the poacher, with snares and silk nets, goes through it and quietly sets them. When this is done throughout the whole extent of a cover, where there are paths or runs, the coppice is then disturbed by a mute and unsuspected cur, and the destruction immense, if well supplied with game. The grand time for this is on a Sunday, or on a wet day, when no sportsman is likely to be out. The fellow, if caught, has, of course, some prepared excuse, such as that of nutting, of cutting a stick, having lost his way, &c.; you find no game upon him, and, therefore, can do nothing with him!

Both Colonel Hawker and the author of the paper in the Metropolitan are advocates for the law of trespass being made more summary and severe. The latter, however, goes further than the Colonel in his views of justifiable severity, and advocates the abolition of warning altogether, by which means, he says, we shall get rid of people, who taking out a license to shoot, run over a gentleman's grounds, kill his game, and are “warned off,” there being no punishment until after the second trespass; he supports his position by urging “that it is quite ridiculous to assert that a trespass may be *involuntary*—that it is impossible. Gates and hedges always point the difference between private property and the high road, and every man knows whether property is his or is not.” This, however, we think, is carrying the law too far, for though it is very true, that a man knows whether property is his *own* or not, yet there is such a thing as his friends being ignorant of his boundaries; and it would be rather galling to the feelings of an English gentleman to find that a friend who had left his house in the morning, for the purpose of enjoying a day's shooting, had been pounced upon by a neighbour, upon whose property he had unwittingly trespassed, and carried before a magistrate and fined.

We, therefore, entirely disagree with the writer in the Metropolitan, in thinking that there can be no such thing as an “*involuntary trespass*.” Nay, we can say more, for we have had personal experience of the fact. Three seasons back, a gentleman's keeper led us on to the ground of a farmer, with whom he was at variance, and the first shot we fired brought the farmer to the spot, who would have

been delighted to have taken advantage of the law had it been in existence. With the concluding part of his paper, viz.: that of returning to the old system of setting man traps and spring guns, which were abolished under a false

notion of humanity, we are inclined to think favourably. There is no doubt but they are wonderful bugbear's in the mind of a poacher, and as the author says, to prevent crime ought to be the great object of all legislation.

NEW SPORTING MAGAZINE IN AMERICA.

It appears from the following, which we find on the wrapper of the February number of our friend Mr. Skinner's Magazine, that another competitor for public favour, in the department of Sporting Literature, has appeared in the New World.

"*New York Sporting Magazine and Annals of the American and English Turf.*—It is with unfeigned pleasure we announce to the American sporting world, that Cadwallader R. Colden, Esq., so long and favourably known as the author of those able essays, &c., over the signature of 'An Old Turfman,' is about to take the field on his own account. His prospectus was inclosed to many of our subscribers last week, on a separate sheet, and we regret it was received too late for any notice in that paper.

"It would, indeed, be a work of supererogation to compliment the talent, ability, or industry of Mr. C. His productions, in the Turf Register of Mr. Skinner, are so well known and appreciated, that any encomium from us might be deprecated. We invite attention to his prospectus, and can assure its readers that it *must* more than realize their expectations. The engravings are to be beautifully coloured, and will be larger than any ever issued in a similar periodical.

"Those of our subscribers, in the country, who were not served last week, will find the prospectus in-

closed in our paper of to-day, when all may have an opportunity of canvassing its claim for that extensive patronage which its merit shall command.

"We give one extract from Mr. Colden's 'salutatory,' with the single remark, that no gentleman in America is so well qualified as himself, or who will do more justice to the arduous undertaking on which he is about to commence. He says, in conclusion:

"What has been done well by others, he will endeavour to do better; and if being perfectly conversant with matters relating to the turf, and the racing stable, hunting, fowling and fishing, acquired by attentive observation and practice, during upwards of thirty-five years, added to no small share of veterinary knowledge, can qualify the editor for the task, he may look forward with a prospect of success.

"To render the work most acceptable to those, the 'wise who on exercise depend,' and who deem such 'the best kind of physic for mending a bad constitution and preserving a good one'—'to stanch and true sportsmen,' will be his pride. Such, the editor hopes, will not be the more inclined to withhold their patronage, should they, in the editorial productions, recognize the pen of

AN OLD TURFMAN."

(From the *New York Traveller and Spirit of the Times.*)

ON "VARIATION'S" PERFORMANCES.

SIR,

There are a great many readers of your valuable Magazine who think the numbers from December to May scarcely worth looking over because there are no articles on racing in them. I cannot say I am one of those; for I think a person must be almost void of taste (in reading at least) if he does not find amusement in your excellent correspondent "Nimrod's" writings; and if he be a "merry fellow" let him *only begin* the letters sent by "A Yorkshireman" and I'll answer for his not falling asleep till he comes to the end of the chapter. I am one, however, particularly fond of "Racing," and I hope "Nimrod" will excuse me when I say that I always turn to an article on the sport before any other in the Magazine. But "there is no accounting for taste," and when I tell him that I live within reach of three packs of as good hounds as any in the west—and never hunt; that within a stone's throw from my front door is an excellent trout stream with an abundance of fish—yet I never fish; and that although I have the right of shooting over more than two thousand acres of land well stocked with game—yet I never shoot; he will not envy my *singular* taste. Without further preface I shall call upon you to show in her true colours that very excellent racing mare, "Variation." In doing so I cannot withhold my surprise at Mr. Stonehewer advertising her to be sold, and at what I consider a low price. Does he mean to break up his stud?—if he does the turf will lose "a good man;" I say "a good man" twice,

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for the majority of the present turfites run decidedly for profit, and often win more (as they say) by their "books" than by their horses winning.

Yours,

UNCLE TOBY.

Variation, bred by Mr. Nowell, got by Bustard, out of Leeway's dam, first started for the Clearwell Stakes in the Second October Meeting, 1829—colts, 8st. 5lb.; fillies, 8st. 3lb.; T. Y. C.; but was defeated by Mouche (G. Edwards), but beat eleven others, amongst whom were Cetus, Paradox, Mahmoud, and Erymus. This was one of the nearest things I ever saw, many people thinking Variation *just* the "winner," more thinking it a "dead heat," and by far the least number thinking Mouche the winner. Mr. Scott not only thought his mare had won, but said so, and I at the time thought the same; but as no one can see to so great a nicety as the judge, I am willing to suppose the majority were wrong.

In the Houghton Meeting she, at 8st. 11lb. (Robinson), ran second to Cetus for the Criterion Stakes, beating three others. The severe race with Mouche had taken a great deal out of Variation, in fact, she did not look like the same mare when brought out for the race: she struggled well, but was beaten somewhat easy.

In the winter she went amiss, and continued so almost all the spring, consequently she went to the extreme outside in the Oaks' betting; and it is said if any of the money could have been got off she would never have left Newmarket

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for Epsom; as it was, Mr. Stonehewer was almost her only backer, and he having taken the odds as low as 10 and 12 to 1 about her, could not think of hedging at 35 and 40 to 1, at which price she was at the start, therefore he stood the shot and was a great winner. It was a lucky thing for George Edwards, for Mr. S., in the spur of the moment, gave him a £500 note. He certainly rode her very well, but she was so superior to any thing in the race that any other jockey could not have lost on her. The betting was 7 to 2 agst. Charlotte West, 7 to 2 agst. Mouche, 9 to 2 agst. Brown Duchess, 11 to 1 agst. Maria, and high odds against any other. The Sefton party lost heavily, and his lordship was so *disappointed* by the result of the race that he *broke up his stud*.

Variation started at Goodwood for the Drawing-room Stakes, but was not placed. I do not think she was managed well; having 7lb. extra for winning the Oaks one would have thought she ought to have been "nursed up" in the race, instead of making the desperate running she did; as it was she was well up.

In the Second October Meeting she (Robinson) beat Zucharelli, 8st. 4lb. each, A. F., £200, h. ft.; betting 3 to 1 on her. In the same meeting she, at 8st., ran second to Harold, 4 yrs. old, 8st. 9lb., for the Gold Cup, Ab. M., beating nine others—a beautiful race, and won by a head only. She also, in the same meeting, at 8st. 7lb., received forfeit from Carmine, 8st., £200, h. ft.

In the Craven Meeting, 1831, Variation, 8st. 5lb. (Robinson), beat with the greatest ease Mouche, 8st. 2lb., A. F., £200, h. ft. She also, in the same meeting, won the

Forfeit Class of the Oatland's Stakes, of 10 sovs. each, D. I., beating Donegani, 3 yrs. old, 7st. 6lb.; Beagle, 3 yrs. old, 7st. 11lb.; Paradox, 3 yrs. old, 7st. 8lb.; Brother to Gayhurst, 3 yrs. old, 6st. 10lb.; and Rupert, 3 yrs. old, 7st. 7lb.; Variation carried 8st. 11lb., rode by Robinson—won very easy.

In the First Spring Meeting she, at 8st. (Robinson), started for a Sweepstakes of 100 sovs. each, A. F., but was the last in the race, Captain Arthur being first at 7st. 12lb., and Donzelli second at 7st. 2lb.; betting 6 to 4 on Variation, and 3 to 1 agst. the Captain.

At Goodwood she, at 9st. 11lb., started for the Goodwood Stakes, but was not placed; Conciliation was the winner. The next day she, at 8st. 11lb. (Robinson), ran third and last to Priam, 9st. 5lb., for the Gold Cup, value 300 sovs.; Fleur-de-lis second. This was a great betting race, Priam being at evens against the field; 6 to 4 agst. Fleur-de-lis, and 9 to 2 agst. Variation, who had lots of friends, being supported by the "knowing ones" from Newmarket, particularly the Chifney party, who thought Priam could not run the distance; he, however, *did run the distance* in this instance, and won quite in a canter: the race was very severe for the second place between the two mares.

In the October Second Meeting she, at 8st. 5lb. (Robinson), won the Garden Stakes, of 100 sovs. each, P. P., T. M. M., nine subscribers, beating Augustus, 8st. 5lb.; Captain Arthur, 8st. 5lb.; Lucetta, 8st. 12lb.; Egbert, 6st. 2lb.; Varlet, 6st. 4lb.; and Incubus, 7st. 4lb.: betting, 5 to 2 agst. Lucetta, 3 to 1 agst. Augustus, and 5 to 1 agst. Variation, who won

very cleverly by two lengths; the party won largely on this race, which was a great betting one.

In the Third October Meeting she, at 8st. 7lb. (Robinson), beat Rough Robin, 6 yrs. old, 8st. 4lb., A. F., 200, h. ft.—won in a canter.

In the First Spring Meeting, 1832, Variation, at 8st. 4lb. (Robinson), ran second to Sarpedon, 7st. 4lb., for a Sweepstakes of 30 sovs. each, 20 ft., D. I., six subscribers, beating Conciliation, 7st., and Schumla, 7st. 10lb.

In the Second Spring Meeting she, rode by Robinson, at 8st. 12lb., started for the Handicap Plate of £50, for all ages, A. F., but was not placed, the race being won by Amphictyon, 4 yrs. old, 7st. 8lb.; betting even on Variation, and 8 to 1 agst. Amphictyon.

In the Second October Meeting, Variation, at 8st. 9lb. (Robinson), won the Garden Stakes of 100 sovs. each, P. P., five subscribers, T. M. M., beating with great ease Sluggard, 3 yrs. old, 6st. 5lb.; Kean, 6 yrs. old, 6st. 10lb.; and Marcus, 4 yrs. old, 7st. 8lb.: betting, 6 to 4 agst. Kean, 2 to 1 agst. Variation, 3 to 1 agst. Sluggard, and 8 to 1 agst. Marcus. There was a great deal of trickery in this, or rather about this, race; the party to whom that nice little horse Ar-

chibald belongs brought him (Archibald) out; not to start him—no, they could not get enough on—but to lay against him, P. P. One man lost £350 by this affair, and many almost as much. This is what I call a genteel way of—; but they are *gentlemen*, and were amongst the foremost to sift the Doncaster case, for *which no doubt* the public thank them.

In the Houghton Meeting, Variation, at 9st. 2lb. (Robinson), won the Handicap Plate of 100 sovs., D. I., beating Mazeppa, 5 yrs. old, 8st. 9lb.; Zarina, 4 yrs. old, 7st. 11lb.; Protocol, 4 yrs. old, 7st. 5lb.; Naiad, 4 yrs. old, 7st. 6lb.; and Elizabeth, 5 yrs. old, 7st.: betting, 5 to 4 agst. Variation, 4 to 1 agst. Mazeppa, 6 to 1 agst. Naiad, and 5 to 1 agst. Protocol. Pavis was rather sweet on his horse for this race, but he had no chance of winning.

These are the whole of her performances up to last year. It will be seen that she has started sixteen times, won eight races, and received one forfeit; and it will also be noticed that she always met a good field, her owner running decidedly more for fame than for profit.

March 5th.

“THE LAST DAY OF THE SEASON.”

A DAY WITH THE DUBBER HOUNDS.

THE last day of the Hunting Season! How many recollections, “pleasing, yet mournful to the soul,” does this short sentence recall to our minds! How many times have I wished that it were so ordained that the last day of one

season should be the first of another! Or that I could, like the fabled sleepers, slumber through the summer and only awake when the huntsman’s horn sounded at the cover side on the first hunting day in October. At the time the

Catholic Relief Bill passed it was generally believed in Ireland that the "Iron Duke" was about introducing a Bill into Parliament to do away with purgatory; were the legislature armed with such levelling powers I should certainly get up a petition, numerously signed, praying our representatives to put the intermediate months between April and October in Schedule A, and thereby give us one uninterrupted hunting year. It is now a long time since I first took the field on a "last day," and yet I still have a vivid recollection of every thing that occurred—thinking that it may be interesting to some of the readers of the N. S. M. I give the details as nearly as I can recollect them.

It was in the month of April—that neutral month, in which, at least in Ireland, we often have winter, spring, and summer contending for the mastery—that I was induced by the offer of a steady horse to accompany a friend to see a bagged fox turned out before the Dubber Hounds as a finish for the season. There was to be a muster of all the sporting men about Dublin, and, to use the huntsman's phrase when he wishes for a heavy purse of field-money, great sport was expected. At twelve o'clock we arrived at the meeting place, a field near the sporting village of Dunboyne—the Melton of Ireland. As closely as I could guess there were about 250 horsemen on the ground, and I thought I could see depicted upon every countenance more than usual determination; it was evident that every one was ready to do his best, "and no mistake." A soft southerly wind, damped occasionally with some drops of rain, promised a good scenting day. When my friend

and I arrived all seemed prepared; the bag-man was at his post and awaited the signal to release the fox, the hounds were shouting in a small house hard by, all eagerness for the chase; the red coats (and in Ireland every gentleman going to hunt wears what either is or what once was a red coat) were mounted and ranged—each man upon his own particular ridge, at the head of a large fallow field; one or two were standing at their horses' heads, but evidently ready to mount at a moment's warning. "I wonder what keeps the Lord?" said the huntsman, the eccentric and veteran old M'Evoy. "Bargami is here these two hours; and throwth and soul this is no day to be keepin either man or baste in the cowl, only for its the last day of the saisin, and that I want to show him that we have hounds in Ireland that can go better nor the best English pack they have, I'd be aff widout him. But aisy! who's that with the red coat and round hat comin towards us? I know by the way he rode that wall, with his whip-hand over his head, that it is the Lord. Jack, take the sheets aff Bargami and give him his canter, your master is coming." The horseman turned out to be Lord H. who rode rapidly forward, and, after touching his hat in return for something very like a cheer with which he was greeted by the whole field, in less than a minute had changed his horse and was in his place in the throng. "Now, my Lord and gentlemen," said M'Evoy, riding down along the line, "all I want is fair play for my hounds; let them out of this field before any one leaves his ground, and thin the devil take the hindmost, ride over the hounds if you can catch them." The

hunter had well chosen his ground; the first fence was a regular stopper, and many a bold horseman who came out determined, with Homer, "always to be at the head and to excel others," found his ardour cooled in the mud of the first ditch. Not more than a fourth of the field got over it in time. At the pace the hounds were going, over a country almost all grass, and with a burning scent, a minute's delay forfeited all hopes of riding with the hounds. For my own part I had not the smallest idea of going farther than the first field; I was ignorant both of the country and of the animal upon which I was mounted; and having heard that it was to be a trial of speed between two hunting clubs, and knowing in such cases how little respect is paid to the carcasses of those "fallen from their high estate," and not being quite confident of the tenacity of my own seat, I was anxious to let them depart in peace, and having seen the hounds throw off return to my friend's fire-side. But my little steed was revolving very different thoughts in his mighty mind. He seemed all impatience to be off; and when standing in his stirrups, and with the voice of a Stentor, the huntsman gave the word, "Now, gentlemen—away!" he bounded along among the very foremost. In vain I pulled and shouted to him to stop, I might as well be whistling to the wind. I had repeated every prayer I recollected (and sooth to say they were few enough) before I had arrived at the first ditch—death was then I thought certain. But no, I flew from field to field, although the heavy and repeated splashes in the water proved that my fears were not altogether groundless, and that many adven-

turous Nimrods were changing their seats on the saddle for softer ones upon the green sward. After, to my great astonishment, getting safely over the first three or four ditches without either falling or being rode over, I plucked up courage, and began to think the case not so very desperate. The hounds at the end of the second mile were only a field or two before me, and with the exception of three men who were at the very tail of the hounds I was in the foremost rank. I will not attempt to describe the run—any one that has rode over the Dunboyne country with a good scent will imagine it, and to any one that has not, description would be superfluous. Away we went for at least eight Irish miles without a check over the finest hunting country in the world.

My little horse was now easily managed, and I was on the point of pulling off, when I perceived the foremost men pull up beside a small farm-house. The old huntsman, whom I had stuck to throughout, exclaimed to me as he spurred on his tired horse, "Dead, sir, by G—d! there never was a fox, no nor a fairy, that could stand that pace for another mile. Look at them hounds now, sir, not a tail-hound out of the sixteen couple, except one that my Lord's horse lit upon going over that last stone wall. The fox must be dead." Most happy would I have been, and so I suspect would the majority of those who were up with the hounds, that the huntsman's anticipations were correct. All at once, in the middle of a field, the hounds were at fault; casts were made in every direction, but he could not be hit off. "There's foul play somewhere," said the huntsman; "owld Ranter says

so; there he lies with his head down on the very spot they first lost him. He was as sure of bloodin himself upon that fox as the devil is of gettin the rascal that lifted him, bad luck to him and to his father's people anyway; I'd be a happy man, and live through the summer, if I had the tail of that varmint to nail to the head of my bed." A consultation was held, and it was settled upon all hands that home was the word. At this time (nearly twenty minutes after the hounds had come to check), about eighteen horsemen only, out of the goodly array that were present when the fox was enlarged, appeared with the hounds; among this number the rival hunts had about an equal number of representatives, and all, both horses and men, seemed to have got quite enough; and in one or two instances, the open nostril, the dull eye, and the heaving flank, seemed to call for the use of the lancet rather than a further application of whip and spur. My attention was particularly directed to the three horses that, as I have remarked, had led for the most part neck and neck, throughout the entire run; one was a plain grey horse, apparently not even half-bred, with long hair, and legs like a cart horse; he was just the cut of the old Irish hunter, now, alas! so quickly disappearing from amongst us; he had been rode with very little judgment, and was spurred in all parts of the body as if rode by a person with a very unsteady seat, and one too, who in the words of Byron, "rode without remorse or ruth." Very different was the appearance of the other two, one a mare, apparently thorough-bred or only a shade under it, apparently but not really very lengthy, very

long where a hunter may be long, from the point of the shoulder to the setting on of the tail, but very short where a hunter, to be a faster, must be short, in the back, completely "elbowed," to use an Irish phrase, in the forelegs, and groggy withal, but still with a great stride and a slapping wide style of jumping, that qualified her for county Dublin hunting, although she would have been useless in any other part of Ireland. The last I came to was the little brown horse Bergami, and he may be described in a few words. Imagine a first rate racing hunter and you have Bergami in your mind's eye, I have never seen a horse as compared with him "*aut similis aut secundus*;" with speed and blood to make him the winner of King's plates, with strength of muscle, largeness of bone, and courage enough to make him a weight carrying hunter, and with a style of jumping nearly approaching perfection. All countries were alike to Bergami, whether upon a sod that springs under him, as the grass ground of the county Dublin does in dry weather, or in the deep wet soil of Kildare, where a horse sinks to his fetlocks at every stride, in both countries he always carried his sporting master to the head. Still Bergami was a small horse, but his deep chest and broad loins proved that he was not overweighted with 12 stone on his back. It would take up too much space to follow Bergami through the many changes in his eventful life; as Shakespeare hath it, "he had acted many parts," and had been a cart horse, a gig horse, a steeple chaser, and a winner of King's plates, before he became a hunter. I had hardly time to examine the horses, when a loud Tally! on a hill about a

quarter of a mile away, put an end to my observations; then there was an immediate tightening of girths and "mounting in hot haste," and the hounds, who were still lying on the ground panting for breath, jumped upon their feet and were prepared to start off. "Steady! steady! my darlings," cried the huntsman, sure your not goin to run to a shout like them lurching greyhounds; you may loose your girths again gentlemen, there's no fox there, "carry on the hounds at all events," was the general cry, and if we don't come on the fox it will not be much out of our way. The hounds were slowly and reluctantly brought up to where the shout was heard, and at once, to the astonishment of all, opened in full cry, and burst away with heads up and sterns down as if close to their game; "that bates all," said the astonished huntsman, "Tartar and Ranter at the head of them, the owld'uns would never open that way on a drag, it must be a fox." But I am getting tedious and will draw towards a conclusion; my friend and I seeing that the country towards which the hounds were heading was too stiff for our tired horses, turned their heads towards home. When about three miles from the place where we had last seen the hounds, a man quite tired, crossed our path dragging after him part of a fox attached to a cord; we stopped him and learned from him the whole proceeding, a party of them had picked up the hunted fox when he was quite exhausted, and having divided him and separated themselves into two parties, the first party going nearly in a circle, and stopping where the other party with the other part of the fox started; as in all similar cases, the very largest and most

intricate fences were selected, not so much from the desire of seeing them rode over, as for the purpose of embarrassing the horsemen, and giving the parties who ran with the drag time to escape; in Ireland there is never any lack of men for this purpose, as the ploughmen will leave their horses standing yoked in the field, and at a moment's warning, give their assistance. The man had scarcely been a minute with us, when we heard the deep music of the pack coming towards us, they were all going beautifully together, taking their fences like greyhounds and apparently as stout as if they had just started. About four or five fields behind them were the three men who had so gallantly rode at the head the entire day; none others were in view. The man on the grey horse was leading, but his horse had evidently done his work, and coming across a ploughed field, where he was sinking to the fetlocks and where his brutal master was urging him with whip and spur, he rolled completely over, and for aught that I know never rose again. The contest was therefore between the other two, and never was steeple chase better contested; they were both first rate horsemen, both making the best of two tired horses; going across the ploughing, both as if by mutual consent, pulled up to a walk; next to the ploughing was grass, one of those long narrow fields so common in the county Dublin; at the ditch which terminates that field my friend and I had placed ourselves, it was in the only place where it could be jumped, about thirty feet wide; it was a leap which few fresh horses could compass, but to tired horses it appeared to us perfectly insurmountable; coming down the grass field

both horsemen where close together, their horses apparently refreshed by being eased off in the soft ground, my friend bellowed out in answer to a shout of "is all right?" that it was impracticable; but either he was not heard, or neither of the horsemen wished to be the first to turn away, until within about one hundred yards of the fence both were holding hard, but when within that distance, their horses were urged to the top of

their speed and rose at exactly the same moment; as I had feared, neither of them cleared it, and both horsemen rolled out into the next field; the mare was taken up unhurt, but Bergami never saw the hounds again, his shoulder-blade was broken by the force with which he came against the bank, and *the last day of the season* was the last of his life.

PADDY BLAKE.

Dublin, February, 1833.

A BOAR-HUNTING SONG,

DESCRIBING A RUN IN TOURAINE, NOVEMBER 12, 1828, WITH
THE TOURS-PACK.

BY THE HONOURABLE MARTIN HAWKE.

HAVE you heard of our hunting in France?

If not what a loss has been yours,
We have hounds that can merrily dance,
And astonish the natives of Tours!

Although at my maxims you'll stare,
In Britain unheard of before,
We disdain both the fox and the hare,
Hunting only the wolf and wild boar!

Though to try p'rhaps the speed of a nag,
And determined indeed to be merry,
Sometimes we attack an old Stag;
In the woods and the wilds of the Berry.

But if you would hear of a run,
Let me mention the 12th of November,
An hour unrivall'd for fun,
Oh! I long that day shall remember!

Count D'Ethienne, that best of good fellows,
Said "hunt me a famous wild boar,
Never mind though my neighbours are jealous,
You'll find him not far from my door!"

At ten at the Ballery meeting,
The morning was truly divine,
Our host we were cordially greeting;
At W——'s absence we all did repine!

Cries B——n, oh lord what a sin
 To waste all this beautiful morn!
 Said I, patience, we cannot begin
 Without him, and hark to his horn!

Delighted we saw parson D——ke,
 With him trotting up to the wood;
 And the guards in the neighb'ring brake,
 Soon declared that their *brisée* was good.

"Come tell me at once my kind W——y,
 What hounds shall we choose for th' attack?"
 "Just six—and I'll loose the relay
 If Menelaus speaks on the track!"

"Hark to Menelaus! now my good hound,
 Hark to Mexico! Lord what a crash;
 Now Leader, now Tonnerre, the monster is found,"
 And out of the cover they dash.

Up to Cresville at breast high they go,
 Where twelve couple soon join the cry;
 But here, driven off by the foe,
 The huntsman the *fourré* must try!

He soon enters into the thick,
 Determined the pack on to lay;
 And "now Captain B——n be quick,
 And you'll be the Lord of the day."

The bear soon aroused at the cry,
 Now instantly fac'd the wide plain;
 Though not doom'd by the Captain to die,
 Was wounded again and again!

Two rings round the cover he made,
 With the hounds crying loud in his track;
 And here was most fully displayed,
 The vigour and strength of the pack.

Once more he seem'd willing to go,
 And ran down the side of the wood;
 But again he was met by a foe,
 Most anxious for spilling his blood.

Oh Phelps, my good fellow, 'tis true,
 You've oft beat a Leicestershire field;
 But the game you this moment pursue,
 Must ev'n make a fox-hunter yield!

He gave him both barrels in haste,
 But he prov'd but a novice indeed;
 Had he let him but break o'er the waste,
 He there had been destin'd to bleed!

Here the gay gallant Colonel was beat,
 Though a Nimrod he shines in the field;
 His mare thoroughbred and so neat,
 Was forc'd to the *fourré* to yield.

Count D'Ethienne beheld in amaze,
 The hounds like blue pigeons in flight;
 Such a burst he ne'er saw in his days,
 Nor long was he blest with the sight!

And here I must candidly own,
 That your post was sadly thrown out;
 I waited three minutes alone,
 Till I rode in distraction and doubt.

Not a sportsman or horse could I view,
 Not a hound could I anxiously hear;
 To my hopes I had bidden adieu,
 When I saw Captain B——n appear!

"Oh tell me at once, is he dead?
 For no longer the hounds can I hear;"
 "Oh no, far away he has fled,
 And we sadly are left in the rear!"

"Come pluck up your courage my friend,
 Let's ride hard and the hounds we'll regain,
 Hark forward! these woods soon must end,
 And we'll see them dance over the plain!"

Thus eagerly riding we came to the brook,
 Which I ne'er stood to balk or to shy,
 'Twas seven good yards in my stride that I took,
 And there bid the Captain good bye.

Long time he remain'd on the banks of the stream,
 Much in doubt as to crossing it over;
 Perhaps at this moment much wishing for *steam*,
 Which impels us from Calais to Dover!

Now breathless and hoarse, I of peasants demand,
 "Pray by chance have you seen the fleet pack?"
 Whilst I desperate ride by their wave of the hand,
 And follow by luck on their track!

After various long miles as I pass'd through a brake,
 I came all at once on the three; [D—ke,
 There was Phelps, my friend W—y, and that good sportsman
 Who had dash'd on with vigour and glee.

"But where are the hounds, I eagerly cried,
 They're not in the valley below;"
 And just at that instant I Menelaus spied,
 Like an arrow fresh shot from the bow!

He was heading the chase o'er the mountains away,
 With the pack pressing close on his line;
 And swift was the hunter that near them could lay:
 The *debouché* was truly divine.

And here I must mention with honor my mare,
 Possessed of such bottom, such speed;
 No chance to be beat, if a man will ride fair,
 And follow as glory will lead.

Through Langeai's wild cover the boar now had made,
 And cross'd in fine style o'er the river;
 Close pursued by the pack, who nothing dismayed,
 Ne'er stood there to shake or to shiver.

They gallantly follow'd through bush and through briar,
 How charming their melody rose!
 Oh Rossini, thy music I'd never desire,
 If the chase can such transports disclose!

How useless to hunt unless with an eye
 At once each advantage to find!
 And thus in an instant a bridge I descry,
 By the mill, with its village behind.

In a hurry we cross'd and with spurs in their sides,
 Urged our nags up the opposite hill;
 And quick cross'd the road, which the cover divides,
 And found he was fast flying still!

Towards *Saumur* he went, and by *Chevigny* pass'd,
 O'er the hills by the banks of the *Loire*;
 'Till breathless and beat, turn'd to *Rochecote* at last,
 For that was his *derrière espoir*!

I jump'd from my mare when I saw him make head,
 For sad havoc he caused 'mongst the pack;
 Here many were wounded, and one was laid dead,
 While he only was struck in the back!

In an instant he rush'd, and had here seal'd my doom,
 But I turn'd to a friendly oak tree;
 And he then pass'd so near, that I scarcely had room,
 To escape as he brush'd by my knee!

But I coolly deliver'd the shot I'd in store,
 So true, that the monster fell down;
 The forest's deep thickets re-echoed his rear,
 And my skill did the *hallalù* crown!

Some minutes elaps'd e'er a sportsman up came,
 But *Duke* to arrive was the first;
 And I really declare he was thoroughly game,
 And credit I give where I must.

Phelps and W—y now show'd a wrong turn they had made,
 For some time they were sadly thrown out;
 But good sportsmen like them don't deserve a *tirade*,
 Though they felt it, there can't be a doubt!

Delighted they saw the grim monster laid dead,
 By the guards of the forest surrounded;
 And the Lord of the Manor was there at their head,
 Most *extremely confus'd and confounded*.

He could not imagine how we had come there,
 For the distance was really surprising;
 But now with a smile he declared all was fair,
 Though his anger was once nearly rising!

'Twas a "*chasse magnifique*," a wonderful *bête*,
 (Late of acorns a mighty destroyer);
 And as he loved planting, 'twould not be our fate
 To be troubled with *procès* or lawyer.

He invited us in to his neighbouring Chateau,
 Where corks of gay vintage flew high;
 He offered us beds, we were pressed not to go,
 While his lady looked lovely and sly.

But we mounted our hunters and trotted away
 Once more to old *Chemilly's* hall;
 Where over good cheer we were jovial and gay,
 Nor were roused by the tea table's call!

Allow me to hint that the weight of this boar,
 Was *four hundred* when plac'd in the scale;
 Such a wonderful beast I shall never see more,
 Though years and though strength may not fail!

Returning to Tours we delighted our friends,
 Of this famous long chase with the story;
 And as they were absent, to make some amends,
 We gave them a share of our glory!

Come fill up your glasses, and this is my toast;
 "Here's a health to the sportsmen of Tours,
 Here's success to their sport and the gay pack they boast,
 And may long such diversion be yours!"

M. H.

SINGULAR DEATH OF TWO SWANS.

SIR,
 Although your Magazine is principally confined to matters descriptive of sporting subjects, I feel much

pleasure in perceiving that you do not decline the insertion of miscellaneous papers connected with that most amusing and useful study,

Natural History; and I feel convinced, if you can spare but a few pages in your already widely circulated work for the reception of communications on that subject, you will confer not only an essential service upon your general readers, but add greatly to the gratification and information of your sporting friends, and thus afford to the most diffident person, a mode of communicating and obtaining information without subjecting him to the special vengeance of those naturalists, who think their peculiar province invaded if any other person seeks to advance an opinion differing from their's. Influenced by a desire of acquiring information on a subject intimately connected with rural sports—that of the habits of birds, and without wishing to enter into an angry discussion on Zoology, so bitterly carried on in another periodical work, I venture to submit the following facts, which passed under my own immediate observation, for the opinion of such of your readers as may have met with a similar occurrence, or can afford a better explanation than the one suggested by myself for the cause of so singular a circumstance.

In a peculiarly salubrious part of the county of S——, at the back of a gentleman's house, in a large open court yard, nearly surrounded with forest and other trees, but perfectly exposed to the air on all sides, a couple of young swans were turned down on a pond of about half an acre in extent and three feet deep; the water was free from weeds, and a large grass plot joined it at one end on which the swans were accustomed to walk about and feed at pleasure; there was nothing whatever peculiar to

the pond, as to the falling of the leaves, dripping from the trees, want of shade, exposure to the sun or other circumstance, to occasion a supposition that the place was not perfectly adapted to the habits and well doing of the water-fowl kept on it; nor was there any lime or other substance of that nature about the place. The general food of the swans was barley, and occasionally boiled potatoes, with which they were fed daily, without any excess in quantity; they were perfectly tame, and would feed out of the hand; and having been brought up from cygnets at the same spot, were become great favourites, and remarkably bold fine birds, conscious of their own beauty, they proudly insisted on vindicating their right to the pool and grass plot against all interlopers. They were never apparently subject to any ailment whatever, until the very day of their deaths, which took place in the month of September last, and happened in the following manner: early one morning, one of the swans was observed to keep its head under water longer than usual, which at length it raised, though with some difficulty, appearing to be in a weak state, and soon came to land shewing evident symptoms of what might be called a seizure of apoplexy, for the blood was slowly trickling through each nostril. Very shortly afterwards the poor bird became much exhausted and subject to almost constant shivering fits, though taken away from the water and placed in a quiet sheltered place; its wings were a little raised and had a tremulous motion with them, the beak resting upon its breast to support the head, and the eyes being open; but after remaining in this

state all day without attempting to take any of the food offered it, at night it died. There appeared to have been no violent effort at its death, as it remained sitting nearly in the same position as before, with the wings closed, and the head fallen down on its back; and a small pool of blood under its breast, which had been discharged from the nostrils. The same evening, the other swan was attacked in a similar way, and the same result took place the next morning; that the two birds had been wilfully or accidentally poisoned was at first the natural conclusion, but after the most minute inquiries, there were no grounds to support a suspicion of that nature; nor had there taken place any circumstance, such as making mortar, altering buildings, placing any berries or garden herbs, or other things, which could at all afford a clue to explain the cause of their death; the birds were free from any blow or hurt, and their feathers perfectly smooth and in order, and they had been constantly under the immediate eye of servants, who were almost every hour passing by and occasionally feeding and observing them. A few days after their deaths they were opened, but nothing in the least degree singular appeared on inspecting them; they were perhaps rather fat from not having a more extensive space of water to live on, and being fed daily. In the pond were several kinds of fish which thrived well, and the water was made use of for many household purposes, as well as by horses, pigeons, turkeys, &c. drinking it, so that I know not what to attribute these two sudden deaths, but to apoplexy. Yet it is somewhat remarkable, that the at-

tack of both birds took place within so very short a time of each other; that although they had been there near three years, this was the first and fatal attack, and though the blood continued slowly to trickle for several hours through the poor birds nostrils, there was no acceleration or diminution of the bleeding, and the quantity apparently was not enough to have produced death unaccompanied with any other cause. The last bird was observed to be proudly swimming about by itself, until a very short period, only an hour or two, before it was found bleeding at the nostril also, and drooping. The shivering continued to the last; no sound was made by either of the poor swans, who conscious of their approaching death, remained quite quiet and unwilling or unable to move from whence they had been placed; the termination of their existence was totally different from that of the swans of old, as described by the poets (so different to the mournful end of all other beings), for these two noble birds expired without uttering a single note of complaint, or relinquishing while in pain the proud appearance of their arched neck and raised wings, till death deprived them alike of further pain or pride. It was not unusual for wild ducks occasionally and moor hens, with their broods, to frequent this pond, but no mischance ever happened to them; although upon subsequent inquiry, I discovered that some few years before, several tame ducks kept on the pond were seized in the same sudden and extraordinary way, and with the same fatal result as the swans; but this I was not a witness to, nor have any tame ducks been since placed there to

ascertain if a similar occurrence would happen to them.

I remain, your's obediently,

A SALOPIAN.

P.S. Will Mr. Waterton forgive me for saying, that although his favourite starling (mentioned in your last number) does not plunder a dove-cot for its eggs, yet a starling will fight most manfully to get

possession of the nests, and often drives the pigeons out of *their* dwelling by main force.

[We beg to make our acknowledgements to the author of this paper, and to say, that we shall at all times be happy to hear from a contributor who handles his subject with so much feeling and taste.]

WHO WAS THE COCKNEY STOCKBROKER THAT WAS AT MELTON?

THIS question was put to us yesterday at Tattersall's, and we were obliged to plead ignorance of the circumstance of there having been such a visitor, and could not divine the cause of the interrogatory; but on our return home, on looking over the pages of the last number of that delightful periodical, the *Old Sporting Magazine*, we found the following paragraph in a letter from the focus of fox-hunting:—

"We have had a few *new entries*, and the high gratification of a visit from some Cockney sportsmen; and amongst their number a stockbroker, whose *tout ensemble* produced universal admiration. The appearance of his stud gave decided evidence of his being a reformer in his principles, for one and all of them had undergone a very visible system of *retrenchment in the articles of oats and beans*—all in favour, it may be said, of their lightness to fly over our wide raspers, and skim across our deep enclosures."

The perusal of the foregoing naturally set us a thinking; and we then remembered to have heard that a certain gentleman, whom our informant believed to be the redoubtable Gilbert Forester, had

made his appearance at Melton, but whom we knew to be quite a different person; and though we have always thought Gilbert a most remarkable ass, yet as he has confined his trash to good-natured foolery, and the exposure of his own ignorance, we think it but due to him to set the public right with respect to the real identity of this reforming sportsman. Before we proceed, however, we must express our most unqualified condemnation of this system of ill-natured and personal observations upon the habits, appearances, or occupations of gentlemen in the field, and our fixed determination to expose every writer who makes so improper a use of the privilege of an anonymous signature. It is not because a man is either less favoured in personal appearance, less tasteful in his appointments, or less fortunate in worldly possessions, that he is to be held up to the ridicule of his brethren; nor does the participation in the exhilarating diversion of fox-hunting warrant the withdrawal of that veil which is always allowed to conceal the acts of private men in private life. Still we must say that if ever such a

proceeding is justifiable it is in the case of one who has been guilty of so gross an impropriety himself; and though the chastisement comes with a very bad grace from the hand that has inflicted it, we think our readers will agree with us that it has fallen upon a very proper person, when we state that the celebrated "*Spectator*," *alias* "Nodding Homer," is the gentle-

man to whom the foregoing paragraph alludes.

The propriety and policy of thus exposing one of his own contributors to ridicule, we leave to the consideration of the Editor of the *Old Sporting Magazine*; but the fact of his having done so will not, we trust, be lost upon those who still consider gratitude a virtue.

A FEW REMARKS ON BREEDING AND PURCHASING YOUNG HORSES.

MR. EDITOR.

At the present season, when gentlemen and farmers are turning their attention to the selection of stallions for the purpose of breeding, a few observations, founded on individual experience, may, perhaps, find a place in your instructive and entertaining periodical.

It is of course of the greatest importance to select a proper shaped stallion and mare for the purpose of breeding from: I have in general purchased mares which had bred previously, by which means I arrived at a correct knowledge of what kind of stock they were likely to produce. If mares breed well they become valuable. I sold six colts, hunters, all from one mare, taking the average price, at one hundred and ten guineas each; they were disposed of at four and five years old. A question has frequently been asked, "Is it judicious to breed from a mare whose constitution has been impaired by severe work?" It is certainly disadvantageous to do so. There are some judicious remarks upon this topic in the *Library of Useful Knowledge*, "*On the Horse*," page 219. The author observes, "We

would refer to the subject of diseases, and again state our perfect conviction that there is scarcely any one by which either of the parents is affected that the foal will not inherit. Even the consequences of ill usage or hard labour will descend to the progeny." Again, page 221, "It is a common error that because a mare has once been good she is fit for breeding when she is no longer capable of ordinary work. Her blood and perfect frame may ensure a foal of some value, but he will inherit a portion of the worn out constitution of her from whom he sprung!" I will now give two illustrations out of a multitude which I have derived from experience and observation. A friend of mine bought a celebrated hackney mare for the purpose of breeding from; she had on various occasions performed a journey of one hundred miles in a day, and was well known for her great speed on the road; when put to the horse her constitution was very much injured by hard work, and she was likewise affected by a slight chronic cough. Her first produce was a colt;—a correct model for a hack, combining both strength and

symmetry. At four years old, whilst in the act of being broke, sixty-five guineas were offered for him and refused. At five, my friend commenced riding him, and he turned out worthless, not having any constitution to endure work. He was likewise troubled with a chronic cough! and to make use of the owner's expression, "He felt as soft as a pound of butter after having been ridden a few miles." The above animal was sold for twenty-five pounds when rising six years old. The rest of her stock turned out little better. A farmer who resides near me selected a fine formed mare for a similar purpose; the mare in question was on one occasion sold as a hunter for one hundred and thirty pounds, but meeting with an accident she was bought by an innkeeper who ran her in the mail for nine or ten years, she was worn down by quick work. The agriculturist bred four horses from this mare, but they were all at periods afflicted by constitutional debility, which made them very tender, and was no doubt entailed upon them from the dam. Young mares are the best to breed from. A fast trotting horse in the north will sell for a large sum, since the appearance of Rattler and Tom Thumb. A dealer not long ago bought a horse of this description in Yorkshire for fifty-three pounds, and disposed of him again for one hundred and forty pounds. A number of breeders have lately endeavoured to breed nags of this kind by breeding from a fast trotting mare and stallion. I bred two foals in this way, but they could neither of them trot at any great speed when broke in. The same mare was afterwards stunted to a thorough bred horse; his action was bad with regard to the trot, but

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the produce was one of the most speedy trotters I ever rode! It is a curious occurrence in the annals of breeding, and, as a writer observes upon a similar topic, "must remain amongst the abstruse recesses of nature that will perhaps for ever continue unexplained." I must, however, remark that I have witnessed an instance of two fast trotters (stallion and mare) producing a fast one, but unfortunately this event cannot be depended upon. I have bred about two hundred hunters, hacks, and carriage horses, and have also purchased a great number of young horses at various ages for the purpose of grazing and disposing of again; upon examining the expenditure on both sides, I observe that I have gained a considerably larger sum by purchasing young horses than by breeding, which circumstance has arisen from my having bought in young horses at a lower price than I could have bred them, which I think in general will be found to be the case.

Yours,

A YORKSHIREMAN.

Black Swan, York, Feb. 1, 1833.

TO SPORTSMEN AND LOVERS OF THE FINE ARTS.

Mr. COOPER talks of setting out on a snipe-shooting expedition early this month to Whittlesea Mere, and will carry his palette (not the roof of his mouth, though he will have that too, but his painting palette); and should any gentleman in that district be desirous of possessing a specimen of the talent of this distinguished Academician he will be heard of at Peterborough,

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CHARACTERS OF HUNTING COUNTRIES.

No. VIII.

D U R H A M.

DURHAM, though one of the smaller of our English counties, comprises a greater variety of field-sports than most others. To the north and south are excellent trout streams in the picturesque rivers of the Tyne and Tees, to say nothing of the "comely weares for the catching of salmon," mentioned by Camden, in the former, or the variously stocked waters of the Skerne*, noticed by a later historian. To the west of the county excellent grouse-shooting is to be obtained; the extensive woodlands in the Vale of Derwent afford shelter to the pheasant and allurements to the woodcock; there are

racres at most of the principal towns; and, to crown the whole, it has been hunted by two of the oldest and most celebrated masters of fox-hounds—the Duke of Cleveland and Mr. Ralph Lambton—for a greater length of time than any two masters of hounds ever occupied one county in England.

If, therefore, unlike many that have preceded it in this Magazine, Durham has no long list of changes that have taken place among its masters of fox-hounds, we may nevertheless be permitted to occupy that space, which would otherwise have been divided among many, upon the individual merits

* The little water of Skerne contains twelve species of fish,—roach, dace, chub, gudgeon, minnow, miller's-thumb, stickleback, trout, pike, barbut or eelpout, eel, lamprey. "Of these the barbut (*gadus lota*) is not of very common occurrence; it is an inhabitant of only still, lazy streams like the Skerne, where it frequents the deepest pools or hollows under bridges; it is seldom caught by an angle, nor do I remember more than one being found in any pool."

The following account of the *gadus lota* is derived from a specimen taken in the Skerne, in 1791, by Mr. F. Mascall:—"Head broad, depressed, one cirrus at the chin, no scales, the body slimy and lubricous like the eel, the thorax rounded, and the abdomen resembling the eel; colour, dusky yellow with black spots. On a near inspection the whole skin seems like shagreen, or marked with the impression of small pin-heads. Fins, two pectoral, two ventral, a long back fin, a belly fin, and a tail fin, the latter rounded; rays of the gill membrane, seven; of the pectoral fin, sixteen; of the ventral fin, six: the back fin begins just behind the shoulders, and is contiguous to the tail fin, which comes round the tail to the under side, where it is contiguous to the belly fin, which is continued from the tail fin close up to the vent; the lateral line beginning at the tail, rises about the middle of the fish, and again towards the head; no teeth in the tongue, very small teeth in the upper and lower jaw, and one row of teeth in the palate." A barbut taken in the Skerne, near Hardwick-mill, June 21, 1811, measured sixteen inches, and weighed fourteen ounces and a quarter; the stomach was found to contain a minnow and some weed. "The Saxon fisherman, in Elfric's Dialogues, names amongst his fishes eels and eelpouts."

Both Plott and Morton mention the barbut as a fish of very rare occurrence; the latter says that in Northamptonshire it is only found in the Nen. Plott states that only four had been taken in Staffordshire in his memory, and gives a good description of the fish from a specimen twenty inches long, taken at Fasely-dam, in the Tame, August, 1654, and presented to Col. Comberford, of Comberford, "who caused it to be drawn to the life and placed in his hall."—*Surtees's History of Durham*.

and establishments of the two great masters we have mentioned.

Looking at the position of the county on the map, the natural boundaries on the north and south would appear to be the rivers Tyne and Tees, which, however, is not the case—the county of Northumberland traversing the boundary, and laying claim to a portion of Durham on the north-west. In describing its limits we perhaps cannot do better than adopt the language of Mr. Surtees, of Mainsforth, the accomplished historian of the county, whose felicitous mode of expressing himself must cause regret to our readers that his not being a fox-hunter should deprive them of the chance of reading a detail of the rise and progress of the noble sport in his native county from his able pen.

“The county of Durham,” says he, “is bounded by Northumberland on the north, by the German Ocean on the east, by Yorkshire on the south and south-west, and by Westmoreland, Cumberland, and Northumberland on the west and north-west. Within these limits it forms a triangle, with the apex towards the west, and the base resting on the German Ocean. The Tyne forms the northern boundary from its mouth till it receives the Stanley Burn, two miles east of Prudhoe Castle, and near Bradley-mill; the boundary then follows the course of the Stanley Burn, southwards (passing Frenches’-close, Buck’s-nook, and Ravenside), to its source, from whence a sort of imaginary line intervenes betwixt that and the source of the Milkburn, which rivulet then forms the boundary, and runs southward till it joins the Derwent at Chopwell; from hence the boundary ascends the course

of the Derwent, full westward, as far as Blanchland.”

Within these limits we believe the county may be said to contain about 610,000 square acres. Its greatest length from east to west is forty-five miles, its greatest breadth thirty-six, and its circumference nearly one hundred and eighty miles.

After the greatest exertion we have not been able to find any precise date of the earliest hunting establishment in the county of Durham. Some suppose the Raby hounds to be the original pack, but they would only carry the chase back for about a century, whereas it is quite clear that they had hunt races on Woodhammoor in the reign of James I., for Mr. Surtees gives a copy of a bond entered into by certain parties in 1613, of which the following was the condition:—

“That whereas divers of the knights and gentlemen of the countie have delivered over into the hands and custodie of Thomas Robson the sum of fiftie pounds, as a stock collected and provided for the yearely bringing in of a *piece of plate* for a *hunting prize*, to be ridden for at *Woodham Stowpes* yearely, upon the Tuesday next before Palme Sunday, and soe to be continued. If, therefore, the above bounden Thomas Robson and John Bainbrigge, or either of them, their heires, &c., shall yearly, during the life of the above bounden Thomas Robson, bring and present, or cause to be brought and presented, to the now usual weighing place upon Woodham-moore, yearely upon the Tuesday next before Palm Sunday, a peace of *gold and silver plate*, in the form of a *boule or cupp*, or such like forme, of the value of seven poundes at

the least, for a *hunting prize*, to be ridden for at Woodham Stowpes, there to be disposed of according to the articles thereof made and agreed," &c. &c., the bond should be void.

Perhaps, however, these sports, in Durham as well as in other parts of England, consisted of a mixture of hunting and racing, or what were called "hunting matches" by Augustus G. Osbaldeston, in his "British Sportsman," published in 1792, wherein copious instructions are given for preparing a horse for one of them—such as riding him to hounds with a drag over the ground he is likely to run on, which savours more of our modern steeple chase than anything else, though it appears to have been an amusement in considerable repute; for in the history of Durham we find a copy of a memorandum,—“That no ale was brewed for the King at Durham Castle till the 5th day of April, 1617, and on the Saturday, the 10th of the same April, the King came to the castle; and on Monday next following the King travelled from the castle to Woodham-moor to a horse-race which was run by the horses of William Salvin and Master Maddocks for a gold purse, which was intended to have been on the 8th of April, but on account of the King's coming was put off till the 21st, which match the King saw.”

Also, among a collection of letters at Auckland Castle, is one from Mr. Arden to Mr. Stapylton, dated the 3rd of March, 1662, to the following effect:—"This day wee have horse-races heere on Hunwicke-moore. Mr. Davison has a little nagg runs with the like of Captain Darcy's; Mr. Bricknell rides Mr. Davison's nagg. There

will be much company there. Our lady goes in my Lord's coach from hence."

Leaving my "Lady" with the "Lord" in the coach, however, and the good people of the seventeenth century, we will make a cast forward and endeavour to come upon the scent of something like modern times. Hounds have certainly been kept at Raby Castle for upwards of a century—a period, with the exception of the Belvoir and Lord Yarborough's, longer than any in England—and doubtless they were the first celebrated pack in the county of Durham. Report says that a Mr. Fletcher, some relation of the late Sir Harry Vane Tempest, at one time hunted the Sedgefield country, but we cannot think that this could be for any great length of time; for looking at the situation of Raby Castle, the natural arrangement would appear to be that of hunting the home country from the home kennel, and having another at Sedgefield for the purpose of hunting that district. Indeed, the Sedgefield country must have been one that any sportsman might have coveted, for before the long war that followed in the train of the first French revolution, it consisted chiefly of old grass enclosures, with gorse or whin pastures, as they are called, scattered over the country, rendering the refinement of modern covers unknown. The enormous price to which all agricultural produce rose during the French war, was too strong a temptation to the Durham land-owners, and most of the old green sward was sacrificed to the

"ponderous coulter of the crooked plough," to the detriment of fox-hunting; but the day of high prices has gone by, and much of the land that was put into cultivation is

fast relapsing into its former state. The very name of "Sedgefield," with the neighbouring place to the west, "Rusheyford," are sufficiently indicative of the nature of the country, and the land to the west and north, by Elwick, Trimdon, Eppleton, to near Sunderland, is chiefly composed of a poor, barren, unfertile clay, in parts scarcely worth two shillings and sixpence an acre; indeed so bad, that Bayley, in his general view of the agriculture of the county of Durham, says, that when suffered to remain in grass it produces a herbage that scarcely any kind of stock will eat unless compelled by hunger. Nevertheless it holds a good scent, and the very poverty of the land is in favour of fox-hunting, as no harm can be done in riding over it, and the stiff fences peculiar to rich lands are avoided. Ugly and uninteresting as such a country must be in the eyes of most save those of determined fox-hunters, the pen of the historian has contrived to throw somewhat of a picturesque tinge over its barren surface:—

"The general aspect of the eastern coast of Durham," says Mr. Surtees, "is bare and dreary, and the soil, excepting where improved by artificial culture, generally a cold harsh clay, intersected by chains of limestone, whose tame monotonous forms, destitute of wood, and frequently ploughed to their summits, exclude all the romantic grandeur of a mountainous region and the softer features of the southern grazing districts. Yet there are beauties which may escape the eye of a casual observer. Betwixt the swells of country lie numerous dales or denes, almost entirely concealed from the higher grounds. Every brook which falls

to the sea has its banks adorned with a profusion of wild and varying scenery; the vales commencing imperceptibly together with the course of their little streamlets, sometimes contract themselves into narrow glens, scarce affording a single rugged foot-path; sometimes open into irregular amphitheatres of rock, covered with native ash or hazel, or deepen into ravines resembling the bed of a rapid river, terminating on the coast either in wide sandy bays or in narrow outlets, where the stream mines its way under crags of the wildest and most grotesque appearance."

But to return to it as a hunting country. Fifty years ago there were not above three regular fox-covers in the Sedgefield country,—one at Stillington, one at Long Newton, and one near Bishopston-lane, all of which are now in corn-fields. Sir Harry Vane Tempest made several covers about thirty years ago; among the number, Foxyhill, Elatob, and Redgap, all in existence at the present day, but by far the greater number have been formed since the accession of Mr. Ralph Lambton to the Sedgefield country. The mention of his name, however, leads us into a different part of Durham, for it would appear that while the southern district of the county can boast of its hunting antiquity, the northern part had not been called into play for many years after. The first accounts of anything like a regular pack of fox-hounds that we have heard of were of those kept by Sir Henry Liddell, uncle to the present Lord Ravensworth, and the present Mr. Baker, of Elemore, a former M. P. for the city of Durham. These were kept at Newton Hall, near Durham, (then the seat of the Liddells, but afterwards sold to the

ancestors of Mr. Russell, of Brancepeth Castle,) and we have heard that they hunted a part of the Sedgefield country, but upon this point a mystery prevails which we have not been able to unravel.

There was also a sort of New-castle hunt in former days, the members of which are reported not to have been particular which side of the river they patronised, so long as the first day was obtained on the Town Moor, whither the Mayor, and such of the capital burgesses as could ride, used to repair, with music playing and colours flying, after having partaken of a hearty breakfast together. Mr. Marley, of Pilgrim-street in that town, has now in his possession a very humorous painting, representing these worthies in full pursuit of their game, the pack having divided upon the several questions of fox, goose, cur, and donkey, which for the sporting reputations of the dead we hope is a caricature. The late celebrated Mr. Fenwick, of Bywell, the owner of Matchem and many other famous race-horses, used also occasionally to bring his hounds out of Northumberland and take up his quarters at Chester-le-street; and the late Mr. Surtees, of Milkhouse Burn, on the Derwent, kept a pack of dwarf fox-hounds, with which he hunted that side of the country and part of Northumberland south of the Tyne; but the Lambton hounds would appear to be the first celebrated pack that hunted what is now called the Home or Durham country.

Before, however, we proceed to notice them, we must say a few words touching the history of the gentleman by whom they were introduced. The family of Lambton is of very high antiquity in the

county of Durham, and though the regular pedigree can only be traced from the close of the 12th century, the previous residence of the family is well proved from a period approaching very nearly to the Norman era.

Mr. Surtees, in his History of Durham, commences their pedigree in the eleventh century, and carries it down to the period of the publication of the first volume in 1818, many years previous to the date of Lord Durham's elevation to the peerage; and the historian observes, that "in this long line of ancient gentry, the almost total absence of knighthood is somewhat observable; and were it not for the knight of Rhodes, and for the loyal Sir William, the Lambtons might rival, in the untitled simplicity of their descent, the silver-spurred Coplestones of Devonshire."

A very ancient tradition is attached to the house of Lambton, which, being somewhat in the sporting line, and admirably related by the historian, we perhaps cannot better employ our pen than in transcribing. It is as follows:—

"The heir of Lambton fishing, as was his profane custom, in the Wear on a Sunday, hooked a small worm or eft, which he carelessly threw into a well, and thought no more of the adventure. The worm (at first neglected) grew till it was too large for its first habitation, and issuing forth from the *Worm Well*, betook itself to the Wear, where it usually lay a part of the day coiled round a crag in the middle of the water; it also frequented a green mound, leaving vermicular traces, of which, grave living witnesses depose that they have seen vestiges. It now became the terror of the country, and amongst other enormities levied a daily contribu-

tion of nine cows' milk, which was always placed for it at the green hill, and in default of which it devoured man and beast. Young Lambton had, it seems, meanwhile, totally repented him of his former life and conversation, had bathed himself in a bath of holy water, taken the sign of the cross, and joined the crusaders. On his return home, he was extremely shocked at witnessing the effects of his youthful imprudences, and immediately undertook the adventure. After several fierce combats, in which the crusader was foiled by his enemy's *power of self-union*, he found it expedient to add policy to courage; and not perhaps possessing much of the former quality, he went to consult a witch or wise woman. By her judicious advice he armed himself in a coat of mail studded with razor blades, and thus prepared placed himself on the crag in the river, and awaited the monster's arrival. At the usual time, the worm came to the rock, and wound himself with great fury round the armed knight, who had the satisfaction to see his enemy cut in pieces by his own efforts, whilst the stream washing away the severed parts, prevented the possibility of re-union. There is still a sequel to the story; the witch had promised Lambton success only on one condition, that he should slay the first living thing which met his sight after victory. To avoid the possibility of human slaughter, Lambton had directed his father that as soon as he heard him sound three blasts on his bugle, in token of the achievement performed, he should release his favourite greyhound, which would immediately fly to the sound of the horn, and was destined to be the sacrifice. On hearing his son's

bugle, however, the old chief was so overjoyed that he forgot the injunctions, and ran himself with open arms to meet his son. Instead of committing a parricide, the conqueror again repaired to his adviser, who pronounced, as the alternative of disobeying the original instructions, that no chief of the Lambton's should die on his bed for seven (or as some accounts say) for nine generations; a commutation which to a martial spirit had nothing probably very terrible, and which was willingly complied with."

Mr. Surtees adds that the date of the story is of course uncertain, but that nine ascending generations from the late General Lambton (in whom popular tradition affirmed the curse to expire), would exactly reach to Sir John Lambton, Knight of Rhodes, the supposed worm slayer.

To return however to modern times, and proceed at once to the birth of the gentleman who laid the foundation of the present celebrity of the Lambton hounds.

Mr. William Henry Lambton was born November 15, 1764, and was the eldest son of Major General John Lambton and Lady Susan Lyon, daughter of the eighth Earl of Strathmore. After an education at Eton and at Trinity College, Cambridge, and after some time spent on the continent, Mr. Lambton, in 1787, succeeded his father in the representation of the city of Durham, for which he continued to sit till his death. Mr. Lambton, in his parliamentary career, adhered steadily and honourably to the whig principles, to which his family had long been attached; he possessed the natural advantages of an elegant figure, a graceful manner, and a clear and articulate delivery; a fluent yet

manly and nervous eloquence, acute powers of reasoning, and a fund of happy allusion and illustration, drawn from a mind stored with classical acquirements, soon distinguished him from the herd of parliamentary speakers, and commanded the respect and attention of the house, even at that bright period, when those master spirits Pitt and Fox, each in his highest ascendent, threw all minor talent far into the shade."

This picture, though drawn by an impartial and a master hand, may perhaps be thought more appropriate to the file of a pedigree than the column of a sporting periodical, but we have adopted it because it describes the man as well as the politician; and it has ever been among the foremost of our endeavours to convince the world that a strong predilection for our great national amusement, is not inconsistent with the full possession of intellectual power, or incompatible with the due discharge of the graver duties of life. For the present, however, we turn to Mr. Lambton's sporting career. While at college, the chase would appear to have afforded relaxation from the drier pursuits of learning, and the present Oakley country, then hunted by the Duke of Bedford and afterwards by his friend Mr. Lee Antonie, was the scene of his earliest exploits. On leaving Cambridge, we believe he made, as was then the fashion, what is called the grand tour; and on his return from the continent, he at once entered into the busy pursuits and pleasures of life, by taking his seat in the House of Commons, and making his *debut* in Leicestershire, where he shone one of the brightest stars of those days. We need scarcely add that this was

during the reign of Mr. Meynell, and when Leicestershire was in its glory. Mr. Lambton lived in a style of the greatest magnificence, having one of the best studs of that day in Leicestershire, and curious to relate, he was the first man that ever kept house at the now much frequented Melton Mowbray. Hither he had retired from the club at Quorndon, to seek for quiet in a place where modern sportsmen go for company.

As we before observed, the Home or Durham country, as it is now called, had never been the scene of much fox-hunting; and considering the nature of it, the circumstance cannot afford much room for surprise. While the Sedgefield country presented a fine flat surface, with but few enclosures, and those but indifferently fenced, the Home one would appear to have been almost one unbroken track of moor and woodland, with its present abundance of hill and dale. Speaking of the enclosures that have been made since the middle of the eighteenth century, Mr. Bailey, in his general view of the agriculture of the country, says, that of the nature of the soil and value of the land of some of them, an opinion may be formed from the fact that for several years after the division of Lanchester-common, the fee simple of allotments might have been purchased for fourteen shillings an acre, and upon the division of the Hamsterley-common (in Lord Cleveland's country), there were 2,000 acres which the proprietors did not think worth the Bishop's rent of fourpence per acre, which were given up to a gentleman on condition that he paid it for them. In fact there is no doubt that much land was enclosed and attempted to be put into a state of cultivation, which will

never repay the expense; for even in the best districts the harvests are frequently very late. In the early situations, they begin about the second week in August; but the most general time is from the beginning of September to the middle of October, and very often in the western parts of the county not till the middle of November. Hay has more than once been seen standing in the fields at Christmas.

Notwithstanding all these disadvantages, however, and those of collieries working, with their concomitant rail-ways, and other impediments to hunting, Mr. William Lambton, having gone through the training of the acknowledged school of the craft, set an example worthy of general imitation, and so ably inculcated by the Quarterly Reviewer, in his article on English Fox-hunting; for feeling that his first concern was in his own proper district, he turned his attention to those scenes, though comparatively rude, in which his natural place had been appointed.

In June, 1793, he purchased a pack of hounds of the then Lord Talbot, whose father for many years had hunted Canock-heath, (a wild moorland district in Staffordshire, of some twenty miles in circumference,) and other parts of that county, being the one now occupied by Mr. Charles Hugo Meynell, grandson of the Mr. Meynell. The pack consisted of twenty-nine couple of hunting hounds, and about the same number of young ones; but as we purpose returning to the kennel, and tracing the blood through the various crosses down to the present day, we shall proceed at once to their arrival in the county of Durham, with the simple addition that the price paid for them was £500.

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With respect to the roughness of the two countries, as also the unsightly collieries and engines which obtrude themselves upon the eye at every range, they might be considered pretty much upon a par, and hounds that could hunt in one, might fairly be expected to do so in the other. Collieries were not so abundant in the county of Durham as they now are, the coal trade being chiefly confined to the Tyne; but as they now stand, Mr. Meynell's heath country has a decided superiority over Mr. Lambton's home one.

On their arrival in the county of Durham, Lord Talbot's—then Mr. Lambton's—hounds took up their quarters at a kennel at Cocken, on the banks of the Wear, where, as Camden informs us, “Godricus, a man of ancient and christian simplicity, and wholly intent upon God and religion, led and ended a solitary life, and was buried in the same place,” a situation which appears to have been better adapted for holy men than hounds, for the proximity of the kennel to the river producing dampness and consequent lameness, they were very soon removed to Lambton, when the present complete and magnificent kennel was built in the park. As an ornamental, and at the same time a thoroughly useful building, we know of none to compare with the Lambton kennel. Viewed from the north road, it forms a pleasing feature as it crowns the summit of a grassy eminence in the park, while its proportions rather enhance than detract from the exquisite symmetry of the castle in the distance. Besides affording every accommodation that it is possible for hounds to require, the southern front forms a comfortable servants' dwelling, and the feeding depart-

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ment is as complete as it is possible to be. Of this, however, we shall speak more at large when we come to the occupation of the country by Mr. Ralph Lambton.

The hounds came out of Staffordshire attended by the servants who had lived with Lord Talbot, viz. by James Shelley as huntsman, and George Deane as first whip, who had lived with his late Majesty, then Prince of Wales, when he hunted the Basingstoke country in Hants. To these was added the well known Dick Norman, whose brother lived several years with that celebrated sportsman, Mr. Loraine Smith, and had entered Mr. Lambton's service as second horseman in Leicestershire, on that gentleman's recommendation.

We have never had the good fortune to meet with any person who saw the debut of the Talbot hounds in Durham; but we have heard that the "foreigners," as they were called, were not thought much of, certainly not so much as their undeniable blood justly entitled them to be, and that one sportsman pronounced them "too slow," and recommended their being sent back. Some describe them as heavy, long-eared, deep-mouthed hounds, fond of tying upon a scent, with little of the dash of the modern fox-hound; in colour mostly black and white, and not over sightly in general appearance; but a good deal of this we think must be set down to the score of prejudice, for, as we shall afterwards show, they were of the most celebrated blood in England, viz. that of Mr. Meynell.

At the time of which we are now speaking—viz. towards the close of the last century—nearly if not all the district now hunted by the Northumberland hounds, was un-

occupied, and the whole of Tyne side would appear at times to have acted as an auxiliary to the Durham countries, for the present Duke of Cleveland used occasionally to take up his abode at Corbridge, for the purpose of hunting that part, when his own country was short of foxes. The boors of that district still talk of the "great Lord from the South," and among many anecdotes still extant, is one of a post-boy from the Black Bull at Hexham mistaking him for a gentleman's servant, and after praising the liberality of his master for allowing him such good top-boots and breeches, concluding by begging to have the refusal of them when they should become his by right of service!

Things now looked bright in Durham; a gentleman of the first importance in the county, with every qualification that fortune or nature could confer, had undertaken to hunt it; and all that the gentry had to do was to preserve the foxes. But how frail are all human hopes, how uncertain all subsidiary anticipations! In the very hour of prosperity an event took place which threatened destruction to the whole; in recording the particulars of which we shall again draw upon the pages of the worthy historian of the county, being anxious like the bee to gather sweets from the choicest flowers. "In the autumn of 1795," says Mr. Surtees, "Mr. Lambton's friends were alarmed by his betraying some symptoms of a consumptive tendency; he retired to the country, and was unable to resume his seat in parliament after the Christmas recess. In the following year he was advised to try the effects of a milder climate, and embarking with his family at Woolwich, in a neutral vessel, reached

Naples after a voyage of two months. An Italian air and sky seemed to promise a total renovation of constitution, and Mr. Lambton proceeded with renewed health and spirit to Rome. But there his strength visibly declined, and impressed him with a fixed presentiment of approaching dissolution, he returned towards Tuscany, and after being detained by illness at Sienna, reached Pisa on the 30th of November, and expired four days afterwards, at the early age of thirty-three. His remains were interred, at his own request, in the English burial-ground at Leghorn."

It is melancholy, nay heart-breaking, to reflect on the early doom of one who promised to be so bright an ornament to his country, and who was so eminently qualified for the situation in which it is our more immediate province to regard him. After speaking of his political opinions, and observing that though he differed with many wise and good men on subjects of great importance, he received from the ablest of his opponents the tribute of respect due to talent and unblemished integrity, Mr. Surtees adds, "that in every domestic relation, in the spring and in the noon of life, moving in the highest rank of British society, he stood untainted by the contagion of vice or of folly, 'blameless and pure—and such was his renown.'"

Such was the character of the founder of the "Lambton hounds," and we need scarcely add, that the loss of such a man under any circumstances must have been a heavy calamity, still more so in a county in which he was taking so prominent and popular a part. Yet we cannot say that it was irreparable, for there was yet one left who forms the very counterpart of the

picture; one whose political career has been alike unblemished, whose private virtues are equally resplendent, and to whom a kinder providence has granted a fairer, and we trust, a greatly to be prolonged, share of years, for establishing a never fading name as a British sportsman! But we need not pursue the subject, for the unanimous voice of our northern readers proclaims the name of RALPH LAMBTON; and the elegant pen of the historian, in describing the one, has so ably portrayed the other, as to leave us nothing either to add or desire, and nothing to do but adopt his admirable description. To Mr. Ralph Lambton it is that the county of Durham has been indebted for nearly forty years for the enjoyment of fox hunting, for the long minority that awaited the present Earl of Durham, at the time of his father's decease, precluded the idea of his continuing the occupation of the country.

Mr. Ralph Lambton, like his elder brother, was educated at Eton and Cambridge, at which latter place, with a younger son's allowance, he maintained the rank of a fellow commoner, kept his three or four hunters, did every thing that other people did, and quitted college without leaving one farthing's debt behind. On this event happening, he made his *debut* in Leicestershire, in company with a brilliant phalanx of young sportsmen, among whom he shone conspicuous, an elegant and dashing rider. This too was in the days of Meynell, and we may naturally suppose the example of so great a master, would not be lost upon his acute and observing mind.

The gentlemen of the North having tasted of the pleasures of the chase during the occupation of

the country by Mr. William Lambton, as might naturally be supposed, were not willing to relinquish so popular a recreation, and one which had commenced under such favourable auspices; and this being the time, when to make use of a common expression, "money was no object to the landowners," a very handsome subscription was raised for the future support of the hunt, and after a short interval, during which we believe the hounds were managed by Mr. Baker, of Elemore, the whole passed into the hands of Mr. Ralph Lambton; upon whose admirable qualifications for the situation, a single word from the writer would be superfluous. In the same year, he was returned to parliament for the city of Durham, which he continued to represent until Lord Durham offered himself for the county, in 1813. His parliamentary duties, however, did not interfere much with his hunting, for it was in the good old days of spring sessions, when country gentlemen like to go to town and see the Derby, Oaks, and Ascot cup run for.

Although Mr. Ralph Lambton had received a Leicestershire education, he did not, like some of our modern sportsmen, conceive that it was only necessary to stick a horn in his saddle to be a perfect huntsman, but he continued James Shelley in that situation until the period of his death, who though reported to have been an excellent kennel huntsman, was considered slow in the field. There was however some change shortly after in the rest of the establishment, the precise dates of which we have not been able to ascertain. Dick Norman left, and we believe it was then that John Winter, the present huntsman, entered Mr. Lambton's service, as se-

cond whip. George Deane, who we mentioned before, as having come with the hounds from Lord Talbot's, was unfortunately drowned one dark night, in crossing the ferry that plyed on the Wear, near the scite of the present bridge at Lambton; upon which Winter, we believe, was advanced to the office of first whip, and his place filled up by "one eyed Jack," as Emmet was called, who afterwards made way for Messenger, the present stud groom to Lord Durham.

In hunting; as well as in all other affairs, a long course of years must bring its concomitant changes, but perhaps there are few establishments in England where the servants can shew a greater length of service than in that of Mr. Ralph Lambton. Bob Hunnam has filled the situation of whipper-in for three and twenty years, and his father has lived with Mr. Lambton, as feeder or kennel huntsman, for upwards of thirty. The principal changes (as they are in most establishments) have been among the second whips, for Bob has been a stopper for many years to their rising any higher. Of second whips that remained any length of time, were Tom Rose, brother to the Duke of Grafton's present huntsman, and son of his Grace's late one, who went from Mr. Lambton to his Majesty's stag hounds, during the days of Lord Maryborough; Tom Davis, who died, and Jim Rawes, a very neat horseman, who came from Lord Kintore's, in Scotland, and returning to that country, met an untimely death by sleeping in a damp bed after riding a steeple chase. Evans Loyd, who afterwards filled the office of huntsman to the Northumberland hounds, also whipped in to Mr. Lambton for two or three seasons;

and Isaac Waugh, their present one, filled the more subordinate office of earth stopper.

As we before observed, when Mr. Lambton first commenced hunting the county of Durham, the Sedge-field country was in the possession of the Raby hounds, where the then Lord Darlington (now Duke of Cleveland) had a regular establishment and a well supported club. There were no hounds in the southern part of Northumberland at that time, and the country now occupied by Sir Matthew White Ridley, was hunted by the Lambton hounds, for which purpose they made Elizabethian progresses, first visiting one place and then another. They used to go to Mr. Riddell's, of Felton, for one week, to Morpeth for another, to Mr. Brandling's, of Gosforth, for another, to Blagdon for another, and so on from place to place, with mirth and good cheer following in their train; for though Pope Pius the Second did speak disparagingly of the hospitality and refinement of the Northumbrians, in 1448—sentiments by the way re-echoed by Mr. Camden—still Mr. Gibson, in his edition of that gentleman's work published in 1695, says that whatever roughness Mr. Camden might fancy he saw in the manners of the people of Northumberland, it was certain that the description given by *Æneas Silvius* was not their due at that day. "Their tables," says he, "are as well stocked as ever with hens and geese, and they have also plenty of good bread and beer. Strangers and travellers are no novelties to them, the road betwixt Edinburgh and Newcastle being as much frequented by such (of all nations) as almost any others in the kingdom. A roundlet of red wine is a greater rarity in a

countryman's house in Middlesex than on the borders of Northumberland, where you shall more commonly meet with great store of good claret, than in the villages of any other county in England. In a word, the gentry of Northumberland are generally persons of address and breeding, and preservers of the true old English hospitality in their houses."

Joking apart however, we really believe that there is more real hospitality and good fellowship among the gentry of the counties of Northumberland and Durham, than in any other part of England. Their hospitality does not confine itself to the reception of the guests alone, but horses and servants are equally welcome; and the country houses, at times, have more the appearance of inns than private mansions. The same feelings extend through all classes, and farmers calling at each other's houses, will consult together what they shall have to drink before they knock at the door.

But to return to the Lambton hounds. That venerable and respectable journal the *Newcastle Courant*, although adopting the second title of "*General Hue and Cry*," does not appear to have been much interested in the proceedings of hounds, for it contains no notice of their movements, and it is only within the last five and twenty years that the meets were inserted at all, the information, up to that time, having been conveyed to the different sportsmen through the medium of cards sent to the reading rooms and principal inns of each town. Mr. Ralph Lambton now sends them to the different papers on cards, with the name of the paper on the pack, which pass through the post office as letters, and saves all the folding and sealing

so troublesome to gentlemen in a hurry.

In 1804, the then Earl of Darlington gave up the Sedgely country to Mr. Ralph Lambton, on condition, we believe, of having the offer of it again on Mr. Lambton's resignation. This arrangement is said to have arisen in consequence of a complaint the late Sir Harry Vane Tempest, of Wynyard, had made, relative to his not obtaining sufficient hunting, in consequence of the Raby hounds occupying the Bedale country, in Yorkshire, as well as the home and Sedgely country, in Durham, a grievance that is not likely to trouble the present occupier of that mansion.

Be that as it may, the country was given up, and a meeting of the gentlemen of the Lambton hunt was called by advertisement, at Mr. F. Anstead's, the Queen's Head Inn, Durham, on the 6th of October in that year, to make arrangements for hunting it; and at a second meeting held on the 10th of November following, proposals were submitted for that purpose, and the Lambton hounds commenced hunting from Sedgely on the 10th of December, 1804. Durham

was then divided between the Raby and Lambton hounds, and we believe the following is a pretty accurate detail of the arrangements. Mr. Ralph Lambton retained all his old country, from the sea on the east, as far into the moors as he pleased on the west, the Durham and Woolsingham turnpike road as far as Willington, and the river Wear, from thence to Sunderland bridge, near Croxdale, forming the boundary line to the south; giving Brancepeth to Mr. Lambton, and Whitworth to the Raby hounds, and the great North road from Sunderland bridge*, by Ferry hill, to Darlington, dividing the Sedgely and the Raby countries.

Out of these two, partly by right of ownership and partly, we believe, by encroachment, a portion of a third country has been carved, viz. that known by the name of the Hurworth, hunted by Mr. Wilkinson. Report says, that that gentleman, in his youthful days, kept harriers, but being rather partial to bag foxes, he caused considerable annoyance to Lord Darlington, who gave him up the Tees banks, on condition of his refraining from turning down any more, a condition that was complied with, and

* About half a mile to the north of Ferry-hill is a place still held in great awe by the inhabitants of that district, called Andrew's Stob, being the site of the gibbet upon which a murderer of the name of Andrew Mills was suspended for killing three children in 1683. It appears, that the master and mistress of the house—people of the name of Brass—were absent on a Christmas visit, and Mills was left at home with the younger family. According to his own confession neither provocation nor cause of quarrel had arisen, and he persisted to the last in stating that he had acted on an immediate suggestion of *the enemy* (who, according to some accounts, appeared to him *bodily*). The eldest girl struggled with him for some time, and he did not murder her till he had broken her arm, which she had placed as a bolt to secure the door of the inner chamber where the younger children were sleeping. He then entered that inner room, murdered the younger girl with a blow of an axe as she slept, and was it seems leaving the house when a voice or impulse fell on him, bidding him *return and spare none*; he went back, dragged the youngest child from beneath the bed, and completed his bloody business. He made no attempt to escape, but remained amongst his bleeding victims and awaited the return of the miserable parents. He was executed on what was then a common, by the road-side, in full view of the scene of his murder, and was afterwards hung in chains, but no relics of the gibbet are now perceptible.

the rise of the Hurworth fox-hounds has been the consequence. The establishment is of the rough and ready sort, but the hounds show great sport, and the owners are keen fox-hunters, and as such, entitled to our esteem.

Mr. Ralph Lambton, however, had a great range of country, extending from Morpeth, in Northumberland, to Darlington, in Durham, nearly fifty miles in length and of almost undefined bounds in breadth. Within its limits were to be found every species of soil, every description of fence, and every diversity of feature. Clay, loam; peat, chalk; coal, iron, earth mounds, sand banks, posts and rails, quick fences, "on's and off's," stone walls, stells or drains, and flying jumps, moors, fells or commons, grass, plough, woodlands, rivers, hill and dale, becks or brooks, denes or valleys, and the fine open sporting looking district of Sedgfield. This may truly be said to have been the time when the Lambton hunt was in its zenith, when money was plentiful, when the members were in the full vigour of manhood, and when the leading sportsmen of both counties united in one common cause, that of the encouragement of fox-hunting and the support of the Lambton hunt. The following list of the gentlemen who originally composed the Sedgfield club, in 1804, will best show the popularity of the cause, and the ravages that our great common enemy, time, has made among its members; R. J. Lambton, George Baker, Charles John Brandling, R. Chaloner, M. W. Ridley, jun., W. Bacon, R. E. D. Shafto, E. B. M. Barrett, T. Daylor, C. Mason, H. Bell, R. Brandling, W. Beckwith, John Wharton, I. D. Nesham, G. A.

Askew, R. Kirton, C. Ellison, H. V. Tempest, Daniel Seddon, I. W. C. Robinson, N. Ridley Colborne, L. W. Hartley, Charles Bigge, Jacob Maude, Robert Surtees.

It was not until the year 1811, that the fixtures of the Lambton hounds were inserted in the provincial journals, in consequence of the proprietors claiming the usual advertisement fee. At the present day, however, the arrangements of that comparatively speaking recent period, will be interesting to many who were not fox-hunters at that time, while the perusal of the meets may recall happy days of "auld lang sine" to the minds of many who were partakers of the scenes; we have therefore extracted those of the first season that appeared in the Newcastle Courant. We may observe that the fixtures in the Sedgfield country do not appear to have been advertised, most likely in consequence of all the members congregating at headquarters, which, standing in the very centre of the country, makes all parts equally accessible. The first notice is dated, Lambton-hall, October 17, 1811, stating that the hounds would hunt from Sedgfield, on the 28th instant; then comes the following.

LAMBTON HOUNDS.

Each day at 10 o'clock.

Mon. Dec. 2, 1811; at Netherwitton			
Tues. .. 3	..	Hartburn	
Thurs. .. 5	..	Blagdon	
Sat. .. 7	..	Gosforth	
Mon. .. 9	..	Tunstall	
Wed. .. 11	..	Elemore	
Fri. .. 13	..	Flass	
Sat. .. 14	..	Kennel	
Mon. .. 16	..	Gosforth	
Wed. .. 18	..	Cassop	
Fri. .. 20	..	Hamsterley	
Sat. .. 21	..	Rainton-gate	

Mon. ..23	..	Shincliffe	Tues. ..11	..	Netherwitton
Tues. ..24	..	Chester-turn- [pike-gate	Thurs. ..13	..	Hartford- [bridge
Thurs. ..26	..	Cassop	Sat. ..15	..	Belsay-lake- [head
Sat. ..28	..	Hordon	Mon. ..17	..	Cold-law- [wood
Mon. ..30	..	Newbottle	Tues. ..18	..	Gosforth
Wed. Jan. 1, 1812, at	..	Castle-eden	Fri. ..20	..	Ravensworth
Fri. ..3	..	Flass	Sat. ..21	..	Castle-eden
Sat. ..4	..	Long-acre	Mon. ..23	..	Cold-pig-hill
Mon. ..6	..	Castle-eden	Wed. ..25	..	Sunderland- [bridge
Wed. ..8	..	Hordon	Sat. ..28	..	Flass
Fri. ..10	..	Newbottle	Mon. ..30	..	Sunderland- [bridge
Sat. ..11	..	Chester-le-st.	Wed. Apr. 1	..	Castle-eden
Mon. ..13	..	Castle-eden	Fri. ..3	..	Ebchester
Wed. ..15	..	Hordon	Sat. ..4	..	Flass
Fri. ..17	..	Newbottle			
Sat. ..18	..	Chester-le-st.			
Mon. ..20	..	Castle-eden			
Wed. ..22	..	Burnopside			
Sat. ..25	..	Long-acre			
Mon. ..27	..	Cassop			
Tues. ..28	..	Burnopside			
Thurs. ..30	..	Hedleyhope			
Fri. ..31	..	Hordon			
Mon. Feb. 3	..	Gt. Stainton			
Tues. ..4	..	Grindon-cha- [pel			
Thurs. ..6	..	Mainsforth			
Sat. ..8	..	Bishopton			
Mon. ...10	..	Slater's house			
Wed. ..12	..	Fishburn			
Fri. ..14	..	Thorp			
Sat. ..15	..	Bishopton			
Mon. ..17	..	Grindon-cha- [pel			
Tues. ..18	..	Sedgefield			
Fri. ..21	..	Stonbridge- [house			
Sat. ..22	..	Chester-le-st.			
Mon. ..24	..	Elemore			
Wed. ..26	..	Gosforth			
Fri. ..28	..	Burnopside			
Sat. Mar. 1	..	Urpeth			
Mon. ..3	..	Hamsterley			
Tues. ..4	..	Plawsworth			
Thurs. ..6	..	Hordon			
Fri. ..7	..	Chester-le-st.			
N.B. These hounds will hunt from					
Morpeth, on the 9th of March.					
Mon. ..10	..	Felton-park			

Having now traced the rise and progress of the Lambton hounds up to the period of their occupation of the Northumberland, Durham, and Sedgefield countries, we will turn to the pedigree and history of the hounds themselves, leaving the conclusion of this paper for another number, lest any of our readers, in other parts, should complain of our allotting too large a portion of our pages to one particular district.

We have already stated the quarter from whence the original "Lambton hounds" came, but they carry their pedigree much further back than the date of their purchase from Lord Talbot in 1793, at which period they would appear to have been an old established pack. At all events, there is distinct evidence of their existence for fourteen years previous to that time, for we have seen a memorandum in Lord Talbot's own hand writing, made in March, 1779, stating that twenty-nine couple and a half of hunting hounds had been presented to him by Mr. H. Vernon. These were chiefly of

Lord Vernon's and Mr. Meynell's blood, though there were also some crosses from both, between Mundy's, Noel's, Dutton's, Lord Granby's, Lord Vavasour's, and Lord Thanet's; in fact, crosses with all the best blood in the kingdom. Of these, Menacer and Daunter, out of Lord Vernon's Madam and Buxom, by Mr. Meynell's Monarch, entered in 1772, were the patriarchs of the pack. Assuming then that this lot were the foundation of the Talbot kennel, it may be interesting to trace the various crosses of blood that have been introduced, and drafts sent out, between the period of their arrival in Staffordshire, and the present occupiers of the Lambton kennel.

In 1780. We find an entry of eighteen couple and a half, composed of crosses, between the Meynell and the Fitzwilliam blood—Viper, Vermin, Vicious, Vanity, Granville, German, Gawdy, Gleeman, and Gambler, being all out of Meynell's bitches by Lord Fitzwilliam's Viper and Glider. There was also a cross between the Meynell and Lord Ludlow's blood, and a hound by one of Mr. Fitzherbert's, out of a bitch of Lord Egremont's entered.

1781. The variety was still greater, the entry consisting of twenty couple, comprising hounds from, or crosses with, the Fitzherbert, Lord Fitzwilliam's, Lord Egremont's, Delmé's, Duke of Rutland's, Lord King's, Noel's, Dutton's, Pelham's, Mundy's, and Lord Foley's blood.

1782 and 1783. There were also large entries, and more of the Foley, Pelham, and Egremont blood introduced.

1784 and 1785. Large entries

again, and some drafted to Mr. Heron and Colonel de Burgh.

1787. Drafts sent to Lord Berkeley, Mr. Heron, and Colonel de Burgh.

1788. Some of Mr. Corbet's blood was introduced, Random and Rallywood, being the produce of a cross between his and Mr. Meynell's blood.

1790. Gingle, from Mr. Corbet, by Lord Spencer's Tomboy, was entered, and Trouncer, out of a bitch of Meynell's, by Lord Stamford's Trial.

1791 and 1792. Drafts were sent to Mr. Childe, Lord Aylesbury, and Mr. Wharton.

1793. When Mr. W. Lambton purchased the pack, it consisted, as we have before stated, of twenty-nine couple of hunting hounds, and twenty-five couple of young ones; of the former, Reveller was nine years old, and Pastime eight; there were three couple of seven years old hounds, four couple of six years old, four couple and a half of five years old, five couple of four years old, four couple of three years old, and eight couple of two years old.

Though their new quarters were somewhat wide of the great field of hounds, it does not appear that distance had ever stood in the way of procuring the best blood, whether fashionable or otherwise; and to this, perhaps, as much as anything else, may be attributed the present superior excellence and high character of the Lambton hounds; for no matter in what kennel it was, whether in the Hurworth or the Pytchley, if there was a hound of extraordinary merit, Mr. Lambton always made a point of sending hitches to him.

1794. Some of Lord Monson's and Mr. Wrightson's blood was introduced, and in 1795 some of the celebrated Col. Thornton's, of Thornville Royal (Ravager and Reveller being by his Rupert); also some of the Duke of Bedford's and Sir William Lowther's.
1796. A lot of hounds came from Mr. Wharton's, of Skelton Castle, very few of which were kept, and two couple by the Duke of Grafton's Guiler, out of Mr. Willoughby's (now Lord Middleton's) Rosamond, were entered.
1797. The entry was small and bad; some drafts were sent to Mr. Hopper and Mr. Lane Fox.
1799. Some of Lord Darlington's blood was introduced; Nelson, Nailen, Nilus, Notable, and No-vice, being by his Sportsman, out of Novelty.
1800. The new century commenced well, by an introduction of some of the Duke of Grafton's, Mr. Lee Antonie's, and Mr. Meynell's blood, several couple, both in that and the following year, being by Mr. Meynell's Splendour.
- 1803, 1804, and 1805, appear to have been weeding years, drafts having been sent to Lord Villiers (now Lord Jersey), Mr. Hopper, Mr. Thompson, Mr. Jolliffe, and Mr. Wade.
- 1806, brought an infusion of fresh blood,—viz. Mr. Bowes', Mr. Childe's, also more of the Pelham (Yarborough), and Darlington.
1809. Gambol, by Mr. Puleston's Darter, out of Garrulous; a couple and a half by the Duke of Rutland's Coroner; a couple by Mr. Lee Antonie's Grecian, out of Actress; a hound by Lord Lonsdale's Coaxer, out of the Duke of Leeds' Glory; a couple and a half from Lord Monson, and the same number from Lord Yarborough.
1810. More of the Darlington and Yarborough blood.
1811. Some of Sir Thomas Stanley's—Bluebell, by Mr. Heron's Bedford, out of Sir T. Stanley's Betty; also some of Mr. Heron's blood, which was chiefly the old Meynell blood, he having bred largely from it for many years.
1812. Draft to Sir F. Aylmer, Ireland.
1813. More of Mr. Heron's blood.
1814. Draft to the Dk. of Grafton.
1815. Draft to Mr. Hay, Mr. Newman, Capt. Grey, Sir T. Stanley; some of Lord Scarbro's blood introduced—Dromo and Dragon, by his Dealer; some of Mr. Fox's—Royster, Sweeper, and Sally, by his Sweeper.
1816. Some of the Hurworth—Factor and Fanny, by Wilkinson's Factor entered; Lifter and Lunatic, by Sir T. Mostyn's Looby; draft to the Northumberland kennel.
1817. More hounds entered, got by Sir T. Mostyn's Looby; drafts sent to the Northumberland, Sir T. Stanley's, Mr. Allgood's, Mr. Chaloner's, Capt. Grey's, Lady Salisbury's, and Mr. Baird's kennels.
1818. Drafts to Mr. Andrews' and the Northumberland hounds.
1819. Some of Sir Mark Syke's blood introduced.
1820. Two couple and a half of hounds, by Mr. Warde's Jasper, out of his Bridget—and his Maniac, out of Rebus.
1821. Some of the Belvoir blood; also a hound by Sir Bellingham Graham's Orpheus, out of his Harpy.

1822. Two couple and a half by Sir H. Mainwaring's Mandate and Dromo, Dexter and Damsel by Mr. Osbaldeston's Rallywood.

1823. Scornful, by Sir H. Mainwaring's Mandate; Roderick, by Mr. Osbaldeston's Rallywood; Priestess, by Mr. Osbaldeston's Palafox; and Marksman and Myrtle, by the Duke of Beaufort's Lexicon.

1824. Mr. R. Lambton bred largely from Mr. Osbaldeston's blood, having several hounds by his Palafox, Rallywood, Woodman, also four couple by the Duke of Beaufort's Lexicon, and a hound by Mr. Warde's Jasper.

1825. Lord Middleton having previously resigned, sent Mr. R. Lambton five couple of his picked hounds, a compliment that was returned on his lordship taking Nottinghamshire. In the same year, Mr. R. Lambton had among his entry, six couple and a half of hounds by Mr. Osbaldeston's Palafox, a couple and a half by Mr. Warde's Shiner, and some more by the Duke of Beaufort's Lexicon.

1826. Several of the entry were by Mr. Warde's Jasper and Shiner, and Mr. Osbaldeston's Palafox.

1827. Mr. Ralph Lambton bred largely from Lord Middleton's; but as this brings us within the verge of present times, we cannot perhaps make a better conclusion for the present than by giving the result of all this judgment, care, and attention, in the shape of the contents of the Lambton kennel at the present day.

Eight years old.

Songstress, by Mr. Warde's Shiner, out of Favourite.

Portia, by Mr. Osbaldeston's Palafox, out of Sally.

Tantrum, by Spanker, out of Tragedy.

Lullaby, by Duke of Beaufort's Lexicon, out of Charlotte.

Soldier, by Sparkler, out of Comely.

Seven years old.

Lushington, by Lashwood, out of Careless.

Conqueror, by Conqueror, out of Wanton.

Rosebud, by Ranter, out of Mistress.

Boxer, by Ranter, out of Mr. Warde's Bridget.

Jessy, by Dealer, out of Jewess.

Sprightly, by Justice, out of Lord Middleton's Symmetry.

Six years old.

Menacer, by Monarch, out of Rosemary.

Handmaid, by Hamsterly, out of Frantic.

Vanity, by Hamsterly, out of Lord Middleton's Virgin.

Truant, by Lord Middleton's Trojan, out of Crafty.

Comfort, by Caviller, out of Harmony.

Carpenter, by Caviller, out of Destiny.

Bruiser, by Collingwood, out of Betsey.

Bravery, by Collingwood, out of Betsey.

Restless, by Lord Middleton's Chanticleer, out of Rosamond.

Rachael, by Lord Middleton's Chanticleer, out of Rosamond.

Bishopton, by Struggler, out of Lord Middleton's Brilliant.

Five years old.

Bellingham, by Wrangler, out of Bridget.

Lexicon, by Leveller, out of Sally.

Reveller, by Ranter, out of Destiny.

Rarity, by Ranter, out of Destiny.

Joyful, by Mr. Warde's Juggler, out of Charmer.

Jewess, by Mr. Warde's Juggler, out of Lord Middleton's Racket.

Judy, by Mr. Warde's Juggler, out of Lord Middleton's Racket.

Dromo, by Dealer, out of Scornful.

Spiteful, by Dealer, out of Songstress.

Lottery, by Laker, out of Jessica.

Liberty, by Laker, out of Jessica.

Bachelor, by Laker, out of Lord Middleton's Brilliant.

Bonnybell, by Laker, out of Lord Middleton's Brilliant.

Aimwell, by Caviller, out of Lord Middleton's Amazon.

Barmaid, by Mr. Warde's Rascal, out of Mr. Warde's Beauty.

Four years old.

Amathyst, by Merryman, out of Lord Middleton's Amazon.

Trusty, by Lord Middleton's Trusty, out of Paragon.

Courteous, by Partner, out of Countess.

Chastity, by Partner, out of Countess.

Charity, by Partner, out of Countess.

Lecturer, by Leveller, out of Rosamond.
 Labourer, by Leveller, out of Rosamond.
 Finder, by Tantrum, out of Frolic.
 Sorcerer, by Wrangler, out of Lord Middleton's Sprightly.
 Flourisher, by Marksman, out of Fanay.
 Finsbury, by Marksman, out of Fanny.
 Skelton, by Marksman, out of Susan.
 Cynthia, by Lancaster, out of Catherine.
 Columbine, by Lancaster, out of Catherine.
 Whipster, by Lancaster, out of Welcome.
 Waspish, by Lancaster, out of Welcome.
 Jollyboy, by Caviller, out of Jessica.
 Ransom, by Dexter, out of Rosemary.

Three years old.

essamine, by Jason, out of Comfort.
 Bridget, by Wrangler, out of Beauty.
 Somerset, by Wrangler, out of Songstress.
 Saladin, by Wrangler, out of Songstress.
 Witchcraft, by Wrangler, out of Myrtle.
 Pilot, by Partner, out of Wanton.
 Princess, by Partner, out of Wanton.
 Sailor, by Partner, out of Symphony.
 Sally, by Partner, out of Symphony.
 Bellman, by Partner, out of Bashful.
 Linkboy, by Lancaster, out of Lightning.
 Corsican, by Caviller, out of Pastime.
 Washington, by Workman, out of Susan.
 Woodbine, by Workman, out of Susan.
 Beatrice, by Lord Middleton's Driver, out of Bravery.
 Milliner, by Mendicant, out of Milkmaid.
 Melody, by Mendicant, out of Milkmaid.
 Parody, by Jupiter, out of Portia.
 Torment, by Tantrum, out of Catherine.
 Ruin, by Mr. Foljambe's Royal, out of Dimity.

Two years old.

Alderman, by Cavendish, out of Lord Middleton's Amazon.
 Adelaide, by Cavendish, out of Lord Middleton's Amazon.
 Warrior, by Workman, out of Susan.
 Wishful, by Workman, out of Susan.
 Wildgoose, by Workman, out of Sophy.
 Wildfire, by Workman, out of Mr. Foljambe's Flourish.
 Watchman, by Workman, out of Songstress.
 Warbler, by Workman, out of Songstress.
 Barbara, by Bishopton, out of Lullaby.
 Brevity, by Bishopton, out of Lullaby.
 Dover, by Bishopton, out of Dimity.
 Vanquisher, by Lushington, out of Victory.
 Victory, by Lushington, out of Victory.
 Danger, by Lord Middleton's Driver, out of Destiny.
 Bounty, by Lord Middleton's Driver, out of Bravery.
 Frolic, by Jupiter, out of Frolic.

Jonathan, by Jupiter, out of Lightning.
 Symmetry, by Lancaster, out of Stately.
 Venus, by Lancaster, out of Lord Middleton's Virgin.
 Vestal, by Lancaster, out of Lord Middleton's Virgin.
 Vestris, by Lancaster, out of Lord Middleton's Virgin.
 Jerry, by Lancaster, out of Joyful.
 Sportsman, by Duke of Rutland's Challenger, out of Spiteful.
 Carnage, by Duke of Rutland's Challenger, out of Careful.
 Prodigal, by Partner, out of Sarah.
 President, by Partner, out of Sarah.
 Verity, by Mr. Hodgson's Valiant, out of Mr. Hodgson's Margery.

One Year Old.

Caliban, by Clinker, out of Lord Middleton's Racket.
 Comedy, by Clinker, out of Lord Middleton's Racket.
 Malaprop, by Musselman, out of Liberty.
 Middleton, by Musselman, out of Lord Middleton's Sprightly.
 Mercury, by Musselman, out of Lord Middleton's Sprightly.
 Blaster, by Dragon, out of Barmaid.
 Chesterfield, by Bruiser, out of Cynthia.
 Skilful, by Soldier, out of Judy.
 Comus, by Carpenter, out of Bonnybell.
 Carver, by Carpenter, out of Sarah.
 Jericho, by Jupiter, out of Wowsky.
 Juryman, by Jupiter, out of Wowsky.
 Roguish, by Jupiter, out of Restless.
 Sinbad, by Trusty, out of Songstress.
 Statesman, by Trusty, out of Songstress.
 Sempstress, by Trusty, out of Songstress.
 Singwell, by Trusty, out of Songstress.
 Traveller, by Trusty, out of Rachael.
 Trimbush, by Trusty, out of Rachael.
 Tiffany, by Trusty, out of Rachael.
 Alfred, by Aimwell, out of Portia.
 Lavender, by Lexicon, out of Jewess.
 Ladybird, by Lexicon, out of Jewess.
 Lunacy, by Lexicon, out of Jewess.
 Leveller, by Lexicon, out of Jewess.
 Priestess, by Lancaster, out of Prudence.
 Pastime, by Lancaster, out of Prudence.
 Lofty, by Lancaster, out of Ransom.
 Janty, by Mountebank, out of Jessy.
 Driver, by Lord Middleton's Driver, out of Bashful.
 Madam, by Mameluke, out of Careful.
 Rival, by Jupiter, out of Lord Middleton's Racket.
 Turnpike, from Mr. Peter's.

51 Couples of Old Hounds

16½ Couples of Young Hounds

Total 67½

(To be continued.)

NICOLAS PISCATOR.

A CROCHET crossed the Devil's head,
 To idle a day by the brook :
 He called on Saint Peter and civilly said—
 " Friend fisherman lend me thy crook :
 Of the handle a famous rod can be made,
 And I'll twist the top for a hook."

The Devil he fingered Walton through ;
 And an hundred baits he tried :
 He bobbed, and he bobbed, but 'twould not do—
 The fish did not choose to be fried ;
 And the little boys laughed, and the Devil looked blue,
 And " orridly " cocknified.

The Devil he scratched his horn, and thought,
 And he scratched his horn again :
 " I have it"—says he—" my fish shall be caught
 By the bait that doth catch me men :—
 Oh better than all old Isaac hath taught,
 For his one shall catch me ten !"—

And what was the bait which the Devil chose ?—
 The heart of a maiden fair—
 A maiden with lip and cheek of rose,
 And brightly flowing hair.—
 Says the Devil—" not one of the river beaux
 Will a nibble at this forbear."

Then he tucked up his tail again by the stream ;
 And 'twas worth a shilling to see
 How Barbel and Perch, and Roach and Bream
 Swam by : ('twas not in the Lea—)
 Says the Devil—" my lads, you little dream
 What a treat I have got for ye.—

Do you know I have called to drop you a line,
 For a party down below ;
 With some very particular friends to dine—
 A snug half dozen or so ?—
 We are partners all in a sulphur mine—
 Belzebub, Belial, and Co.—"

The Devil made sure, as well he might,
 Some capital sport to see ;
 For the fish that was shy at that bait to bite
 A fish of no soul could be.—
 He hooked on the heart—but oh, 'twas so light—
 " Sure my shot is all cork"—quoth he.—

" A deep sea lead would never do,
 To sink it through the tide."
 The fish swam as deep; faith rather too
 Deep to be gutted and fried :—
 So the little boys laughed, and the Devil looked blue,
 And "orridly" cocknified.

Then a dandy-jacketed trout swam by;
 No swell was ever smarter :—
 The Devil he looked with a hungry eye
 On the dashing "finny darter :"—
 " Suppose, by way of a change we try
 This chap with a star and garter ?—

" Over Saint Stephen's I bobbed that bait,
 And it made a palpable hit;
 Nor ever I angled, early or late,
 In that hole—but something bit.
 What famous sport I had in the great
 Days of my cousin Pitt!

" For a brace of patriots then at a throw
 With this tempting bait I have tried,
 And caught them both :—so here we go!"—
 But the trout very wisely shied;
 And the Devil looked bluer than indigo,
 And monstrously mystified.

Lurking under the weeds he saw
 A lean and hungry pike :—
 Says the Devil—" 'tis odds if that fish of the law
 At a purse will fail to strike :—
 Nothing would come amiss to his maw—
 But *the money* is what he'll like."

He felt in his waistcoat pocket—not
 A sous in his purse did appear :—
 Says the Devil—" bless me, but I have got
 In a mess that is somewhat queer ;—
 I was thinking too as it's getting hot,
 I would like a pint of beer.

" I wonder will they chalk for a cup,
 Or must Dando's plan be tried."—
 When the pike saw the Devil must tick for a sup,
 He swam to the other side;
 And the Devil looked deucedly cut up,
 That he would not stay to be fried.—

He knew what the imps would say of his skill,
 If with an empty creel he
 To Tartarus went :—" I've a chance left still,
 With venison and currant jelly :—
 Alderman Perch will be happy to fill
 With such mansion-house fare his belly."

But the Alderman, though he would fain blow out
 On venison his dainty paunch,
 Was too far north to hazard the gout
 And a fry to boot for a haunch :—
 So away from the bait he turned about,
 Like an hermit abstemiously staunch.

The little boys laughed, and the Devil looked blue
 When he saw the Alderman gone :—
 He snapped in a passion his rod in two,
 And he swore with a monstrous yawn,
 He might just as well for the good he could do
 Have been fishing in Phlegethon.

Then from his meditative mind
 Rose a philosophic wight ;
 A Barbel, who had stemmed the flood
 With fin of wonderous might :—
 Each man of the Lea-bridge brotherhood
 Would have fainted at his bite.

He made a speech in the unknown tongue,
 Which we'll English at a venture :—
 He knew with the Devil he could not be wrong,
 For Nick was a co-inventor ;
 And of the Regent-square hum had long
 Been a punctual frequenter.

"Odd's-fish"—quoth he—"us fish you must think
 The flattest of the flat,
 To be swindled on to the river brink
 For a nibble of venison-fat,
 Or a maiden's heart too light to sink :—
 Old Nick, you were young in that.—"

"With an empty purse you a fishing went ;—
 No marvel your sport was undone :—
 A cheque must be to your banker's sent,
 If you wish to see any fun done ;
 Then hie for the top of the Monument,
 And bob in your fish-pond—LONDON !"—

TIM. TROLLER.

THE EARL OF SURREY, CAPTAIN PECHELL, AND DASHWOOD.

THE February and March numbers of the Old Magazine, contain a curious specimen of turning a bad cause to good account. That grandiloquent writer, Dashwood, took upon himself, in the February

number, to make an attack upon the Earl of Surrey, which a gentleman in the neighbourhood has done him the honour of contradicting, in no very measured terms. We have not room for the whole

story, but as we mean to conclude with a request, we will give a brief outline of it. In the February number (p. 325), when speaking of the sport with Colonel George Wyndham's hounds, and regretting the scarcity of foxes, our cidevant contributor observes, that "of course in the neighbourhood of Arundel, and wherever else the influence of my Lord Surrey may prevail, nothing else is to be expected; inasmuch as it is the current rumour of the day, and in every man's mouth, that that illustrious individual has openly declared it to be his intention to destroy foxes in his covers, and that, knowing that he had the credit of being a *vulpecide*, he was resolved to acquire a solid title to the name." Assuming his position to be established, he proceeds to ask "what language is sufficiently strong to hurl the anathema of indignation at the head of an influential landed proprietor, who, in the midst of a country regularly hunted by fox hounds, dares thus to avow his own determination to spoil sport, and of course, by his example, induces his tenants to do the same;" and concludes by stating that he has "volumes that he could write on the subject;" meaning, as we supposed, a most abundant stock of evidence to prove his assertion.

Judge then of our amusement at finding in the last number, under the head of a "Few Lines from Dashwood," a letter addressed to him in his "public capacity," as he calls it (though we think he would be puzzled to define what it exactly consists in), from Captain Pechell, of Castle Goring, in Sussex, informing him that he had made "a most unjust and unfounded statement, and that the Earl of Surrey, so far from ever having given utterance to such sentiments, was so

desirous of contradicting a report that the foxes were trapped in Arundel-woods, that not later than six weeks back, his lordship informed him (Captain Pechell) that he should meet the hounds on the very first opportunity, as the best means of showing the falsehood of the malicious insinuations which had got abroad."

To this "manly communication," as he calls it, Dashwood makes a most humble and abject apology, and takes advantage of the opportunity of kissing the rod, by bespattering his censor with a mede of praise proportionate with the abuse he had before heaped on the "illustrious" Earl; all which is very right and proper, nor do we quarrel with any man for making ample atonement for offence, either intentional or otherwise, but we do quarrel with a man who thrusts himself forward in a "public capacity," and makes accusations so void of foundation as Captain Pechell proves Dashwood to have done in the present instance.

It is not worth while occupying more of our pages with the subject, as the relative characters of the parties are too well known either to require praise or censure at our hands; but we cannot conclude without expressing a hope, that gentlemen who in future conceive themselves aggrieved by the remarks of any contributor in the Old Magazine, will not hold out a premium for a repetition of the offence, by forwarding their vindications to the author of the attack (who thus benefits doubly by receiving payment both for the attack and the contradiction), but that they will in the first place address themselves directly to the Editor of that work, and if he refuses insertion of their answers, send them to us, we will give the authors of them a trimming.

VETERINARY JURISPRUDENCE.

HATTON v. BOONER, Feb. 22, 1833. *Court of Exchequer, London.*

THIS was an action to recover the balance of a bill of exchange of £30.

It was stated by plaintiff's counsel that the plaintiff is a respectable butcher, and that he purchased from the defendant a mare for his private use. The purchase was made on a Thursday, and the mare was sent home on the subsequent Friday; and she remained in plaintiff's stable until Sunday, when he rode her out to pay a visit to a Mr. Tipper, a friend of his, who resided not more than two miles from town. When that gentleman saw her, he observed to the plaintiff that she was lame. On the subsequent Tuesday he drove her out in a gig, and she had not proceeded more than thirty yards when she was unable to move a foot. On the next day he sent her to the Veterinary College, and Mr. Sewell gave a certificate of her lameness, which was in the fetlock. Several witnesses deposed to her lameness. The defendant refusing to take her back, she was sold at Dixon's, and the plaintiff now sued for the balance.

Mr. Sewell stated that he had examined the mare, and that she was afflicted with an ossification of the fetlock, to which rest or quiet would give a temporary absence. He also gave a certificate in proof of her unsoundness.

For the defendant, Mr. Serjeant Coleridge said, that when his client refused to take the mare back she was sold to a Mr. Taylor, and was so far from being lame that she had been hunted several times, and after one particularly hard day's

running did not exhibit the slightest appearance of lameness.

Four veterinary surgeons, viz. Messrs. James and Charles Turner, Mr. Mavor, and Mr. Howard, were called, who stated that nothing was the matter with the fetlock, and that the mare was perfectly sound; and this was corroborated by several other witnesses who were connoisseurs in horse-flesh.

Such was the contradictory evidence that, at the suggestion of Lord Lyndhurst, the professional witnesses on both sides went again to examine the mare, which was in attendance in the court-yard.

Messrs. Sewell, Mavor, and Turner, retired for this purpose, and, on their return, Mr. Sewell affirmed that "the fetlock joint was still enlarged." Mr. Turner said, that "in his opinion the fetlock joint was not enlarged;" and Mr. Mavor declared that "there was no enlargement at all." Each supported his previous testimony with so much warmth (*tantæ animis equestribus iræ?*) as to cause great laughter in the court, so much so, that his lordship observed that horse-doctors appeared to be as tenacious of their professional opinions as human doctors were.

Lord Lyndhurst left the case to the jury. There being so much contradictory evidence it was for them to judge of the comparative credibility; and that, as the defendant had not called Taylor, as he was bound to do, they must get out of the business as well as they could.

The jury found a verdict for the plaintiff for the amount claimed.—
From the Veterinarian.

FINE ARTS.

SOCIETY OF BRITISH ARTISTS, SUFFOLK STREET, PALL MALL.

THE tenth of the above exhibitions opened on the 25th ult. with a rich display of native talent. In number the subjects amount to between eight and nine hundred, consisting of paintings in oil and water colours, engravings, and sculpture; and though there certainly is a fair sprinkling of ugly old women and vulgar-looking gentlemen, yet that is not the fault of the artists, who doubtless like ourselves would much rather look at pretty women than plain ones. Before we strike off on our own route, however, we must say a few laudatory words on the excellent portraits by Middleton (a very young artist, and a most promising one), that grace the walls. In particular we would call the attention of our friends to No. 12, "A Portrait of a Lady," which, though disguised in this anonymous description, we have no doubt is an excellent likeness, from the felicitous manner in which the same artist has hit off Richard Wilson, Esq. (126), and his son, Mr. Percy Wilson (108), gentlemen with whom most of the sporting world are more or less acquainted. The worthy Squire of Bildeston is depicted with that cheerful smile which usually pervades his countenance, and looking at the picture one might fancy he had just heard Tattersall's hammer drop on the sale of one of his yearlings—a second Hannah, perhaps,—for 500 guineas or so. In the immediate neighbourhood of the last named portrait is that of another great supporter of the English Turf, "The Earl of Egremont" (116), by W. Derby, which represents that estimable nobleman in

the act of reading a letter, and is a very easy, excellent picture. In the same room are scattered several sporting pieces by various artists, including a most abundant supply of dead game. The "Shot Pheasant" (26), by an appropriately named artist, "W. Fowler," is somewhat in the form of Landseer's picture in the British Institution, but as all comparisons with this great artist must be disadvantageous to the compared, we forbear saying any thing respecting the difference of style. "Snipes" (57), by G. Stevens, are "woodeny," and the execution is by no means commensurate with the idea. "Woodcocks" (68), by Stephen Taylor, are more to our fancy, but there is not much taste displayed in the arrangement.

"The last Booth in the Fair" (92), by R. B. Davis, is, to our mind, the best production in this exhibition by the above very celebrated artist; and "Dos-à-Dos" (130), some sleepy dogs huddled together, by Hancock, is very clever. Mr. Fowler, we think, is happier in his live than his dead subjects, and we like the "Sun Eagle" (146) very much. "Gipsies" (180), by R. B. Davis, is one of the best pictures of this wandering tribe we ever saw. Many artists in their scenes from humble life make their subjects too elegant in some feature or other, but here we have all the characteristic roughness and swarthy appearance of these curious people, with the usual heterogeneous accompaniments of a gipsy camp. The "White Horse and Black Spaniels chasing it," the property of Col. Ferguson (227),

by Hancock, fully sustain the reputation of this very rising artist. Though not in our line exactly we cannot omit noticing the "Parish Pay-day," by P. F. Poole (296), many of the figures in which are admirable, particularly the portly overseer, who lolls in the easy chair with a pillow to support his back, as he eyes the mendicant group who throng the room to receive their weekly pittance. (298.) "Recognition," two terriers meeting, by W. Barraud, is very clever; as are Mr. Davis' "Sportsman's Hopes," a litter of whelps, close by. "Master is very ill" (350), R. Farrier, a little urchin of a school-boy grinning with delight as he hops away from the school-door from which he has been turned by the above melancholy piece of information, is an excellent idea, though, perhaps, better adapted to the fleeting popularity of a caricature than the permanent importance of an oil painting.

We now come to something more interesting to the generality of our readers (No. 389), "The Kennel—drawing Hounds for Feeding," by Ferneley. The picture has got a bad situation it is true (over the door in the room to the right), but the figures being a good size admit of its being hung rather high. These are part of the pack of which so much is said in the present number of this Magazine, viz.—Mr. Ralph Lambton's; and the figure by the door calling the hounds over is Fenwick Hunnum, the feeder, a very old and excellent servant in Mr. Lambton's establishment. We are happy to see that Ferneley has hit him off in likeness and attitude to a nicety. The hounds, with the exception of the old fellow whose head appears by the *jet d'eau* as he rouses himself up like a sleepy alderman be-

fore dinner, are the real Lambton blood; he is one of Mr. Warde's sort—Boxer, by Ranter, out of his Bridget. This picture was very much admired, and we hope to see it engraved, for with the exception of Tom Lennard (the Duke of Cleveland's old feeder) stirring up the trenches, with a few hounds running in to be fed, there is nothing of this description extant in the sporting world.

No. 430, "Squire Thornhill's first interview with the Vicar of Wakefield's Daughter," by Mrs. Pierce, has some good points about it, but the Squire and the Vicar's daughter are too much like brother and sister. His costume, the old hunting one, is very good, and the colouring is rich and effective. Besides these are lots of "Still Life" pieces, by J. Crabb, W. Barraud, and no end of dead game by Taylor, Monger, Baker, Stevens, and a good picture (405), "Reynard on the look out," by the latter. Landseer, however, has spoiled us for looking at dead game, except after it has been under the influence of the cook. The next picture we come to is the great Pan of the right hand room, indeed, we may say of the exhibition, for none can come near it in point of inches. It is (No. 469) "Breaking Cover"—"Portraits of the Gentlemen of the Sedgfield Hunt," by J. Ferneley. As no one likes to be supposed wholly ignorant of horses and hounds, this picture affords ample room for the display of knowledge, and being placed in a convenient situation we made a halt before it for the purpose of hearing the sagacious remarks of the sporting visitors. We wish we had taken a pencil in our pocket to have noted down a few of the good things for the benefit of our absent brethren; but perhaps it is

all for the best that we did not, as one number of the Magazine would not contain half of them, and we should have been like the donkey between the bundles of hay, not knowing which to choose and which to reject. It being desirable for people to understand a thing before they proceed to criticise it, it may perhaps be well to acquaint our readers that this picture was designed more with a view of obtaining portraits of certain gentlemen and horses, and exhibiting the latter in more enlivening positions than paddocks or stables afford, than for the purpose of illustrating the particular feature of the Chase mentioned in the catalogue. This will account for the apparent stillness of the piece, it having been the object of the artist to combine fiction with reality, and as far as our judgment goes he has been eminently successful. It is true that a greater degree of bustle and animation might have been imparted to the scene by the introduction of a more numerous assemblage of horsemen and hounds, but then we must remember that the greater the confusion, the greater would have been the difficulty in directing the eye to the real features of the picture. There are also one or two points which the hypercritical connoisseur might cavil at—such as one gentleman riding after the fox before the body of the hounds are out of cover, and another standing by his horse when he ought to be on him—were it not for the explanation of the intention of the artist we have just given. The picture consists, in fact, of portraits of gentlemen, horses, and hounds, and the subject of the scene is a secondary consideration compared to the importance of accurate likenesses. Having seen the “*dramatis personæ*,” we will here give

a key to the picture for the benefit of such of our friends as honour this exhibition with their presence, a proceeding that we strongly recommend to their notice. To the left, as the Panorama people say, they will perceive sly reynard stealing away over a delightful country, from which the morning’s mist has not quite risen; a little to the right they will see the gallant Major Healey on a chestnut horse (the property of Mr. Bell, the owner of the picture), in the Raby Hunt uniform—scarlet coat and black collar, with gold-embroidered fox—going gallantly at the fence which divides him from the field that the fox is crossing; and about the centre of the picture stands Mr. Williamson, or “Billy Williamson,” as Nimrod calls him (the brother of the honourable Baronet who represents the northern division of the county of Durham), one of the best sportsmen in England, in a red coat, by a neat bay horse, also the property of Mr. Bell. Further to the right, just coming out of the cover, appear three gentlemen, the foremost of whom is in the act of riding over a ditch—a proceeding much reprobated by an old road-riding, Surrey stag-hunter, who was examining the picture, and observed that they had no business to leap it, as there was an open gate a little to the right! Upon the identity of the foremost of the horsemen we overheard a fierce dispute, and the offer of a bet that it was Sir Frederick Bathurst. It is certainly like that good sportsman, but more like the gentleman it was intended for, viz. Mr. Bell, of Thirsk, a great admirer of the Sedgefield Hunt, and a keen follower of all sports. Behind him, on the arch-necked grey with the nose-band, is Mr. Ralph Lambton himself, and bating the

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THE PIKE.

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additional years that the artist has placed upon his countenance, the likeness is enough to ensure immortality to the picture. It is by far the best that has been taken of him, but not flattering. The third horseman, in black, is a well-known sportsman, a beautiful rider, and a great favourite in the county of Durham, indeed in every county where he is known. The colour of his coat forbids our taking the liberty of introducing his name as we have done those of the gentlemen who precede him; for though we by no means object to clergymen hunting, provided of course they do not holloa (as the late Bishop of London said), yet in these reforming days it may be as well to avoid any thing that could by possibility be converted into a handle against them. The likeness is good, but if any thing rather too effeminate. The position of the arms is capital. He is also riding one of Mr. Bell's horses. But here we must "hold hard," for we have already devoted more space to this picture than a simple notice should ever command. As a whole we should say that we have seen hunting pieces we like better, but where the real object of the picture comes under consideration—viz. the portraits of certain gentlemen and horses, which of course draws its admirers within a narrower compass—we know of few to compare with, and none to excel it. It will be a magnificent appendage to a dining-room, and we wish its worthy owner a long life to enjoy the contemplation of it.

COMMON PIKE OR LUCE.

Esox Lucius.

So much has already been said on trolling, trimmering, &c., in your

excellent Magazine, that on this subject little, I think, can be added that will either amuse or instruct.

However, one or two circumstances connected with this freshwater monster I think have been omitted, which I will endeavour to supply. This fish spawns in March, and is very prolific, the female depositing about ten thousand ova; they are slow of growth, and previous to their arriving at the weight of three pounds, or exceeding in length twenty-three inches, are termed jack, after this they are called pike.

They are a daring and bold fish, and at times will seize any living object that moves near them; at others they will lie on the top of the water so inanimately stupid as to be easily taken with a snare, which is made in a similar way to those used by poachers for taking hares, and for this purpose is fixed on the top of a long stiff rod or pole, then with the wire or gyp open is quietly passed over the fish, and immediately it has reached behind the pectoral fin is, by a jerk, drawn tight, and the fish instantly weighed out. This practice is, I am happy to say, rarely resorted to by the sportsman, and can only succeed in warm weather when the fish "lies like a log," basking on the top of the water, at which time no bait whatever will tempt, though placed before him in the most natural manner by that arch angler old Isaac himself.

Pike are very tenacious of life; and as we are directed to slay with mercy, anglers generally dispatch them immediately either by a blow on the head, or by passing a sharp small knife through it into the brain.

BOGTROTTER.

General Monthly Miscellany.

THE CHASE.

MARCH is the half-way house between the hunting and racing seasons, though the month that has just expired has perhaps been the most unfavourable to both that ever was known. It commenced with boisterous winds and down-pours of rain, after which came a mild spring day or two, which were succeeded by falls of snow in many parts and frost in others, accompanied by cutting, cold, east winds, which prevail up to the period of our writing this. It would appear, indeed, that winter has adjourned its visit until now, for on the 24th and 26th ult. the Metropolis was covered with snow, and there was a very sharp frost during the night of the 23rd.

After this introduction we need scarcely add that the sport in most countries has been wretched. An old sportsman tells us that he believes fewer foxes have been killed during the last month than ever was known, and that many packs which had had a run of sport during the earlier part of the season, have done little or nothing since the middle of February. We have heard of five or six, in fact, that have not killed above two foxes a piece within the last five weeks! Nevertheless, as if to show the even hand with which the good things of hunting are dispensed, the few packs that did badly at the beginning of the season have had capital sport lately. The Northumberland hounds, for instance, who had five blank days in succession before Christmas, have found and killed their foxes well during the last six weeks, while on the other hand the second Sedgfield meeting of the Lambton Hunt terminated about the middle of the month, after very moderate sport, though during the former one it was capital. At a dinner given for the purpose, the beautiful painting of Mr. Ralph Lambton and his hounds, by Ferneley of Melton, was presented to that gentleman in the name of the subscribers by Mr. Fawcett.

As usual the rumours of changes in the different countries are pretty prevalent just now. Among the number it is quite certain that Mr. Smith vacates the Craven, and from ill health produced by accidents, &c., he does not intend taking another at present. His hounds are to be disposed of in small lots, at Tattersall's, in the course of next May, and from their well-known killing reputation, and the excellence of the master by whom they have been hunted, they will be found well worthy the attention of sportsmen forming or increasing an establishment. The gentlemen of the Craven Hunt finding their endeavours to persuade Mr. Smith to continue to hunt the country unavailing, have raised a subscription to purchase a pack of hounds and horses, at the head of which will be Mr. Henry Villebois (brother to Mr. Villebois who has so long hunted Hampshire), at whose seat, near Newbury, they are going to build a kennel. The hounds were kept in this neighbourhood during the days of Lord Craven. Mr. Parker, the late master of the Worcestershire fox-hounds, who took part of Berkshire on the secession of the Hon. Mr. Moreton last season, has relinquished his country, which has been taken by Lord Radnor, who is about to build a kennel at his residence Coleshill-house, near Farringdon, and of course to hunt the country without a subscription. Some say that his son will take the management of the hounds, others that they will be placed under the direction of Mr. Blandy, of Kingston-house, near Abingdon; but whoever it is we doubt not the country will be fully satisfied, and we wish them every possible success. We hear that his Lordship has expressed a willingness to take Mr. Moreton's part of the Vale whenever that gentleman is inclined to give it up. The report of Mr. Wyndham's intended resignation of the New Forest country is, we are happy to hear, unfounded, and that he

is adding to his establishment instead of parting with it. The lack of scent in this district put a stop to Mr. Villebois' and Mr. King's earlier extraordinary run of sport, though we hear that Mr. Portman, in Dorsetshire, has been more fortunate, and that Mr. Horlock's sport has also been very good, though, as usual, he is finishing with blank days.

Mr. King has determined upon hunting bitches only, which are better adapted to flinty countries than large dog-hounds.

Mr. Tatchell, who hunts part of Somersetshire, has had a very good season, and is likely to have an addition made to his country, as we hear the West Somerset pack are about to be given up.

We have heard with regret (though we trust incorrectly) that Lord Petre, who took Mr. Hanbury's country in Hertfordshire at the close of last season, talks of resigning it in consequence of some remarks that had been made relative to the quickness of his men in the field. His Lordship having been accustomed to have things his own way during his occupation of the Essex country, which he hunted in great style at his own expense, doubtless feels the difference between the management of a private pack and a subscription one; but as a friend points out the errors of his management, we hope there is yet time to rectify them and place all things straight before another season. We are happy to see that the gentlemen of this hunt have presented its late excellent master, Mr. Hanbury, with a solid token of their respect, in the shape of a very handsome silver vase of the value of 300 guineas. It was presented to him on the 21st ult., after a dinner at the Corn Exchange at Bishop Stortford.

The South Wold country in Lincolnshire we hear will be vacated by Mr. Freeman at the close of this season. These hounds had another excellent day from Welton-wood in the early part of the month, killing their fox in the open after a run of two hours and fifty-five minutes without a check; distance, twenty-five miles.

Mr. Abbott, who hunted stag in the

Roothings of Essex, is about to give up his establishment; and we understand that the celebrated Copt-hall deer, which can go gallantly once in ten days, is to be sold. This will be a good opportunity for the Surrey gentlemen, who are forming a pack of stag-hounds, at the head of which is Mr. Murray, to provide themselves with a teaser.

We may now proceed to the business of our monthly letters, and as this will be the last time we shall have the pleasure of addressing this class of our contributors before the commencement of another hunting season, we avail ourselves of the opportunity for expressing our unfeigned gratitude to them for the kindness and attention we have uniformly experienced at their hands. We need scarcely say that the conductors of a work, anxious to record the sporting transactions of all England, must necessarily be indebted to gentlemen residing on the spot for news from each particular district; and we have only to add that the most inviolable secrecy is at all times observed with respect to communications addressed to the Editors of this work.

MELTON.

March 24.

DEAR SIR,

As usual I send you a short sketch of some of our best runs since my last, leaving you and your readers to fill up the scenes as you like.

Feb. 27th.—Lord Forester at Plungar; a smart burst of twenty minutes and lost; then went to Jericho, in the Vale of Belvoir—found, and went away for the hills past Piper-hole, then nearly for Claxton-thorns, turning to the left for Holwell-village, then towards Scalford; the fox then made a point for Sir Harry's gorse, but turned short back, leaving Melton to the right; he then made for Melton-spiny, near to which he was killed in gallant style, after a most tremendous struggle of one hour twenty-eight minutes; but few were to be seen near the hounds. This was one of the best runs I ever witnessed.

March 2nd.—Sir Harry at Kettleby;

found at his own gorse; reynard went away at the top side, and crossing the Welby-brook made for Caunt's-thorns, then for Wartnaby stone-pits, and Holwell-mouth; from thence, leaving Claxton-thorns to the right, set his head direct for the Vale of Belvoir, leaving Claxton-village to the right; then pointed for Broughton, but unfortunately was there headed, and turned short back to the left, making a complete circuit round to Holwell-mouth, where he was killed in the open, in one hour five minutes. We had also a smart burst afterwards of twenty minutes, and killed. In fact these hounds are killing their foxes daily.

March 5th.—Lord Lonsdale at Brook-hall; found a fox at Pryor's-copy, and had a brilliant run of thirty-three minutes, over a beautiful country, and killed in the open.

March 6th.—Lord Forester at Goadby; a very stormy morning, and every appearance of a bad hunting day, but on the contrary the scent very good. Found at Scaford-gorse, pug immediately broke cover and went direct for Melton, leaving Ferneley's (the celebrated painter) house to the left, crossed the Nottingham-road for Sysonby, then turned to the left and crossed the river between Kirby-park and Melton, and crossing the Leicester-road for Eye Kettleby again turned to the left for Old Gaudalope-house, pointing for Gartree-hill, but nature was exhausted, and reynard was finally viewed and ran into in a pond, between the Great Dalby-road and Gartree-hill-cover, after a run of thirty-three minutes.

March 10th.—Lord Forester had a splendid run to-day from the Nightingale-gorse, but I do not know particulars.

The Cottessmore have had two or three tolerable good things in the woodlands during the last fortnight, but the weather has become so very dry and cold that there has been little or no scent; indeed, the topic of conversation appears now to be who shall win the Coplow Stakes, and the main of cocks which is to be fought between Sir Harry and Mr. Walker during the

Croxton Park Races, which are fixed for Wednesday, the 3rd of April. In addition to our former visitors are Lord and Lady Chesterfield, Lord Deerhurst, Sir R. Bulkeley, Mr. Fielding, and a few others.

LORD FORESTER'S HOUNDS.

On Tuesday, the 19th of Feb., met at Marston, and after drawing Stubton blank, found at a beautiful cover called Shield's-gorse, near Caythorpe, and had a most severe and fast thing for an hour and twenty minutes; it was a ring certainly, and that was the only drawback. He pointed first by Reeves-gorse to Fulbeck; close to the village he was headed, and turned directly to the left over the fine flat, leaving Stragglethorpe to the right, to Stubton, to Brandon by Shield's-gorse (where they found him), to Reeves-gorse, where the hounds unfortunately got upon a fresh fox, which saved the gentleman's life, as he was seen afterwards dead beat in a gentleman's grounds at Fulbeck, about a mile off. It was so severe, and the turns so sharp and country so deep, that no one quite saw the whole of it; and there were various disasters by field and flood. One gentleman, who rode very gallantly, jumped into a pond; another, I am sorry to say, staked his horse, but not very severely.

On Wednesday, the 20th, from the Three Queens; a very good day, and would have been very fine if the hounds had not divided; and on the 22nd they had another capital thing from Falkingham, for exactly an hour, and killed him in Ropsley-village—the first twenty minutes flying, and all fine hunting. He pointed first for Falkingham, turned to the right over the fine grass at the back of Threckingham, to Newton-gorse—left Walcot and Pickworth on his left, through Sapperton-wood to Braceby, and then over the heath to Ropsley; the only disaster was poor Mr. Willerton's loss of nearly half his coat in a bullfinch; he rode his chestnut as usual gallantly.

On Monday, the 25th, from Goadby, we had a capital day's sport; found at Goadby, and ran up to Croxton Lings;

then found at Sproxton-thorns, came away for Croxton-park, Eastwell, Goadby, to Piper-hole and Stathern-point, in an hour and twenty-seven minutes. Unfortunately they changed foxes; the fresh fox went on for Belvoir, where they whipped off. Many of the horses, even the second horses, very much beat.

On Tuesday, I hear, at Cranwell they found plenty of foxes, but the weather was so stormy, and the scent so bad, that they did little or nothing.

On Wednesday, the 27th, we started for the Vale, the country very deep, and, as I fancied, little chance of sport; however, I was agreeably surprised, for we found at Jericho-gorse, and gallantly he came away to the Belvoir-hills, then by Stathern-village, up the hill by Piper-hole, and over that fine country by Melton-spiny to nearly Lord Plymouth's house; here he was headed, and they killed him in an hour and twenty-seven minutes, two fields from Melton-spiny.

On Friday, the 1st of March, weather very stormy and no sport.

On Saturday, the 2nd, it was a beautiful day, and we found immediately a brace of foxes at Denton. After running about a short time, one, and a gallant one too, went away, leaving the Reservoir to his left, to the bank of the canal, turned to his right by Harlaxton inn, through Harlaxton-wood, over the heath to Wywill-plantation to Stoke, and killed him in beautiful style beyond the river Witham, in a new plantation of Mr. Turnor's, in fifty-five minutes. They then found another fox, and ran him to ground in thirteen minutes.

On Tuesday, the 5th, there was a very gay meeting at Lady Thorold's, at Syston, which ended with a pretty run in the evening, of forty minutes, from the Nightingale-gorse, and killed him at Aswarby.

And now for my last day with Lord Forester. We met at Newton toll-bar, a large field, including several from Melton, Lord Gardiner, the Count Matuschevitz, &c.; found at Falkingham-gorse, and after a ring by the town had a good half hour up to Aslackby-wood, where we ran him a long time;

also, a ring towards Irnham; at last he went away (or a fresh one) with ten couple of hounds for Lenton, Humby, Sapperton-wood, Braceby, to Sapperton-village, the last three fields in view; here he ran into an old woman's house, and they killed him in the dairy. Fifty minutes, much distress among the horses, Lord Gardiner's laid down in the field.

And here, I fear, I shall be obliged to close my accounts of the sport in these countries, at least for this season, as I expect daily a summons to a far distant country. Melton is, indeed, the metropolis of fox-hunting, though, perhaps, Oakham or Grantham are as pleasant to a quiet person or a young beginner, particularly Grantham, as the inns there are excellent. The George has every comfort of a private house and the convenience of an inn; and if a person is coming from the south I should recommend him to stay a couple of days at Alconbury-hill, where he will find excellent accommodation, a sporting landlord, and probably a good day with Lord Fitzwilliam in his best country. But to return to Melton: it is situated at the meeting point of the three best packs of hounds in England; to the north-east Lord Forester comes close to it at Melton-spiny, &c.; Lord Lonsdale, south-east, at Whissendine, Dalby, &c.; and Sir H. Goodricke to the west. His country is so well known that it is unnecessary to say more than that it is perfect, with the exception of a small part where it joins Nottinghamshire, which is bad. Nothing can exceed the Harborough country, or the country from Melton to Quorn and Leicester, or such covers as Billesdon Coplow, Rolleston, Widmerpool, &c. Lord Lonsdale's Rutlandshire country, where it joins Leicestershire, is as fine as fine can be; and perhaps Ranksborough, a cover between Melton and Oakham, is the finest and most beautiful cover in England, situated on the side of a moderate hill, with grass in all directions. Prior's-coppice, Wing-gorse, &c., are excellent, and his country quite away to Stamford and Grims-thorpe is a fine hunting district. Of Lord Forester's country I have only

3 L

room to say that, with the exception of the Vale, which is deep and unpleasant, it is excellent, particularly from Melton to Belvoir, including Costongorse, Sproxtton-thorns, &c., and the Falkingham country, Falkingham-gorse, Sapperton-wood, &c. &c.

TREMENDOUS RUN WITH THE BELVOIR.

A BRIEF notice of this celebrated day from the pen of another correspondent appeared in our January number, but the extraordinary severity of the run will fully warrant a more extended description of it — Ed.

SIR,

Being an admirer and supporter of your book, and living in a sporting county, I shall be happy now and then to give you a little sporting news respecting the different packs I am in the habit of going out with; they are the Belvoir, the Burton, and the Cottesmore. I believe no hounds in England have had so good a season as the Belvoir hounds, and this is even admitted by the Meltonians.

Lord Forester is a first-rate rider and always with his hounds; and by his mild gentlemanly conduct is a very popular sportsman. He has had perhaps three of the most extraordinary runs that were ever heard of. One of them occupied between three and four hours, in which they went from forty to forty-five miles, the greatest part of it in deep fen-country. A friend of mine has procured me a copy of the different points, with some remarks from Mr. Willerton, of Swineshead (one of the best and hardest riders in England), who was the only gentleman that lived with the hounds during the whole of the day, the rest of the field with myself being beaten off during the first hour. It is supposed by sportsmen who know the country that hardly another man and horse could do what Mr. W. and his horse did that day. I heard Goosey, the huntsman, speaking of it as the greatest feat that was ever performed, the distance run over, the nature of the country crossed (it being all deep fen-country, with about twenty of the enormous fen-drains, measuring

from forty to fifty feet across, with muddy bottoms and steep banks) being all taken into consideration. I understand he swam the South Fort's-foot river, at a place between fifty and sixty yards across, and forty feet deep, with bad landing on the far side. I will now proceed to give you the best account that I can of such part of the run as I saw, to which I will add such further particulars as I have been able to gather from Mr. Willerton's report, and on reading it I think you will say it was one of the most extraordinary affairs ever known in the sporting world.

On Tuesday, December 18, 1833, the Belvoir or Lord Forester's hounds as they are generally called, met at Newton toll-bar, at eleven A.M., with a south-west wind, but rather inclining to cold. A numerous field was in attendance, it being the day after the county election, which had drawn most of the gentry together at Sleaford. A little before twelve the hounds were thrown into Falkingham-gorse, which this morning held a celebrated varmint old fox, that for three seasons has beat this pack over the same line of country, and still lives to beat them again. Almost at the first dash of the hounds into cover the cry, "Away!—Away!" rung from all parts, and this gallant fellow (almost half as big again as any fox I ever saw, and very dark indeed,) was viewed with his head set in the old line, which caused a cry of "Now for the fens!" from every one who viewed and recognised him. He went away at a rattling pace, with the hounds almost close to his magnificent brush, and all the field in ecstasies of delight, and passing Throckingham-town-end, near the Lincoln road, on to Spanby and Swaton-bridge-end, turned by Thorp Latimer for Car-dike, up to which point Lord Forester, Messrs. Charles and Robert Manners, Mr. Housman, and a few other dashing riders, were well up with the hounds, but the dike proved a stopper. Great was the consternation when we came to look upon the muddy water and contemplate the hounds streaming away on the opposite side, running away from us like lightning. "Oh dear, what shall we do?"

said one. "Is there a bridge near?" said another. "How shall we get over?" said a third. "How," says Mr. Willerton, as he dashed up, "why I'll show you," and before the words were well out of his mouth his horse and he were floundering away together in the middle. This was all well enough, and it appeared easy enough to get in, but now that they reached the opposite side the thing was for the gallant steed to extricate himself from the clayey bottom and rise the steep bank, which, after several desperate efforts, Mr. Willerton found he was unable to do; so throwing himself off, and keeping hold of the bridle he managed to help him out, which having done he remounted, leaving us all dumb-founded on the other side. Having seen the difficulty no one attempted to follow; but we all made for a place that was fordable, and after losing a considerable space of time we got round to the line, when divers were the inquiries as to which way the hounds had gone. "Straight away, and only one gentleman with them," was the answer; and we all put forward at the best pace, in the hopes of a check causing them to throw up an instant, so as to let us get up. A more formidable place than even Car-dike, however, shortly presented itself—neither more or less than Helpingham Eau, a deep, bottomless drain, some fifty feet across. As we came up to the bank we saw Mr. Willerton cross this also, but the hounds were then out of sight. The second whip was the only one who followed Mr. Willerton's example, and with the exception of Goosey and Mr. Tindle, who after riding some two hours and a half in the direction of Boston, came upon the hounds at last, none of us saw any more of the run. Goosey just arrived as it was getting dark, and his hounds being then thirty-four miles from home, and in a strange country, he thought it prudent to whip off, which he did, and reached the kennel about half-past one the next morning. The whip's horse came to a stand still, with his mouth open, shortly after crossing the Eau, a good deal of the steam having been pumped out of him before he took it. During

the last half hour, the fox was never above ten minutes before the hounds, and latterly, they were frequently in the same field together. He is one of the coolest hands that was ever known; and after crossing one of the fen-drains, he was seen to go into a stack-yard and rub his sides against a stack, starting off as soon as the hounds came within hearing. When they whipped off, he was not above five minutes before them; and took up his quarters that night in a shed within two hundred yards of the place. He has been seen in his old district since, and will doubtless catch it some of these odd days. I will now give you the different bearings of the run, as procured from Mr. Willerton.

Falkingham-gorse to Throcking-	
ham	1½
Throckingham to Spanby	1½
Spanby to Swaton	2½
Swaton to Bridge-end	1½
B. to Thorp Latimer	2½
T. L. to Garrick	4
G. to Home-house	1
H. H. to Littleworth-bank	1½
L. B. to Decoy-house	2½
D. H. to Six Hundreds	2½
S. H. to Skerth	1
S. to South-forty-foot-bank	1½
Along the S. F. Bank	1½
Cross the South-forty-foot to	
Swineshead North End	1½
S. N. End to Hammond-beck-	
bridge	2
H. B. Bridge to Hubbard-bridge ..	1
H. B. to Hammond-beck-bridge ..	1
H. B. Bridge to Bakers-bridge ..	1
B. Bridge to Frampton-end, within	
two miles of Boston	1
F. E. to Kirton-end	1
Kirton-end to Swineshead Fen-	
houses	1½
Fen-houses to Pippen-hall	½

Miles 37

These thirty-seven miles are from point to point, without any turnings or crossings. The run was for three hours and thirty-seven minutes, with only three or four short checks; and considering all things, it could not be less than forty-five miles.

On Saturday last, I went to see a bet decided, between Captain Whyte of the 7th Hussars, now stationed at

Boston, and Mr. Willerton, the hero of this day, who had bet Captain Whyte that his horse (South Hollander) would jump, without hounds, over a fence (post and rails) four feet high, with a sixteen feet drain on the other side, the horse having to clear twenty-eight feet. The leap was to be taken out of a high road; and though the horse went at it in good style, and with every apparent intention of taking it, yet when he came into the road (there being a great number of horses and foot people upon it), he made a stop and took it standing, clearing the fence and water, but not getting upon the bank, and consequently losing his wager. He had been ridden over a double fence three times half an hour before, and at the first leap, he cleared twenty-five feet, the second, twenty-seven feet two inches, and the third, twenty-six feet four inches.

THE OAKLEY HOUNDS.

Monday, Feb. 18th.—Cowper's-oak; ran for two hours and forty minutes, chiefly in the open, and changed foxes three times. Stopped the hounds from a fourth fox in the chase. A capital day.

Tuesday, 19th.—Chickeley-hall; found in Crossalbans-wood; a beautiful find, hounds looking as if they meant to catch him. Broke directly through Hollington and away to Clifton-spinys, from thence nearly to Turvey, but bearing to the right they crossed the Ramakin-spinys, and leaving Grub's-wood to the right, they bore short to the left, crossing the brook, and going as if for Pictshill-gorse, but bearing more to the right, he ran direct for Solemthrift, and then turned from it and went up to Hanger-wood, breaking from the cover with the gallant pack at his brush; he attempted to reach Kempston, but they killed him in the open, a few fields from Hanger. One hour and five minutes, and as brilliant a run as could be. There was one of the largest fields in attendance that I ever saw in this country, among them were the Marquess of Abercorn, Lords C. Russell, James and Charles

Fitzroy, Col. Fitzroy, Gen. Wallis, Messrs. Loraine Smith, Magniac, Chester, and a hundred other well mounted gentlemen, all of whom seemed delighted with the sport. There was a vast deal of distress among the horses, and many a sportsman measured his length on the land, among the horses which proved themselves good ones, was a grey nag of Mr. W. Higgins's. The day passed off with but one serious fall, which happened to Mr. Purcer, who was kicked by his horse in the face whilst hanging in the stirrup.

Thursday, 21st.—Risely-turnpike; found in Beaver's-park, ran to Galsey, and Clapham-park, a very good thing of an hour and twenty minutes, but did not kill.

Saturday, 23rd.—Hail-Weston; found directly, and went at a slapping pace to Bushmead, came back to Hail Weston very fast, and after running round the cover, broke right away for the North-road, nearly to Eaton, then right over Eaton open fields, turning to the right by Roxton, and killing him in the open before he could reach Renhold. One hour and forty minutes.

Monday, 25th.—Cowper's-oak; ran up to the Bozeat and Harrold-woods: Hounds divided, those with Mr. Berkeley and George Carter ran up to Colworth, where they were stopped from fresh foxes, and those with Mr. Moreton Berkeley and Tom. Skinner, had a capital run.

On the 26th and 28th there was no scent.

Saturday, March 2nd.—Melchbourne; a good day for hounds. Ran rings for an hour and forty minutes, and killed him in Melchbourne-wood.

Monday, 4th.—Cowper's-oak; a very good run over Horton-grounds, by Stoke Goldington, and lost him in the forest. One hour and ten minutes.

Tuesday, 5th.—Shelton-thistles; blank. Found in Swineshead, ran for one hour and forty minutes in rings, and killed him in the open near Kilm-bolton.

Thursday, 7th.—Kennel; found in Odell-wood. Ran him an hour and forty minutes, part open, part in the woods, and lost him. Found a second fox in Nun-wood, and ran hard for two

hours and fifty minutes, chiefly in the open, and killed him in the middle of a ploughed field near Eastonhorn-wood. Every horse was beaten; out of a large field only Mr. Berkeley and his brother, with Mr. Booth on his everlastingly old horse, Mr. Crohan and Boulton, and Whitworth, with the servants, were at the end. Mr. Berkeley rode the last half-hour on a back lent him by a farmer, both his own horses being tired.

Monday, 11th.—A beautiful find in the Lavendon-woods, a pretty thing up to Odell, when a tremendous snow storm put an end to it.

Tuesday 12th.—Galsey—blank as usual (a different tenant is wanted here). Did not find till we got to a small cover on the other side of Beaver's park, opposite Kimbolton. Ran for four hours, changing foxes, and Mr. Berkeley stopped the hounds near Yardley, with but one gentleman (Mr. William Orlebar) with him, all the rest being either beaten off, or reduced to a stand still. A reverend gentleman's mare went into fits, and it was amusing to see several doctors about her, all bleeding her at the same time, in any place that they took a fancy to.

Saturday, 16th.—Kennel; found in the Great Hayes, broke as if for Colworth, but headed short back into the cover again, however nothing could stop him, and away he went, scouring the woodlands, and keeping the fields, by Hinwick, leaving it on his right, and the Odell-woods on the left, crossing Dungey-lane, and going by Bozeat, facing the middle of the meadows, he passed between Eastonhorn and Bozeat-woods, and away, touching very slightly on Easton-wood, over the road, leaving Yardley-village behind him, and the chase to his left, he passed by the Deer park, and flew by Ravenstone-wood, on to Horton, slap over the fine great grass lands and the Northampton-road, into Salsey-forest, where the gallant pack ran bravely into him, killing him near Salsey-lodge; after an hour and forty minutes of as fine a run as could possibly be seen. This was perhaps as remarkable a run as ever was known, for it extended over seventeen miles (as the crow flies) of fine open country, though by the side of heavy

woodlands; and I must say that no hounds ever more richly deserved their fox than these did on this day.

I am, dear Sir,

Your well wisher,

A NORTHAMPTONSHIRE FARMER.

OXFORDSHIRE.

THE following is from our friend Esau:—

Bicester, March 24th, 1833.

Dear Sir,

I am sorry that my absence from home for the last week will prevent my sending you this month's journal. I had hoped to have reached Northampton, to have witnessed the race between Napoleon and Swing, and also the steeple-chase yesterday, but I was sadly disappointed in not being able to do so. I saw the races at Warwick, but I shall reserve the account for my article next month, when I will send you the conclusion of the season with Mr. Drake's hounds, &c., in which I shall introduce the steeple-chases, &c.

Mr. Drake takes the hounds again with £1000 subscription, the several noblemen and gentlemen who have covers in the hunt undertaking, at their own expense, to keep them on and preserve the variety. At the time I wrote to you the hunt was in great danger of going to the dogs, Mr. Drake having determined to advertise the hounds to be sold in April, in consequence of £75 being required to complete the subscription. However, the same night Sir Henry Peyton, in addition to his former subscription, undertook to make up the deficiency, and the affair has been satisfactorily arranged, and better things it is hoped are in store. The huntsman, Ben, has had notice to quit, as also the second whip, and two out-and-outers are to replace them. "Obliging and intelligent Tom," as young Tom Wingfield is generally called, keeps his situation, being rather too valuable a portion of the establishment to be parted with. The sport for the finish of the season has been pretty good, and the races at Cottesford were contested in such a style as I never before witnessed; the sport was, indeed, excellent.

SHUGBOROUGH-HILL DAY.

On February 9th, the order was given for Shugborough-hill*, and a large field of the Warwickshire and Leicestershire gentlemen attended. The hill was tried and reynard soon dislodged from his hiding place; he ran down to the village and dodged back into the hill again, where after a short time, he went off with the speed of one of Goodlake's best greyhounds again in direction of the village, and from thence to Flecknoe, leaving it on the left as if making for Willoughby, then twisted to the right, over the brook in the bottom, still going a kill-devil pace, to Staverton-wood, but with the pluck of a pugilist he despised the shelter the cover might have afforded him, and eying the place of refuge disdainfully, kept on at a clipping rate to Daventry, through Daventry-old-wood, and up to Nunehambrick-kilns, where he was immolated after a run of eighty minutes; fifty of which was, indeed, a trimmer.—The few Leicester and Warwickshire gentlemen that were fortunate enough to see anything of this run, declared it to be the best that they had witnessed this season. It should be told, that for miles the only persons that could live with the hounds were the gallant owner of the pack—Mr. Drake upon his new horse Zingane, who proved himself a diamond of the first water, and Mr. Thomas Lloyd upon the grey horse of his uncle, that enthusiastic sportsman Mr. Griffith Lloyd. Only six persons cleared the brook, amongst whom was young Tom Winfield, ever anxious to be in his place, and Jem Gorrard, the second whip; it was an ugly affair, as several found out, but they consoled themselves with the satisfactory reflection that the brook had bilked the washerwomen. One gentleman from Leicestershire (I believe, the son of Sir Edward Mostyn), gallantly charged it, but he and his spirited companion were under the painful necessity of cutting each other's acquaintance and taking different sides of the stream. A farmer named Kinch

upon a sporting looking grey, cleared this frightener in first rate style, and led the way nobly to Staverton-wood, where Mr. Drake and Mr. T. Lloyd took up the running, and from that place up to the time of killing this tremendous teaser, they had all the fun to themselves—laughing to scorn all attempts to overtake them. Many of the field saw nothing of it. Mr. G. Lloyd, up to every move where horse-flesh is to be spared, or a long day is anticipated, confessed himself fairly out-general'd, and that he saw nothing of it. A few who refused the brook, and finessed by going round to the bridge and road, got a nick at Staverton-wood, but their triumph over their more daring companions was short-lived. Before this best of his species was given to the hounds, some of the roadsters who shyed the brook—to the number of a dozen, made their appearance. It must, indeed, have been “a glorious sight to see” the master of the hounds cheering on the pack with only one companion, unassisted by huntsman or whipper-in. It was, indeed, a great day for Oxfordshire, and must have been a source of great gratification to Mr. Drake; true it is Mr. T. Lloyd was a Leicester man, but it must, at the same time, be acknowledged that the “gallant grey” which carried him so gloriously, is the property of his uncle Mr. Griffith Lloyd, and was sent from his hunting box at Big-nell to cover for his nephew. Mr. Drake's new horse must be a phenomenon—considering the weight of the master of the hounds (who was this day proprietor, huntsman, and whip)—the distance—the pace—the time in which the business was done, he must be pronounced to be something out of the common. It is, I believe, admitted, that he had rather the best of the “Grey,” notwithstanding the disparity of weight between Mr. Thomas Lloyd and Mr. Drake, but the Grey is not to be sneezed at; his lasting qualities must have been of the highest order. There were many falls; Ben had a severe one before reaching the

* We briefly noticed this gallant day in our last number, our Correspondent's letter having arrived too late to enable us to do it the justice it deserves; we, therefore, embrace the earliest opportunity of giving the particulars.

brook; and in consequence of the terrible pace, many who would otherwise scorn to skulk, found it impossible to go straight with the hounds, and were, therefore, driven to the alternative of cutting and contriving, but which availed them little by reason of the good straight-forward proceedings of the vermin and his determined tormentors. Mr. Hiron, on a blood-looking chestnut mare, got into the brook, the mare diving like an otter and disappearing from the sight for several seconds.

THE METROPOLITAN PACKS.

London, March 25th, 1833.

DEAR SIR,

According to your desire, I proceed to give you an account of the hunting I have had this season; though, as I am now a cockney, of course the scene must be laid (as my friend Meyrick would say) in the neighbourhood of that great hunting quarter, London.

The first day I had this season was with "the Surrey," which was also my first appearance with them, and they certainly gave me no better opinion of them than that I had formerly heard; but, perhaps the warmth of the weather might have had some effect in preventing much sport. All that I had was, to lay up my best horse with a cut frog from the flints. I must do the members of the hunt the justice to say, however, that the men's horses were very good—particularly a chestnut horse, rode by Tom Hill, who with all the disadvantages of crowds, gardens, sulky farmers, &c., does wonders. After this day, I went out in the country, I have hunted in more regularly, the West Kent, kept by Mr. Percy Dyke, son of Sir Percy Dyke of East Hall and Lullingstone Castle. These hounds have a subscription—not large in amount, as they take nothing under £50; but they have this season increased their establishment by the addition of another whip, who does not know much at present—but all must have a beginning. I joined them the first time they met this season at Well-hill—a bad place, but in consequence of the handsome conduct of the liberal

owner of the estate, Mr. Waring, the covers are always full of foxes; we killed in cover.

Since that day until Christmas, the sport was constantly fair, and at all good meets good sport was obtained, and foxes killed almost daily. One or two runs deserve notice. One from that cockney meet Lock's-bottom, to Cheveny, passing Riverhead, was splendid, killing in one hour and ten minutes, over a very heavy country—particularly heavy in the meadows near Riverhead. Another day, from the same place by Cudham, running again nearly to Riverhead, returning to Lock's-bottom, and killing at Chiselhurst. In the last run, the horses fell at every fence. I was fortunate enough to get hold of my hack as we came back by Lock's-bottom, which being a good hunter I did very well. Richard Hills, the old huntsman, is now very ill with the gout, but he has too much pluck to give-in, and comes out with his foot tied up in worsted stockings.

I have taken two or three gallops since with the Surrey, when in the neighbourhood of Godstone, their favourite place. This is certainly a good country—rather deep to be sure, but plenty of grass in the vale. On one of the days, we found a fox after many of the long top-booted and big-breeched cockneys had cut it for a bad job, and had a tremendous burst, killing in the open.

On the 14th ult., we met at Platt's-green, near Godstone, a sharp frosty morning; but on reaching the Green, which is on the top of some terrible hills and chalk banks, I found the hounds just jogging away to the vale; I very soon rode up to Tom Hill to know whether there was any hope for us; and he thought if we remained in the bottoms we might do. I set down much of this to his sanguine disposition—the day being freezing cold. We did not find till late, and then we were in the hill country. We went away for a few minutes, but there seemed to be no scent, when, most unexpectedly, after drawing about for an hour, we found a fox in a garden (a common occurrence in Surrey, I hear), which took us straight across the other side of

the country to Banstead-park, where we killed. Not knowing the country, I can only say, my road to Croydon was over Epsom-downs; and I leave it to the green-collared gentry to say where we were when we killed, but the run was all owing to Tom Hill's management, who, by the way, poor fellow, was, according to *Dushwood*, displaced by a man of the name of Peckham. It is a pity *Dashwood* had not called on *Jorrocks* and ascertained the fact, before he promoted Peckham the whip to the situation of huntsman. *Tom is not even likely to leave.*

I must now take you a trip to Mr. Sebright's hounds, for having been quartered near St. Albans I saw most of the best meets, for three weeks, with them and the Berkeley. The first meet I went to was Market Sells, near Market-street, about thirty miles from London. We met in front of a fine old mansion in the park belonging to Mr. Dan. Adey, a constant attendant on the Sebright Hunt. We found a fox at Lord Bute's, Luton-park, and five or six of us who rode with Bob Oldacres, took the right line; saw a twenty-five minutes burst without fencing, equal to anything that could be found in any country, and I saw the fox fairly run from scent to view, though we ultimately lost him near a cover full of rabbit-holes. The next day I went to meet the Berkeley hounds at Badger-heath, near Rickmansworth. We found a fox, and though a bad scenting day we contrived to push him along for twenty minutes, and drove him to a main earth. With these hounds I saw some of the finest casts made by hounds I ever witnessed. On one occasion they threw themselves in a moment over two large fields, and hit upon the scent without a soul being near them. I am sorry to see their worthy master gives up the country, for it is pretty and convenient for Londoners, and I fear it will be difficult to meet with a successor.

We had a beautiful meet at Gorbambury, Lord Verulam's, three miles from St. Albans, the next day with the Sebright, and the scene in front of the house was enlivened by the presence of the Ladies Grimston, Miss

Ragot, Miss Paget, and others, who, however, did not remain with us during a very pretty run we had to Redburn-church-end, where we again lost by going to ground. We had another burst in the afternoon, and lost in the same manner.

The next day being Saturday is not generally a day with the Sebright, but fortunately for me they, on this day, commenced hunting four days a week for the rest of the season, and I met them at the kennel near Harpendon. The day was cold, and we drew long without a find. We found at length in Wall-wood, crossed Noman's-land (the race-course) to Shafford-mill, along the river, nearly to Gorbambury, having crossed Mr. Lomax's (Chillich) park in beautiful style, and ran to ground near Harpendon, near Hammond's-end-farm. This was a good run of about one hour and forty-eight minutes. Monday was frosty, therefore both horses and men stood still till the Wednesday week, when we met at Lammer-park, where Mr. Sebright had slept the preceding night. The snow was still on the ground, but we were fortunate enough to have some very pretty bursts, but nothing of any continuance—*no kill again.* The next time I met them was at some place on the other side of Luton, about three or four miles. We again had some running, but did not kill. With the Berkeley we were not more fortunate in killing than with the Sebright, and I attribute much of this bad luck to the vast number of earths made in the sandy banks by the rabbits. Mr. Sebright's men are fairly mounted; he is himself very well mounted; he was a buyer of horses when I was in Hertfordshire, in consequence of hunting the extra days. The hounds begin to be very even in height, and the bitch pack are extraordinarily fast.

I am sorry to give but a poor account of the Puckeridge, now kept by Lord Petre, hunted by Sam, his former huntsman, seconded by Joe and Harry, the same as when in Essex, but the country being unknown both to his Lordship and men, their leading over system, is against their getting along as they did in the lanes in Essex; be-

sides which, Mr. Anderson has furnished Lord Petre with a parcel of horses that do not know the country, and in the beginning of the season they gave the men some awkward falls. As to sport they had a run from Hatfield Peverill, which was pretty good, and another from Furneux Pelham, also fair. But my Lord and Sam, like birds of a feather, were behind together as usual.

Sam *can* ride if he likes or I should not abuse him so much; he *could* ride when his bread (I mean the cap) depended on his killing his fox, when hunting the Essex Union down in the Hundreds. Why should he not ride now better mounted and in an easier country? I have also had a peep at the Duke of Beaufort, from Oxford, and had as usual a race or two over the stone walls. I saw a good run with Drake's hounds also.

On dit;—Lord Petre does not like a subscription pack; he does not like being interfered with, as all masters of subscription packs round London must be, and sometimes very improperly and unjustly.

Mr. Conyers (who very handsomely gave up Barwick, Mr. Hanbury's old huntsman, because he had the offer of a better place with Mr. Milbanke in the North) still potters on with old Holmes, who is become an old woman. He has also a superannuated whip to assist him, therefore there are now no less than four men in the field besides the master, two effective ones would do better at half the expense.

Your's, faithfully,
TALW.

THE EAST KENT.

DEAR SIR,
I HAVE the pleasure of forwarding you a statement of our proceedings with the East Kent hounds since my last.

Tuesday, Feb. 19th.—Rein-den; a brilliant day's sport, going away from Rein-den to the cliff, made a large circle back to Rein-den, away for Acryse-park, and Elham town, leaving it on the left, to Denton-mill; skirted Swingheld-park, and ran into him at Lord's-wood. One hour and forty-five

minutes, and only one check. Out of a field of sixty or seventy horses, only five or six went with the hounds to the last.

Friday, 22nd.—Breach-down; found in Hoath-wood; ran for one hour and five minutes to Swingfield-minnis, back through Waterchain, and ran to ground in Nine Acre,

Monday, 25th.—Hinkill-gorse; a ringing run of one hour and five minutes, and killed.

Wednesday, 27th.—Woolwich-wood; a leash of foxes on foot; ran hard in cover for thirty minutes, then had thirty-five minutes over the open, breaking across the Dover-road to the Broome-firs, back through Woolwich-wood to Fredville, and killed. The hounds this day did their work admirably, and fully proved that Tom. Arnold's judgment as a huntsman may be equalled, but can be excelled by none.

Friday, March 1st.—Sandling; a very windy day (blank for the first time this season).

Tuesday, 5th.—Breach-down; a leash of foxes in the Lovet; hunted one in the cover for forty minutes, and killed. Had afterwards a hunting run of one hour and a quarter, from Swingfield-park, by Denton-mill, to Waterchain, back to Stony-lane-wood on Swingfield-minnis (three or four foxes up), then across for Canter-wood, and Roxborough; and lost near Denton-village.

Friday, 8th.—Streetend; went away from Bursted by Blabden, through the Lovet, to Elham-park, Lyminge-park, Stelling-minnis, away over the grass grounds to Broad-wood, from which the fox broke in the direction for Sibton, but owing to an interruption caused by Mr. Relsey's harriers, who got upon his line, and hunted him for three or four fields, we were unable to get upon good terms with him again, and were obliged to give it up. This was a capital day's sport, and but for the above unlucky circumstance, this gallant fellow, having been viewed a short time previously before them, must have been killed in the open. One hour and twenty minutes, the first half hour at the best pace, without a check.

Monday, 11th.—Did not throw off in consequence of the quantity of snow upon the ground.

Wednesday, 13th.—Kenuel; a capital woodland run of one hour, and killed. Found again immediately; ran hard for one hour and a quarter to ground.

Friday, 15th.—Acryse-mill; drew Swingfield-park, but no fox. At last West Leys-larvet afforded us one; going away for Loyd-oak, back through Swingfield-park, by Denton-mill, to Nine Acre, where I believe we changed, through Canter-wood, to Roxborough, and Thompson's-acre, then crossed the Elham and Barham road, pointing towards the Lovet, and eventually we lost between these woodlands and Elham-park, after a beautiful thing of fifty-five minutes.

Monday, 18th.—Trenby-park; a brace of foxes in the cover, hunted one for thirty minutes, but being repeatedly headed, we were obliged to give it up. A brilliant burst of twenty-five minutes afterwards from Hayeling-wood, by Frog's-hole, to Knolan-shaves, and ran to ground in Heden-wood. A bitch fox, which had cubbed.

Your's

A WELL-WISHER.

Canterbury, Mar. 23, 1833.

P.S. Wednesday, 20th.—The Thorn Stone-street; drew Crockshire, Singate, and Hardres-wood, but it was no go. Popped them into Burstled, and at it we went for forty-five minutes at the best pace, through the Lovet, to Blabden; turned short back by Reeves' mill, to Gorsley-wood, and back to Burstled. Here the fox was fast sinking before the hounds, but unluckily the majority of the pack changed to a vixen, and we were beat.

Friday, 22nd.—Sibton-house; a leash of foxes in Ashley, but did no good with either. The day, however, improved, and we concluded a very fine day's sport by going well away for forty-five minutes from Paddlesworth-gorse, to Coppinge-rough, through Rein-den, without hanging a moment, across to Folkestone-cliff, and ran to ground.

STUDS AT MELTON.

THE following list of the different studs that are now or have been at Melton during the season, appeared in Bell's Life in London of the 3rd ult.

Lord Wilton	24
Count Bathiany	8
Count Matuschevitz	12
Lord Forester	38
Lord Edward Thynne	26
Lord Villiers	6
Sir E. Baker	8
Sir J. Boswell	7
Sir H. Goodricke	52
Sir J. Holmes	5
Sir F. Johnstone	14
Sir J. Musgrave	12
Col. Cheney	9
Col. Royston	4
Capt. Bulkeley	4
Capt. Burton	9
Capt. Grantham	5
Capt. Pierpoint	4
Mr. Cook	6
Mr. Cosvelt	9
Mr. Craven	12
Mr. Etherington	16
Mr. Ewart	8
Mr. Gilmour	13
Mr. E. B. Hartopp	9
Mr. Lloyd	7
Mr. Maher	11
Mr. Moore	10
Mr. Stanley	18
Mr. Stevens	14
Mr. Wharton	4
Mr. White	9
Mr. Williams	6

STEEPLE CHASES.

THERE have been several of these daring break neck struggles within the last month, though on the whole we do not think they have been so numerous as in previous years. The St. Albans which is generally considered the great one of the season, had a short entry, many owners of horses having been deterred from entering them on account of the celebrated Grimaldi (Moonraker's competitor of last year) being included. This steeple chase took place on the 5th ult., and the following were the conditions, "Stakes 10 sovs. each, free for any horse carrying 12st. each, four miles across a line of

country marked with flags, within twenty-eight miles of London. No person to ride more than one hundred yards, on any road or lane in this race. The start to be named to the riders after weighing. The winner to pay 10gs., and the winning horse to be sold for 400 sovs if demanded within three hours after the race, the owners of horses that start to have the preference for the first horse."

By the time prescribed, the following horses were named :—

Mr. Fairley's b. g. Antelope—rode by Mr. Bean
 Capt. Chester nd. Mr. Holmes' Roscommon—Mr. Fellows
 Mr. G. Elmore's ch. g. Bogy—Captain Beecher
 Mr. Calvert's b. g. The Druggist—Mr. Seffert
 Mr. D. Radcliffe's g. g. Pantaloon—Mr. Mason
 Mr. Cardale's b. g. Surrey—Owner
 Mr. Anderson nd. Mr. Elmore's b. g. Pall-mall—Unknown
 Mr. Showbridge's b. h. Zanga—Owner
 Mr. Showbridge's ch. g. Hotspur—Mr. C. Bloxam
 Mr. Hale's g. g. Grimalkin—Mr. W. Weston
 Mr. Gardener's b. h. Talisman—Mr. King
 Mr. Curwin's b. g. Druid—Owner
 Mr. Evans' g. g. Grimaldi—Drawn.

It had been reported that Mr. Osbaldeston would again ride Grimaldi, and this doubtless had its effect in keeping horses back; however, on Grimaldi's being drawn, the Squire's occupation was gone, and he consequently

acted as umpire with Mr. Meyrick. The start was at a place called Tattinanger-green, about five miles south of St. Albans, and the four miles included almost every feature that a good stiff country could present. The horses got off about half past three, and after the usual incidents of tumbings, turnings, passings, crossings, &c., Antelope won by two lengths, Roscommon second, and Bogy third. It was a flat affair. Grimalkin was sold at Messrs. Tattersall's on the 18th ult.

On the 7th ult. Col. Charitie's grey horse Napoleon, beat Mr. Whistler's bay mare "The Countess," in a three mile match across country, in the neighbourhood of Dunchurch, for 500 sovs. There have also been some steeple chases on the sly among the Oxford men, in the neighbourhood of Bicester. We saw a prospectus at Messrs. Tattersall's for one on the 30th ult. to take place within fifty miles of town, in which Col. Standen and Count D'Orsay were to be umpires, the result of which of course cannot be given until next month. We cannot conclude, however, without expressing a hope that these matches may not be carried too far into the spring, to the injury of the farmer's crops, and breaking down the fences when they have been made up after the close of the hunting season, Sportsmen owe much to this highly respectable class, and in the present disastrous times we are sure that every man of good feeling will be careful not to add additional weight to the already heavy difficulties under which the members of it labour.

THE TURF.

RACES TO COME.

Croxton Park	April 8
Newmarket Craven	8
East Sussex Hunt	8
Caistor	9
Catterick Bridge	10
Holderness Hunt	10
Bath Spring	17
Malton	18
Newmarket First Spring	22
Clifton and Bristol	May 1

Chester	6
Newmarket Second Spring	6
York Spring	13
Liverpool Spring	15
Epsom	21
Manchester	29
Ascot	June 4
Newton	5
Buxton	12
Bibury Club	13
Newcastle	17
Bath	18

3 M 2

Knighton	19	Lord Lowther's f. by Traffic, out o	Corinne.
Stockbridge	25	Lord Stradbroke's ch. c. by Sultan, out	of Arethissa, sister to Euphrates (m.
Wells	25	untried).	
Ludlow	26	Lord Tavistock's c. Anglesea, by Sul-	tan, out of Mona.
Liverpool	July 2	Duke of Grafton's c. <i>Ægyptus</i> , by Cen-	taur, out of Pastille (m. untried).
Newmarket	8	Mr. Wilson's c. by Chateau Margaux,	dam by Partisan, out of Silvertail
Preston	9	(both untried).	
Newcastle (Staffordshire)	16	Lord Burlington's f. by Bizarre, out of	Barrosa.
Cheltenham	16	Lord Burlington's c. (dead) by Par-	tisan, out of Espagnolle.
Lancaster	16	Lord Orford's f. by St. Patrick, out of	Selma.
Stamford	17	Mr. Houldsworth's c. Blank, by Lot-	tery, out of Auburn, by Blacklock
Goodwood	30	(h. untried)	
York August Meeting	August 6	Mr. Ridsdale's f. by Chateau Margaux,	out of Redlock (h. untried).
Worcester	6	Mr. Scott Stonehewer's f. by Partisan,	out of Emma.
Wolverhampton	14	Mr. Payne's f. Caroline (dead) by Par-	tisan, out of Quadrille.
Leeds	14	Mr. Payne's f. by Partisan, out of sister	to Sultan (m. untried).
Warwick	September 3	Sir J. Shelley's Leila, not covered.	
Dorchester	4	Duke of Portland's c. by Lottery, out	of Pledge, 8st. 10lb., agst. Gen. Gros-
Lichfield	10	venor's f. Felucca, by Johnny, or	Skiff, out of Myrtle, 8st.—R. M.—
Leicester	11	100, h. ft.	
Abingdon	11	Duke of Grafton's b. f. Cymbal, by	Emilius, out of sister to Pastille,
Doncaster	16	agst. Lord Lichfield's f. by Sligo, out	of Portrait's dam, 8st. 4lb. each.—D.
Heaton Park	25	M.—200, h. ft.	
Lincoln	25	Lord Jersey's c. Ishmael, by Sultan,	out of sister to Cobweb, 8st. 7lb.,
Newmarket First October	30	agst. Lord Lichfield's c. Mounteagle,	by Sligo, out of Ina, 8st. 4lb.—R.
Newmarket Second ditto	Oct. 14	M.—300. h. ft.	
Newmarket Houghton	28	SWEESTAKES of 200 sovs. each, h. ft.	colts, 8st. 7lb.; and fillies, 8st. 4lb.
		—D. M.	

Entries.

NEWMARKET CRAVEN MEETING, 1833.

MONDAY, April 8.—The CRAVEN STAKES, a Subscription of 10 sovs. each, for two yrs. old, 6st.; three 8st. 4lb.; four, 8st. 13lb.; five, 9st. 5lb.; six and aged, 9st. 9lb.—A. F.

This Subscription to close on the Thursday before running; and the horses to be entered on the Saturday before running, between eleven and one o'clock, at the King's Stables, Newmarket. Subscriptions received by the Keeper of the Match-book, at Newmarket, and at No. 7, Oxenden-street, London. Horses, &c. which have never run at Newmarket must be shewn at the time and place of entrance.

The Nineteenth RIDDLESWORTH STAKES of 200 sovs. each, h. ft.; colts, 8st. 7lb.; fillies, 8st. 4lb.; Ab. M. untried mares or untried stallions allowed 3lb. if both, 5lb.

Mr. Thornhill's b. f. by Emilius, out of Sal.

Lord Jersey's f. Joanna, by Sultan, out of Filagree.

Lord Jersey's c. Lucius, by Emilius, out of Cobweb (m. untried).

Duke of Portland's c. by Lottery, out of Pledge, 8st. 10lb., agst. Gen. Grosvenor's f. Felucca, by Johnny, or Skiff, out of Myrtle, 8st.—R. M.—100, h. ft.

Duke of Grafton's b. f. Cymbal, by Emilius, out of sister to Pastille, agst. Lord Lichfield's f. by Sligo, out of Portrait's dam, 8st. 4lb. each.—D. M.—200, h. ft.

Lord Jersey's c. Ishmael, by Sultan, out of sister to Cobweb, 8st. 7lb., agst. Lord Lichfield's c. Mounteagle, by Sligo, out of Ina, 8st. 4lb.—R. M.—300. h. ft.

SWEESTAKES of 200 sovs. each, h. ft. colts, 8st. 7lb.; and fillies, 8st. 4lb.—D. M.

Lord Exeter's c. by Mountebank, out of Ada.

Lord Lichfield's f. by Sligo, out of Louisa, by Filho, out of Elizabeth.

Duke of Rutland's c. by Blacklock, out of Lunatic.

Lord Verulam's c. by Camel, out of Vitellina.

Mr. Cooke's br. f. Ulrica, by Sherwood, out of Miss Wentworth.

Lord Chesterfield's brother to Marcus.

Lord Chesterfield's Elvaston, agst. General Grosvenor's Glaucus, 8st. 7lb. each.—D. M.—200, h. ft.

The DESERT STAKES of 100 sovs. each, h. ft. colts, 8st. 7lb.; fillies, 8st. 4lb.—A. F.

Lord Conyngnam's brother to Blythe. Mr. Payne's c. by Wrangler, out of Miss Stephenson.

Lord Chesterfield's f. Weeper.

Duke of Richmond's c. Ketchup, by Moses, out of Mushroom.

Lord Tavistock's c. by Sultan, out of Phantom.

TUESDAY. — SWEEPSTAKES of 150 sovs. each, h. ft. for colts, 8st. 7lb.; and fillies, 8st. 4lb.—R. M.—those got by untried stallions, or out of untried mares, allowed 3lb.

Mr. Scott's ch. c. by Bobadil, out of Zoë, by Orville (m. untried).

Mr. Thornhill's ch. c. by Merlin, out of Specie (m. untried).

Mr. Houldsworth's br. c. Despot, by Sultan, out of Fanny Davies (m. untried).

Lord Exeter's b. c. by Sultan, out of Marinella (m. untried).

Lord Jersey's c. Janissary, by Partisan, out of Maid of Kent (m. untried).

Mr. Wm. Chifney's f. by Emilius, out of Shoveler.

SWEEPSTAKES of 100 sovs. each, h. ft. colts, 8st. 7lb., fillies, 8st. 4lb.—A. F.—then rising three yrs. old, got by stallions which never covered at a higher sum than 10gs., groom's fee excepted.

Mr. Batson's c. by Gustavus, out of Jessy, by Totteridge.

Mr. Wilson's gr. c. by Gustavus, out of his Cervantes mare, out of Jugler's dam.

Lord Lowther's c. by Chateau Margaux, out of his sister to Busto (foaled in 1814).

Mr. Scott Stonehewer's c. by Camel, out of Zany's dam.

Mr. Shard's c. Sir Thomas, by Catton, dam by Raphael, out of Tiny.

Mr. Hunter's gr. c. Forester, by Gustavus, out of Young Pipylina.

Lord Orford's c. by St. Patrick, out of Bartonina.

SWEEPSTAKES of 100 sovs. each, h. ft. for foals of 1830; colts, 8st. 7lb., fillies, 8st. 4lb.—R. M.—those by untried stallions, or out of untried mares, allowed 3lb. only one allowance.

Duke of Richmond's f. by Sultan, out of Loo.

Mr. Mills's c. by Lapdog, out of Effie Deans (h. untried).

Duke of Grafton's ch. c. Fidalgo, by Sultan out of Tontine (m. untried).

Mr. Edwards's c. Janissary, by Partisan, out of the Maid of Kent, by Soothsayer (m. untried).

Mr. H. Scott's c. Zeluco, by Bobadil, out of Zoë (m. untried).

Mr. Shard's b. f. Falernia, by Chateau Margaux, out of Selina, by Delpini (h. untried).

Lord Orford's gr. c. Clearwell, by Jerry, out of Lisette, 8st. 7lb. agst. Lord Chesterfield's Weeper, 7st. 11lb.—T. Y. C.—200, h. ft.

The OATLAND STAKES of 50 sovs. each, h. ft.—D. I.

Mr. T. Oliver's b. g. Cock Robin, 6 yrs. old, 8st. 12lb.

Mr. Walker's Consol, 4 yrs. old, 8st. 10lb.

Lord Exeter's Marmora, 4 yrs. old, 8st. 6lb.

General Grosvenor's Sarpedon, 4 yrs. old, 8st. 3lb.

Lord Exeter's Beiram, 3 yrs. old, 8st. 11lb.

Lord Cleveland's Trustee, 3 yrs. old, 7st. 9lb.

Lord Burlington's br. c. by Bizarre, out of Mouse, 3 yrs. old, 7st. 6lb.

Mr. Ridsdale's Burgomaster, 3 yrs. old, 7st. 6lb.

Mr. Gullys Lady Fly, 3 yrs. old, 7st. 3lb.

Mr. Walker's Tourist, 3 yrs. old, 7st. 2lb.

Mr. Wilson's Argent, 3 yrs. old, 7st. 2lb.

Mr. Gully's Hokee Pokee, 3 yrs. old, 7st. 2lb.

Lord Exeter's Spencer, 3 yrs. old, 7st. 11lb.

Mr. D. O'Brien's Revealer, by Reveler, 3 yrs. old, 7st.

Mr. Hunter's Rouncival, 3 yrs. old, 6st. 12lb.

PRODUCE SWEEPSTAKES of 100 sovs. each, h. ft. colts, 8st. 7lb.; fillies, 8st. 4lb.—D. M.

Lord Exeter's c. by Sultan, out of Marinella.

Mr. Poyntz's c. by Whalebone, dam by Orville, out of Laurel Leaf.

Mr. Scott Stonehewer's ch. f. by Gustavus, out of Veil.

BILDESTON PRODUCE STAKES of 100 sovs. each, h. ft.

Mr. R. Wilson's ch. f. by Wrangler, out of Isabella, 8st.

Mr. R. Wilson's b. f. by Albany, out of Caccia Piatti's dam, 8st.

Mr. Meynell is a subscriber, but made a wrong nomination.

WEDNESDAY.—The ANSON DINNER STAKES of 200 sovs. each, h. ft. colts, 8st. 7lb.; fillies, 8st. 3lb.—A. F.—those by untried stallions, or out of untried mares, allowed 3lb.

Lord Exeter's f. Mantilla, by Sultan, out of Dulcinea.

General Yates's c. by Sultan, out of Emmeline.

Mr. Roberts's ch. c. (dead) by Emilius, out of the chestnut sister to Sailor (m. untried).

Mr. Scott Stonehewer's f. by Partisan, out of Emma.

Mr. Payne's f. Caroline (dead) by Partisan, out of Quadrille.

Lord Jersey's c. Lucius, by Emilius, out of Cobweb.

Lord Tavistock's f. by Middleton, out of sister to Benedict, Whisk's dam (h. untried).

Duke of Grafton's c. Fidalgo, by Sultan, out of Tontine (m. untried).

Lord Lichfield's f. by Sligo, out of Miniature (h. untried).

The COLUMN STAKES of 50 sovs. each, h. ft. for the produce of mares covered in 1829; colts, 8st. 7lb.; fillies, 8st. 4lb.—R. M.—those by untried stallions, or out of untried mares, allowed 3lb. if both, 5lb.

Lord Verulam's c. by Sultan, out of Tredrille.

Mr. Batson's f. Revelry, by Reveller, out of Harriet, by Pericles.

Duke of Portland's c. by Lottery, out of Pledge (h. untried).

Duke of Portland's f. by Moses, out of The Duchess.

Duke of Portland's c. by Tiresias, out of Emily.

Duke of Portland's f. by Tiresias, out of Agatha.

Lord Exeter's f. Mantilla, by Sultan, out of Dulcinea.

Lord Tavistock's c. Anglesea, by Sultan, out of Mona.

Lord Tavistock's f. by Middleton, out of sister to Benedict (Whisk's dam).

Mr. Thornhill's b. f. by Emilius, out of Shoveler.

Mr. Wilson's c. by Chateau Margaux, dam by Partisan, out of Silvertail (both untried).

Mr. Scott Stonehewer's f. by Partisan, out of Emma.

Mr. Scott Stonehewer's c. by Tarrare, out of The Witch (h. untried).

Lord Orford's c. by St. Patrick, out of sister to Moslem.

Lord Chesterfield's f. Dirce, by Partisan, out of Antiope.

The BILDESTON SALE STAKES of 100 sovs. each, h. ft. colts, 8st. 7lb.; fillies, 8st. 4lb., bred by Mr. Wilson; D. M.

Mr. Henry's c. by Albany, out of Miss Lydia, sister to Miss Fanny.

Mr. Cooper's b. c. Young Rapid, by Stainborough, out of Young Rhoda.

Lord Tavistock's c. (dead) by Wrangler, out of Georgina.

Mr. R. Wilson's f. by Albany, dam by Walton, Caccia Piatti's dam.

Mr. R. Wilson's ch. c. by Wrangler, out of Miss Stephenson, the dam of Tears.

SWEEPSTAKES of 100 sovs. each, h. ft. colts, 8st. 7lb.; fillies, 8st. 3lb., out of mares that never bred a winner—D. M.

Colonel Peel's b. f. Malibrant, by Whisker, out of Garcia.

Lord Lichfield's b. f. by Sligo, out of Louisa, by Filho, out of Elizabeth.

Mr. S. Stanley na. Mr. Thoruhill's ch. c. by Merlin, out of Specie.

General Grosvenor's Glaucus, agst. Lord Exeter's c. by Mountebank, out of Ada, 8st. 7lb. each.—R. M.—200 h. ft.

THURSDAY.—The Forfeit Class of the OATLAND STAKES of 10 sovs. each.—D. I.

Lord Cleveland's Emancipation, 5 yrs. old, 9st. 9lb.

Mr. Scott Stonehewer's Variation, 5 yrs. old, 9st. 6lb.

Mr. Biggs's Little Red Rover, 5 yrs. old, 9st.

Mr. Osbaldeston's Lady Elizabeth, 4 yrs. old, 8st. 10lb.

Mr. Forth's Marvel, 4 yrs. old, 8st. 10lb.

Mr. Robinson's b. c. Manchester, 4 yrs. old, 8st. 7lb.

Duke of Grafton's Oxygen, 4 yrs. old, 8st. 7lb.

Lord Jersey's Alea, 4 yrs. old, 8st. 5lb.

Mr. Kirby's Diana, by Catton, out of Trulla, 4 yrs. old, 8st.

Lord Jersey's Blunderer, 4 yrs. old, 8st.

Mr. Kirby's Dinah, by Champignon, out of Louisa, by Orville, 4 yrs. old, 7st. 12lb.

Mr. W. Smith's br. f. The Witch, 4 yrs. old, 7st. 10lb.

Colonel Peel's Sluggard, 3 yrs. old, 7st. 4lb. (dead).

The CLARET STAKES of 200 sovs. each, h. ft. for colts, 8st. 7lb., and fillies, 8st. 2lb.—D. I.—the owner of the second horse to withdraw his stake.

Mr. Walker's Conrad.

Lord Conyngham's Minster.

Lord Exeter's Beiram.

Mr. Vansittart's Perion.

Lord Tavistock's Posthumus.

Mr. Richardson's Fang.

Mr. Gully's Margrave.

Mr. Ridsdale's ch. c. Trustee.

PRODUCE SWEEPSTAKES of 100 sovs. each, h. ft. for foals not born on the 19th of February, 1830; colts, 8st. 7lb.; fillies, 8st. 4lb. (untried mares, or untried stallions, allowed 8lb. but only one allowance).—No course mentioned.

Mr. Scott Stonebrower's c. by Tarrare, out of The Witch (h. untried).

Mr. Roberts's c. (dead) by Emilius, out of the chestnut sister to Sailor (m. untried).

Mr. Thornhill's f. by Merlin, out of Surprise,

Mr. Mills's c. by Lapdog, out of Effie Deans (h. untried).

Duke of Richmond's c. Ketchup, by Moses, out of Mushroom.

SWEEPSTAKES of 200 sovs. each, h. ft. colts, 8st. 7lb.; fillies, 8st. 3lb.—D. M.—rising three yrs. old.

Duke of Grafton's b. c. Fidalgo, by Sultan, out of Tontine.

Lord Burlington's b. c. (dead) by Partisan, out of Espagnolle.

Lord Verulam's c. by Sultan, out of Tredrille.

Lord Jersey's c. Ishmael, by Sultan, out of sister to Cowweb.

Lord Worcester's c. by Zealot, dam by Canterbury, out of Merrythought (allowed 3lb.).

General Grosvenor's f. Blue-eyes, by Truffle, out of Blue Stockings, agst. Lord Verulam's f. by Sultan, out of Manille, 8st. 3lb. each.—T. Y. C.—200, h. ft.

Lord Tavistock's c. by Sultan, out of Phantom, 8st. 7lb., agst. Lord Chesterfield's f. (dead) by Whisker, out

of Chapeau de Paille, 8st. 4lb.—D. M.—200, h. ft.

Mr. Cosby's Temperance, 8st. 7lb., agst. General Grosvenor's Falernia, by Chateau Margaux, 8st. 3lb.—R. M.—100, h. ft.

FRIDAY.—The PORT STAKES of 100 sovs. each, h. ft. for colts and fillies not named in the Claret; colts, 8st. 7lb.; fillies, 8st. 4lb.—T. M. M.—the owner of the second horse to withdraw his stake.

Lord Langford's b. c. Roué, by Starch, out of Elighé (now Sharvoques) by Teddy the Grinder.

Captain Byng's Dryad.

Mr. Batson's Mixbury.

Mr. Walker's Francesca.

Lord Conyngham's Bassettlaw.

Lord Conyngham's Blythe.

Lord Stradbroke na. Archibald.

Lord Exeter's Byzantium.

Lord Exeter's Galata.

Sir M. Wood na. Emiliana.

Lord Chesterfield's Olga.

Mr. Ridsdale's St. Giles.

Mr. Forth's Gratis.

Lord Lowther's Messenger.

The ALE STAKES of 100 sovs. each, h. ft. colts, 8st. 7lb.; fillies, 8st. 4lb.—D. I.—the winner to be sold for 400 sovs., the owner of the second horse being first entitled.

Lord Lowther's Lazarone.

Lord Exeter's Spencer.

Lord Berners's br. c. by Emilius, out of Rotterdam.

Lord Chesterfield's brother to Marcus, agst. Lord Orford's gr. c. Clearwell, by Jerry, 8st. 7lb. each.—R. M.—200, h. ft.

SWEEPSTAKES of 100 sovs. each, h. ft. for fillies, 8st. 5lb.—D. M.

Mr. Thornhill's f. by Emilius, out of Surprise (wrong nomination).

Mr. Cookes' ch. f. Tarantella, by Tramp, out of Katherine.

Duke of Grafton's b. f. Cymbal, by Emilius, out of Citron's dam.

Lord Exeter's b. f. by Sultan, out of Augusta.

Mr. W. Chifney's b. f. by Emilius, out of Shoveler.

SWEEPSTAKES of 100 sovs. each, h. ft. for colts, 8st. 7lb., and fillies, 8st. 4lb.; rising three yrs. old.—D. M.

Lord Tavistock's ch. c. Anglesea, by Sultan, out of Mona.

Colonel Peel's c. by Lord Exeter's c. by Sultan, out of Emmeline.

Lord Chesterfield's c. Elvaston, by Sultan, out of Piquet.

Duke of Grafton's b. c. Divan, by Sultan, out of the dam of Dervise.

Lord Orford's c. by Perchance, out of Angelica, by Rubens, out of Plover.

Mr. Ridsdale's ch. c. Emperor, by Figaro, out of Princess, by Comus.

SWEEPSTAKES of 100 sovs. each, h. ft. for fillies, 8st. 4lb.—D. M.

Lord Lowther's Scurry, by Partisan, out of Scratch.

Duke of Portland's, by Tiresias, out of Emily.

Mr. Vansittart's Elisena, by Whisker, out of Darioletta.

Duke of Richmond's, by Whalebone, out of Miss Craven's dam.

Mr. Scott Stonehewer's, by Partisan, out of Emma.

SWEEPSTAKES of 100 sovs. each, h. ft. 8st. 6lb.—D. M.

Duke of Portland's c. by Lottery, out of Pledge.

Lord Exeter's c. by Sultan, out of Miss Cantley.

Lord Lowther's c. Maple, by Partisan, out of Pomona.

Mr. Wilson's c. (dead) by Lottery, out of Silvertail.

Mr. Roberts's c. (dead) by Emilius, out of the chestnut sister to Sailor.

Colonel Peel's c. by Sultan, out of Emmeline.

Lord Verulam's f. by Sultan, out of Manille, agst. Mr. Vansittart's b. f. Raffle, by Lottery, out of Slight, 8st. 4lb. each.—D. M.—100, h. ft.

SWEEPSTAKES of 100-sovs. each, h. ft. 8st. 4lb.—D. M.

Lord Chesterfield's f. Weeper, by Wonderful, dam by Cervantes, out of Gadabout.

Duke of Grafton's f. Octave, by Emilius, out of Whizgig.

Duke of Portland's f. by Tiresias, out of Agatha.

FIRST SPRING MEETING, 1833.

N. B. The Cup may be challenged for on the Monday or Tuesday in this Meeting, to be run for over the B. C. on Tuesday, in the First October Meeting next, by horses, &c. the property of the Members of the Jockey Club; four yrs. old, carrying 7st. 11lb.; five, 8st. 8lb.; six, 8st. 13lb.; and aged, 9st.

Each gentleman at the time of challenging, is to subscribe his name to a paper, to be hung up in the Coffee-room, at Newmarket: and deliver to the Keeper of the Match-book the name or description of his horse, &c. sealed up, which is to be kept till six o'clock on the Saturday evening; and if then not accepted, and only one challenger, to be returned unopened; but if accepted, or if more than one challenger, to be then opened, and declared a match or sweepstakes of 200 sovs. each, p. p. If the challenge be not accepted, the Cup is to be delivered to the Keeper of the Match-book, in the Meeting ensuing the challenge, for the person who may become entitled to the same.

MONDAY, April 22.—Lord Conyngham's Minster, agst. Mr. Ridsdale's Trustee, 8st. 7lb. each.—A. F. 200, h. ft.

Mr. Gully's Margrave, 8st. 9lb. agst. Lord Conyngham's Bassettlaw, 8st. 2lb.—Ab. M.—200, h. ft.

TUESDAY.—Renewal of the 2000gs. STAKES, a subscription of 100 sovs. each, h. ft. for colts, 8st. 7lb., and fillies, 8st. 4lb.—R. M.—then rising three yrs. old.

Lord Lichfield's ch. c. Mount Eagle, by Sligo, out of Ina.

Lord Jersey's ch. c. Janissary, by Partisan, out of Maid of Kent.

Lord Jersey's ch. c. Ishmael, by Sultan, out of sister to Cobweb.

Mr. Walker's br. c. Boscobel, by Chateau Margaux, out of Miss Cragie.

Mr. Walker's br. c. Mussulman, by Muley, out of Mufti's dam.

Mr. Houldsworth's br. c. Blank, by Lottery, out of Auburna.

Sir M. Wood's ch. c. brother to Margrave.

Sir M. Wood's b. c. by Waterloo, dam by Election, out of Lionel, Lincoln's dam.

Duke of Grafton's ch. c. Fidalgo, by Sultan, out of Tontine.

Duke of Grafton's b. c. Divan, by Sultan, out of Dervise's dam.

Lord Wilton's br. c. by Waterloo, out of Gavotte.

Lord Exeter's b. c. by Sultan, out of Marinella.

Lord Exeter's b. c. Cactus, by Sultan, out of Dahlia's dam.

Lord Exeter's b. c. by Sultan, out of Emmeline.

Duke of Portland's c. brother to Amphiarus.
 Mr. T. Wood's br. c. by Filho da Puta, out of Mermaid, by Merlin, out of Matilda, by Orville.
 Mr. Cooke's bl. c. Disaster, by Woful.
 Colonel Peel's ch. c. Nonsense.
 Captain Rous names Sir S. Graham's Jason, by Centaur.
 Captain Rous names Sir S. Graham's c. Emery, by Stainborough, out of Pincushion.
 Captain Rous na. c. by Osmond, out of Salvadora.
 Mr. Dilly's gr. c. Wonford, by Grey Middleham, out of Snare.
 Mr. Dilly's ch. c. Beaver, brother to Tippet, by Swise, out of Wagtail.
 Lord Conyngham's b. c. by Buzzard, out of Miaster's dam.
 General Grosvenor's Glaucus, by Partisan.
 Lord Chesterfield's brother to Marcus.
 Mr. Ridsdale's br. c. Sevilian.
 Mr. Ridsdale's ch. c. Emperor.
 Lord Orford's gr. c. Clearwell, by Jerry, out of Lisette.
 Mr. Sowerby's Catalanian, by Skiff, out of Theresa's dam, by Sancho.
 THE LINCOLN'S INN STAKES of 100 sovs. each, h. ft. for colts, 8st. 5lb.; those out of untried mares, or got by untried stallions, allowed 3lb. if both, 5lb.—T. Y. C.
 Mr. R. Wilson's b. e. by Albany, out of Miss Lydia, by Walton (horse untried).
 Lord Stradbroke's c. by Sultan, out of Arethusa (mare untried).
 Mr. Thornhill's c. by Emilius, out of Benefit's dam.
 Duke of Grafton's c. by Centaur, out of Legend (m. untried).
 THE LINCOLN'S INN STAKES of 100sovs. each, h. ft. for fillies, 8st. 5lb.; those out of untried mares, or got by untried stallions, allowed 2lb. if both, 5lb.—T. Y. C.
 Mr. R. Wilson's b. or gr. f. by Albany, dam by Tiresias, out of Turban's dam (both untried).
 Duke of Grafton's f. Cymbal, by Emilius, out of Citron's dam.
 Mr. Thornhill's f. by Merlin, out of Surprise.
 Colonel Yates's f. Malibran, by Whisker, out of Garcia (m. untried).
 Mr. Henry's Tam o'Shanter, agst. Mr. A. Hunter's bl. pony, owners to ride.
 —B. C.—200, h. ft.

NQ. XXIV.—VOL. IV.

Lord Stradbroke's c. by Sultan, out of Arethusa, 8st. 7lb. agst. Lord Huntingfield's f. by Wrangler, out of Lark, 8st.—Ab. M.—100, h. ft.

WEDNESDAY.—Lord Lichfield's c. Mount Eagle, by Sligo, out of Ina, agst. Lord Worcester's c. by Zealot, dam by Canterbury, out of Merrythought, 8st. 7lb. each.—R. M.—100, h. ft.

THURSDAY.—Renewal of the 1000 gs. STAKES, a subscription of 100 sovs. each, h. ft. for fillies, 8st. 4lb. each.—D. M.—then rising three yrs. old.

His Majesty's ch. f. by Partisan, out of Sultana.

Lord Lichfield's br. f. by Sligo, out of Louisa, by Filho—Elizabeth.

Lord Lichfield's ch. f. by Sligo, out of Miniature, by Rubens.

Lord Jersey's br. f. Joanna, by Sultan, out of Filagree.

Mr. Cooke's ch. f. Tarantella, by Tramp, out of Katherine.

Mr. Cooke's br. f. Ulrica, by Sherwood, out of Miss Wentworth.

Mr. Walker's ch. f. Energy, by Blacklock, dam by Juniper.

Mr. Walker's b. f. Melody (dead) by Jerry, out of Chorister's dam.

Mr. Houldsworth's ch. f. Fidelity, by Whisker, out of Fortuna.

Mr. Henry's Hannah, sister to Margaret, by Wrangler.

Duke of Grafton's br. f. Octave, sister to Oxygen.

Sir M. Wood's br. f. by Muley, out of Miss Wasp.

Mr. T. Thornhill's b. f. by Merlin, out of Surprise.

General Grosvenor's b. Blue-eyes, by Truffle, out of Blue-stockings.

Lord Exeter's br. f. sister to Augustus.

Lord Exeter's b. f. Mantilla, sister to Green Mantle.

Duke of Rutland's b. f. by Emilius, out of Sal.

Duke of Portland's br. f. by Tiresias, out of Agatha.

Lord Chesterfield's b. f. Dircé.

Mr. Dilly's b. f. Diversity, by Muley, out of Variation's dam.

Mr. Dilly's b. f. Solace, by Longwaist, out of Souvenir's dam.

Mr. S. Stonehewer's b. f. by Partisan, out of Emma.

Captain Angerstein's f. Falernia, by Chateau Margaux, out of Selina, by Delpini, The Major's dam.

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Mr. Ridsdale's ch. f. Agnes, by Blacklock, out of Emma, by Whisker.

Mr. Ridsdale's br. f. Mysinda, by Lottery, out of Columbine, sister to Harlequin.

Lord Lowther's f. by Truffie, out of Corinne.

Mr. Sowerby's b. f. Lilly Lass, by Partisan, or Skiff, out of Lady Henry, by Orville.

Lord Langford's br. f. Fashion, by Starch, out of Peri, the dam of Sir Hercules.

SWEETSTAKES of 200 sovs. each, h. ft. colts, 8st. 7lb.; fillies, 8st. 4lb.—D. M.—untried stallions or untried mares, allowed 5lb.

Duke of Grafton's c. Divan, by Sultan, out of Dervise's dam.

Lord Tavistock's c. Anglesea, by Sultan, out of Mona.

Lord Burlington's c. (dead) by Partisan, out of Espagnolle.

Lord Jersey's c. Lucius, by Emilius, out of Cobweb.

Lord Lichfield's c. Mount Eagle, by Sligo, out of Ina (h. untried).

FRIDAY.—Third year of a renewal of the **NEWMARKET STAKES**, of 50 sovs. each, h. ft. colts, 8st. 7lb.; fillies, 8st. 2lb.—D. M.—the owner of the second horse to receive 100 sovs. out of the stakes.

Lord Burlington's c. (dead) by Partisan, out of Espagnolle.

Duke of Grafton's b. f. Octave, sister to Oxygen.

Duke of Grafton's b. c. Divan, by Sultan, out of Dervise's dam.

Duke of Grafton's ch. c. Fidalgo, by Sultan, out of Tontine.

Lord Jersey's c. Ishmael, by Sultan, out of sister to Cobweb.

Lord Jersey's c. Janissary, by Partisan, out of Maid of Kent.

Mr. Houldsworth's br. c. Despot, by Sultan, out of Fanny Davies.

Mr. Batson's f. Revelry.

Lord Tavistock's c. Anglesea, by Sultan, out of Mona.

General Grosvenor's c. Glaucus, by Partisan.

Sir M. Wood's c. by Waterloo, dam by Election, out of Lionel, Lincoln's dam.

Sir M. Wood na. Mr. Newton's ch. c. by Emilius, dam by Rainbow, out of Janette.

Sir M. Wood na. Lord Lichfield's, c. Mount Eagle, by Sligo, out of Ina.

Sir M. Wood na. Duke of Rutland's b.

c. by Blacklock, out of Bessy Bedlam's dam.

Lord Chesterfield's brother to Marcus.

Lord Exeter's b. c. by Sultan, out of Miss Cantley.

Lord Exeter's b. c. by Sultan, out of Marinella.

Mr. Sowerby's ch. c. Catalonian, by Skiff, out of Theresa's dam, by Sancho.

Lord Orford's gr. c. Clearwell, by Jerry.

Mr. Rogers's c. (dead) by Partisan, out of Paato.

Colonel Wilson's br. c. by Emilius, out of Black Daphne.

Mr. Cooke's bl. c. Disaster, by Woful, dam by Fitz James, out of Leviathan's dam.

Lord Westminster na. ch. c. Non-sense, by Bedlamite, out of Zora.

Mr. Hunter's gr. c. Forester, by Gustavus, out of Young Pipylina, by Orville, out of Pipylina.

Mr. Henry's b. c. by Albany, out of Muff's dam.

Mr. Henry's b. f. Hannah, by Wrangler, out of Helena, by Rubens.

Mr. Gully na. br. c. Sevillian, by Figaro, out of Charity, by Tramp.

Mr. Gully na. ch. c. Emperor, by Figaro, out of Princess, by Comus.

Mr. Dilly na. c. Wonford, by Grey Middleham, out of Snare.

Mr. Dilly's c. Farlington, by Luzborough, out of The Etching.

Mr. Dilly's f. Temperance, by Lapdog, out of Sentiment.

Mr. Nowell's c. by Muley, out of Principessa's dam.

Mr. Payne's ch. c. by Wrangler, out of Whiteboy's dam.

Duke of Portland omitted to name.

THE Hampton Court annual stud sale of colts and fillies, the property of his Majesty, will take place at Messrs. Tattersall's, on the 29th inst. There are eleven lots in all.

Mr. BEARDSWORTH's stud will be sold by Messrs. Tattersall in the course of this month. Among the lot is the once celebrated Ludlow.

"ADVANCE," late the property of W. Coke, Esq. (and celebrated in the Quarterly Review), has been purchased by Mr. Pell, of Clipston, near Market-Harborough, where he will cover this

season. He is by Cardinal York, dam by Columpus, grandam Sister to Bevingborough, and is likely to get excellent hunters.

THE celebrated mare Fleur de-Lis, purchased by his late Majesty of Sir Matthew White Ridley, dropped a colt foal to the Colonel early last month, which unfortunately did not live twenty-four hours. The sporting world had formed great expectations of the produce of these celebrated racers.

COLONEL PEEL'S Sluggard died a day or two since at Newmarket, after a short illness. St. Giles, winner of the Derby last year, was at one time thought to be past recovery, but is recovering. More horses have been amiss lately at Newmarket than for many years past.

MR. WATT has purchased Rockingham for 1,000 gs.

A CERTAIN solicitor in Pall Mall is said to be the purchaser of Prince Llewellyn.

THE BLOOD HOUND AND THE SOUTHERN HOUND.

SIR,
IN the January number, under "Fox-hunting," you say that the blood hound and sleuth hound were the same. And if I understand right, that the talbot and southern hound were the same as the blood hound. Now Scott, in the "Sportsman's Repository," has given separate portraits of the blood hound and southern hound, and makes one to be spotted, the other of a uniform brown. Are they to be considered the same dog or not?

D'Israeli in his eastern travels, says, "The finest horses in the world are the Anatolian or Asiatic Turkish, from which all our best breeds have sprung, and not the Arabian, which I believe to be little worth. It is against reason that the race should be so pre-eminent in a land without pasture. See an excellent letter on this subject signed "Stud," in a recent number of that capital periodical the Sporting Magazine."

Now, sir, we all know that our racers are the best in the world, and that the Arabians are not *little worth*, and that the Sporting Magazine is not a capital periodical, how then am I to take the sentence?

Can you give me any information where "Capt. Brown's Game Birds of all Countries" is to be seen or sold, and what is its price.

I am, Sir, your's, &c.

CANTABRIGIENSIS.

[We have inserted the above in order that the author of the paper on "Fox-hounds and Fox-hunting" may have an opportunity of defending his opinion.

Simpkin and Marshall are the London publishers of Capt. Brown's work. To name the price would subject us to the advertisement duty; but if Cantabrigiensis will favour us with his address, we will inform him.]

THE SPORTING MILLER.

ACKERMANN, of Regent-street, has just published a companion to his excellent caricature of the "Sporting Sweep," in the shape of "Hartley, the Sporting Miller," mentioned in Nim South's Tour, as an attendant on the Duke of Beaufort's and Mr. Drake's hounds.

The idea having originated from the production of the pen of one of our own contributors, precludes our saying so much about it as we otherwise might; we cannot however resist the temptation of paying Mr. Alken the compliment of saying, that his pencil has imparted great force to the words of our correspondent, which are quoted at the bottom of the picture; but being somewhat lengthy, and of modern publication, we must refer our sporting friends to the November number of 1832, p. 15, where they will find the whole story. The miller (in a red coat and black cap, with a good dash of flour upon them,) is represented riding for a half-crown wager at a flight of rails, while the field stand round admiring his intrepidity. The face of the countryman, in the smock frock, who is standing by, is inimitable, and the

whole very creditable both to the artist and publisher. We understand from those who have seen the miller, that the likeness of him is good.

MARGRAVE.

THE portrait of Margrave, the property of John Gulley, Esq., and the winner of the last Great St. Leger, painted by Herring, of Six Mile Bottom, Newmarket, has just been published by Messrs. Fuller, and fully sustains the character of the series of the winners of the St. Leger published by those gentlemen. Our portrait of the horse by the same artist is in the hands of Scott, and will shortly appear.

FERNELEY has commenced a picture for Lord Forester of Goosey sitting over an earth, cap in hand, with his hounds at bay round him. He has also finished an admirable group of horses, the property of the Hon. Augustus Craven.

OBITUARY.

ON the 9th ult. at Felton-park, in the county of Northumberland, Ralph Riddell, Esq., in the sixty-third year of his age. Mr. Riddell was long one of the staunchest supporters of the Northern Turf, and owner of the celebrated X.Y.Z., winner of nine cups, also of Doctor Syntax, and other equally famous horses. His loss will be long and severely felt by all who came within the scope of his influence.

THE MARCH OF HUMBUG.

SOME canting hypocrites are getting up petitions to the Legislature against coaches travelling on Sundays. Now will it not be quite enough for these puritans to abstain from travelling themselves, and leave other people to regulate their conduct according to their several necessities?

TRESPASS UNDER THE NEW GAME BILL.

AT the Lincoln Assizes, an action of trespass was brought by Henry Dymoke, the King's Champion, against Megoe, a farmer in his neighbourhood, for sporting, after notice, on his manor of Scrivelsby. It appears that the plaintiff sent a notice to the defendant four years ago, not to trespass on his grounds, nor had the defendant done so until the present occasion; when the trespass was committed in the following way. Having the privilege of sporting over the adjacent manor, he was out sporting on the day in question, and shot a pheasant, which flew, after being wounded, across a lane, and dropped just inside the fence of the Champion's wood. The defendant halloed to his dogs to seek for the bird, and they went through a close, not in the Champion's occupation, into his wood. There was a boy watching the preserves of the plaintiff, and the defendant called out to him to observe that he was not going to trespass. He then laid down his gun and leaped on the wood-bank, which was outside the fence, and, leaning over, reached the bird with his hand and picked it up. Mr. Balguy said he was satisfied that the Champion had been grossly deceived as to the facts of the case, or never could have suffered such an action to be brought, because it had always been allowed to a sportsman, when he had killed his bird on his own ground, if it fell beyond bounds, to enter and pick it up. Here the defendant had not even entered, but, putting down his gun on the road, to show he was not about to trespass, he merely leant over the fence and picked up the pheasant he shot on his own ground. The Lord Chief Justice told the jury that if they were satisfied that the defendant had sent his dogs into the plaintiff's wood, or had jumped upon the wood banks, though he had not gone over the fence, the bank being on the other side of a ditch, he had committed a trespass in point of law. The jury retired for about ten minutes, and then found a verdict for the plaintiff—

Damages, One Farthing. The learned Judge refused to certify that the trespass was wilful, so that each party pays his own costs, and "the Champion" has got his deserts.

We fear friend Megoe does not read our Magazine, or he would have seen by the famous action of "*Cheetum v. Jorlocks*" (vol. ii. p. 256), that he was sure to be trounced.

ON WRITING PROPER NAMES; A GENTLE HINT TO SUBSCRIBERS IN ARREARS.

THE following appears on the wrapper of the American Sporting Magazine, and as great inconvenience frequently arises at our printer's in consequence of proper names being carelessly written, we have availed ourselves of our brother editor's labours, for the purpose of calling the attention of our correspondents to the point; and as this number concludes our fourth volume, we may say *ditto* to the italicised sentence at the bottom.

"If we were permitted, by all our correspondents, to make *one*, and but *one* request, with promise of compliance, it would be—that they would write the *names* of horses as *plainly* as possible. Other words may be *guessed* at from what goes before or follows; but how are we to guess at a *name*? Thus, in a collection of pedigrees now before us, which would be interesting to our readers, there are so many *names* which four persons, to whom they have been submitted, cannot make out, that we are obliged to omit the whole communication. Writers, unfortunately, appear to suppose, that every one else is as familiar with the subject as themselves; but, we repeat, the great difficulty and perplexity is only as to *names*. Why not, when the writer's pen is running rapidly, and he comes to give the *name* of a horse, call a *halt*—then proceed, deliberately, to *print* it, as we may say, thus—*CAMILLA*? Would it not be better than to have the Register filled with mistakes? Between the editor, his clerks, and the printer, almost any writing may be deciphered,

by observing the connection of the words in the sentence. But there is no rule for guessing a name, any more than there is a '*royal way to mathematics*.'

"To subscribers in ARREARS, who have nevertheless escaped the cholera, one REQUEST would have precedence of the above."

SPORTING ORTHOGRAPHY.

A FRIEND has sent us the following, being an invitation from the huntsman of the Somerset-vale hounds, to one "Mister Kilawray, of Norton."

There will be a diner of arth stopers and kepers, tomorrow, wich you ar recwested to attend, at Uford Briges, at 2 o'clock, ware you wil be paid for arth stoping and presarving the foxes.

Yous Humbelly,
James Bishop-huntsman,
Stoke Keanel,
Sunday.

AQUATICS.

At the last Monthly Meeting of the Royal Thames Yacht Club, it was arranged, that the club yachts of which the owners intend to accompany the Commodore down the river, to open the sailing season, should assemble for that purpose at Greenwich, by four o'clock, p. m., exact time, on Thursday, the 4th instant; and in order to suit the convenience of members who may wish to join them, the next ordinary meeting was thereupon altered from Thursday, the 4th ult., to Wednesday, the 3rd of April, at the accustomed place and hour; when any member wishing to sail his vessel in the Sweepstakes Match, made at the anniversary dinner, must enter the boat, as all the necessary arrangements for that match are then appointed to be concluded. The Commodore will hoist his flag on the 4th inst. on board the *Victorine*. Lyon's Subscription-room will open for the season on Thursday next. Many new members are expected to enter.

WORKS IN THE PRESS.

EFFINGHAM WILSON, Royal Exchange, has the following works in the press:—

The Young Cricketer's Tutor; by John Nyren, a player in the celebrated old Hambledon Club; to which is added, "The Cricketers of my Time," by the same; the whole edited by Charles Cowden Clarke.

Sunday in London; with illustrations by George Cruikshank, and a few words by a friend of his.

TATTERSALL'S.

FOR the last three or four weeks, business has assumed a more lively aspect than has hitherto been observed; it has at once become comprehensive, heavy in amount, and important in its results. THE DERBY first claims our attention, and as we shall not have another opportunity of noticing it previous to the Newmarket meetings, we shall enter pretty fully into the present changes of the principal favourites. The Welch horse, Prince Llewellyn (who has variously been styled "the government horse," the "mysterious stranger," the "great unknown," &c. from the difficulty experienced in fixing the actual proprietorship), is now at the "head of affairs;" he has been backed to a very large amount by Messrs. Ridsdale, T. Wood, Lawyer Ford, and Theed; and it is more than suspected that these parties are his co-proprietors; one of his most strenuous supporters is Ridsdale, and was it not that he also backs his own nag, Glaucus, with considerable spirit, we should be inclined to suspect that the relative merits of the two had been ascertained to the prejudice of the triumphant horse. However the fact may be, it is clear that the Prince is looked upon as a flyer, for his party is numerous and sanguine; at the same time, we cannot admit that his having beaten a field of very bad horses, justifies the high estimation in which he is held; much less is it warranted by the unaccountable and unsportsmanlike mystery observed by his purchasers, in which, by the way, there is a kind of special pleading, that would

of itself almost fix the ownership on the Lawyer. Glaucus has many friends, and deservedly so, for neither in performance, appearance, or action, is he equalled by any other horse in the race. Revenge's party is limited in number and influence; the public do not think that his having beaten a field of stale horses is any great recommendation. Forester is seldom backed—the Six-mile-bottom stable never has been very popular. Moses is again in force; he has furnished nice pickings to the book-makers. Emmeline, Twatty, Bravo, Mount Eagle, are mentioned occasionally, and not often backed. Ishmael, after having been in favour at 30 to 1, now goes a begging at 50 to 1. Several outsiders have been backed in the course of the month, without making any marked advance in the odds.

THE OAKS.—The field has been greatly extended in the course of the last fortnight, much to the gratification and profit of the Member for Pontefract, who alone is making a book on it. Weeper now has the call of Octave; neither of them, however, have any great friends. Several mares have been backed at 20 to 1, including Deception, formerly in Lord Exeter's, and now in Chifney's stable—we strongly suspect that the *deception* is not confined to her name. Lord Exeter's two (Mantilla and Sister to Augustus) are quite gone. Fanny Grey and Revelry are in force. Several engagements have been made on the St. Leger; Belshazzar is gradually giving way to Rockingham, the latter having become his companion for the sum of 1000 gs. Frankenstein and Muley Moloch have also been in favour; and as the four were close together in their running, we may expect to see them keep so in the betting. Glaucus and Llewellyn are backed by the Ridsdale party; Jack Faucet has a small party; he is in the stable from which the Welchman came, and it is not quite impossible that he may be the better of the two. Some others have been backed at 20 and 25 to 1. For the Riddlesworth and Oatlands, the betting is not of sufficient interest to require comment. We subjoin the usual monthly index.

RIDDLESWORTH.	Feb. 28.	March 4	March 7	Mar. 11.	Mar. 14.	Mar. 18.	Mar. 21.	Mar. 25.
Anglesea	2 to 1	5 to 2	3 to 1 t.	...	7 to 2	3 to 1	7 to 2 t.	...
Silvertail	5...1	6...1 t.	5...1 t.	4...1 t.	9...2 t.	...	9...2 t.	...
Lucius	...	7...1	...	...	4...1	...	5...1 t.	...
Blank	8...1	...	...	...	...	...	...	...
Arethusa	7...1	9...2	8...1 t.	...	...	...	...	...
OATLANDS.								
Consol	...	...	...	...	...	7...2	4...1 t.	...
Belram	...	...	...	...	...	10...1 t.	10...1 t.	...
Mouse colt	...	...	...	...	...	...	5...1	...
Trustee	...	...	...	...	...	...	10...1	...
DERBY.								
Prince Llewellyn	9...1	9...1	9...1	8...1	7...1 t.	7...1 t.	13...2	...
Glaucus	9...1	9...1 t.	9...1	9...1	9...1 t.	9...1 t.	9...1 t.	...
Revenge	9...1	9...1 t.	9...1	9...1	9...1 t.	9...1	9...1	...
Forester	10...1	11...1 t.	11...1	11...1	10...1	11...1	12...1 t.	...
Moses's Dam	16...1	20...1	20...1 t.	18...1	18...1	17...1 t.	16...1	...
Emmeline	18...1	18...1	20...1 t.	20...1	20...1	...	...	...
Twatty	25...1	25...1	25...1 t.	20...1	25...1	...	25...1	...
Bravo	22...1	25...1	...	...	25...1 t.	...	...	...
Mount Eagle	38...1 t.	25...1	...	25...1	...	...	...	...
Cock-a-Hoop	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...
Brother to Margrave	30...1 t.	30...1	...	...	...	...	...	...
Ishmael	...	...	33...1 t.	...	...	...	50...1	...
Brother to Waxlight	...	40...1	...	...	...	...	...	...
Brother to Grampus	...	50...1	...	...	...	...	...	...
Fashion	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...
Blank	50...1 t.	...	50...1	...	...	...	...	...
Cactus	...	35...1	...	30...1	...	...	30...1 t.	...
Nonsense	...	30...1	...	...	...	...	30...1	...
Anglesea	25...1	...	...	...	...	...	...	...
Bro. to Rough Robin	...	...	...	...	...	...	80...1 t.	...
Pagan	...	...	...	...	...	...	40...1	...
Lord Exeter's Lot	...	10...1	...	...	...	...	10...1	...
Lord Jersey's Lot	...	12...1	...	...	...	...	14...1	...
Duke of Grafton's Lot	...	15...1	...	...	...	...	15...1	...
Cooper's Stable	...	10...1	...	...	...	...	10...1	...
Forth's Stable	...	...	...	...	...	...	20...1	...
OAKS.								
Weeper	10...1	...	10...1 t.	...	10...1	10...1 t.	10...1	...
Octave	10...1 t.	...	10...1 t.	...	10...1	...	11...1	...
Fanny Grey	13...1	...	13...1	...	14...1 t.	12...1	14...1	...
Sister to Augustus	16...1	...	...	...	...	...	...	...
Mantilla	...	...	...	20...1 t.	20...1	...	...	...
Liska	...	...	...	...	20...1 t.	...	18...1	...
Myainda	...	...	...	...	20...1 t.	...	18...1	...
Revelry	...	...	...	...	20...1 t.	...	18...1	...
Slight f.	...	...	...	...	20...1 t.	...	22...1 t.	...
Deception	...	...	...	...	20...1 t.	...	17...1	...
Diversity	...	...	...	...	...	...	20...1 t.	...
Manilla	...	...	...	...	...	...	30...1 t.	...
Sister to Gayhurst	...	...	...	...	...	...	25...1 t.	...
Lord Chesterfield's Lot	...	...	...	...	11...2 t.	...	...	...
Lord Egremont's Lot	...	...	...	...	10...1	...	...	...
Lord Exeter's Two	...	...	...	...	...	...	20...1 t.	...
ST. LEGER.								
Belshazzar	11...1 t.	11...1 t.	11...1	11...1	11...1	...	...	...
Rockingham	14...1 t.	15...1 t.	12...1	12...1	12...1	...	...	...
Frankenstein	15...1	13...1 t.	...	13...1	13...1	...	...	...
Muley Moloch	14...1 t.	13...1 t.	...	...	14...1	...	...	...
Glaucus	...	...	...	25...1 t.	18...1 t.	...	...	...
Laurel's Dam	...	...	25...1 t.	...	22...1 t.	...	...	...
Charm	...	...	...	...	25...1 t.	...	...	...
Spider	...	...	...	...	25...1	...	...	...
Forester	...	...	...	25...1 t.	25...1	...	...	...
Revenge	...	...	...	25...1 t.	30...1 t.	...	...	...
Jack Fancet	...	...	...	25...1 t.	...	...	...	...
Trepidation	...	...	22...1 t.	...	22...1 t.	...	...	...
Prince Llewellyn	...	...	...	...	18...1 t.	...	...	...

6000 to 100 against Glaucus winning Derby and Leger, and Liska and Mysinda the Oaks (t.).

TO SUBSCRIBERS, READERS, AND CONTRIBUTORS,

THIS Magazine will in future be published by R. ACKERMANN, Jun. at the ECLIPSE SPORTING GALLERY, 191, REGENT-STREET, where, only, letters and communications for the Editors (post paid) should be addressed. A letter-box is placed in the centre of the window, for the accommodation of Contributors.

The present number concludes the Fourth Volume, and the whole may now be had either bound or in single numbers; and the Proprietors beg to call the attention of the public to this opportunity of commencing a work which the ablest Sporting Writers and the most talented Artists of the day, have combined to render perfect. In order, however, to prevent the accumulation of stock, the Proprietors have resolved not to print more copies than their *next month's* sale amounts to, it is therefore hoped that gentlemen will not fail to lay the foundation of the most complete Sporting Record and Magazine of the Fine Arts that ever was offered to the British Public. All respectable booksellers have parcels sent off on the first of each month, through whom either volumes or single numbers can be procured.

Such Subscribers as have not yet bound their two last volumes, are recommended to have the whole of the Racing Calendar placed at the end of the fourth, after which the Coursing Calendar should come. Our printer, Mr. Spiers, 399, Oxford-street, will be happy to arrange and bind them for any gentleman.

Several favours stand over. Our ignorance of the addresses of the writers, obliges us to adopt this mode of thanking W.C.C. (of Bath) for his paper, which shall appear next month,—also “To-ho,” whose paper shall be reserved for the nearer approach of the season, when we shall be happy to hear from him in continuation of the subject.

A franked letter was sent to the address given by our friend at Falkingham, Lincolnshire on the 28th ult.

A letter was left for Piscator (of Fairford, Gloucestershire) at Messrs. Baldwin and Cradock's, as desired. He will oblige us by letting us know what to do with his M.SS.

The papers of our friend of B—— Hall, near Sudbury, duly came to hand, for which we beg to make our acknowledgements, and to say that they will appear in due season.

We hope to hear from Uncle Toby this month. Will he tell us where a line will reach him?

Mr. Farquharson's b. g. Bacchanal, by Reveller, 4 yrs. old, 8st. 5lb.—J. Day	1	1
Mr. Thewles's ch. g. Pigeon, aged, 8st. 6lb.	2	2
Mr. Reeves's ch. g. Moses, aged, 8st. 9lb.	5	3
Mr. Hopkins's g. g. Blue Ruin, 6 yrs. old, 8st. 6lb.	6	4
Mr. Squibb's b. f. Susanne, 4 yrs. old, 8st. 5lb.	3	dr
Mr. Joyce's b. m. Susan (late Creeping Jane), aged, 8st. 6lb.	4	dr

A HANDICAP STAKES of 5 sovs. each, 2 ft. with 25 added; for the beaten horses (five subs.)—Heats, about a mile and a quarter.

Mr. Biggs's b. c. Pounce, by Merlin, 8st. 5lb.—J. Day	1	1
Mr. Ley's br. c. Varlet, 9st.	2	2
Mr. Squibb's b. f. Susanne, 8st. 6lb.	3	3

WESTERN MEETING.—Ayr.

WEDNESDAY, September 5.—PRODUCE STAKES of 50 sovs. each, 20 ft. for three yr. olds.—Two miles.—Eight subs.

Sir J. Boswell's b. c. Vyvyan, by Canteen, 8st. 2lb.—S. Templeman	1
Mr. W. Alexander's br. f. Ebony, by Jerry, out of Hell Cat, 7st. 12lb.	2

SWEEPSTAKES of 25 sovs. each, 10 ft. with 50 added; for two yrs. old colts, 8st 3lb. and fillies, 8st.—Three quarters of a mile.—Five subs.

Sir J. Boswell's ch. c. Tantalus, by Straitwaist, out of Wilful, by Waxy.—S. Templeman	1
Mr. W. Alexander's b. f. Little-go, by Lottery, out of Hell Cat.	2
Mr. Taylor's b. c. by Grey Walton, out of Grecian Queen	3
Lord Eglinton's Haycock (owner) beat Mr. Campbell's Fair Eliza.—A quarter of a mile.—50.	

The GOLD CUP, value 100 gs. by subscription of 10 gs. each, the surplus in specie.—Two miles.—Thirteen subs.

Sir J. Boswell's b. c. Vyvyan, 3 yrs. old, 7st. 5lb.—J. Robinson	1
Lord Elcho's b. h. Gondolier, 6 yrs. old, 9st. 2lb.	2
Mr. Alexander's ch. c. Cadger, 3 yrs. old, 7st. 3lb.	3
Mr. Ramsay's gr. g. Mr. Bish, 4 yrs. old, 8st. 2lb.; Sir J. Boswell's b. c. Craigmillar, 3 yrs. old, 7st. 3lb.; and Sir D. Blair's br. c. by Epperston, out of Maria, 3 yrs. old, 7st. 5lb; also started, but were not placed.	

PLATE of 70 sovs.—Heats, two miles.

Mr. Ramsay's b. h. Round Robin, by Borodino, 6 yrs. old, 9st. 4lb.—T. Nicholson	1	1
Lord Elcho's b. c. The Flea, 4 yrs. old, 8st. 7st.	2	2
Mr. Dawson's ch. h. Coronation, 5 yrs. 9st. 1lb.	3	3
Lord Eglinton's b. m. Queen Bathsheba, 6 yrs. old, 9st. 4lb.	3	dr
Mr. King's ch. c. Sir James, 4 yrs. old, 8st. 4lb. (fell lame)	dis	
Mr. Montgomery's br. h. Terror, aged, 9st. 4lb. (short of weight)	dis	

SWEEPSTAKES of 5 sovs. each, for horses, &c. not thorough-bred.—One mile and a half.—Four subs.

Lord Eglinton's Lady Susan, 6 yrs. old, 12st. 7lb.—Owner	1
Mr. J. Campbell's b. g. Tallyho, 6 yrs. old, 12st 7lb.	2
Sir J. Boswell names b. f. Violin, by Wallaujah, 4 yrs. old, 11st. 4lb.	3

(Mares and geldings allowed 3lb. for all the Plates, and winners in the present year of 50 sovs. carried 3lb. and of two fifties or a Gold Cup or King's hundred, 5lb. extra.)

THURSDAY, 6.—A SWEEPSTAKES of 5 sovs. each, with 20 gs. added by the Western Meeting, for horses not thorough-bred, that have been hunted not less than three days with any pack of hounds belonging to the three counties

composing the Western Meeting, and bona fide the property of a member of one of the Hunts in those counties or of the Western Meeting; 12st. 7lb. each.—Heats, once round and a distance.—Gentlemen riders.—Eight subs.

Sir J. Boswell's b. m. Meretrix, by Filho, 6 yrs. old.—Owner 2 0 1 1
Lord Eglinton's Paul Pry, by Fitz-Orville, aged 1 0 2 dr

A PLATE of 70 sovs.; for two yr. olds, 5st. 10lb.; three, 7st. 3lb.; four, 8st. 3lb.; five, 8st. 11lb.; six and aged, 9st.—Heats, one mile and a half.

Mr. Montgomery's br. h. Terror, by Magistrate, aged.—Lye - 1 1
Mr. Ramsay's br. f. The Widow, by Epperston, out of Fair Helen, 3 yrs. old 1 3 2

Sir J. Boswell's Mowbray, by Negociator, out of sister to Norton, 3 yrs. old 3 2 3

Mr. Burnet's Miss Dulwich, 4 yrs. old 2 - dr
Mr. W. Dawson's Coronation (late Independent), 5 yrs. old - dr

Lord Eglinton's b. g. Haycock, beat Mr. Campbell's b. m. The Jewel, by Chance, 14st. each.—A quarter of a mile.—50 sovs. to 25.

A SWEEPSTAKES of 10 sovs. each, for horses of any denomination; 14st. each.—A quarter of a mile.—Six subs.

Mr. J. Campbell's Tallyho, by Trissy, 6 yrs. old.—Owner 1
Lord Eglinton's Spadassin, aged 2
Mr. Peacock's b. g. The Major, aged 3

FRIDAY, 7.—A PLATE of 70 sovs.; three yr. olds, 6st. 7lb.; four, 7st. 10lb.; five, 8st. 2lb.; six and aged, 8st. 7lb.—Two-mile heats.

Mr. Ramsay's gr. g. Mr. Bish, by Lottery, 4 yrs. old.—Nicholson 1 - 1
Lord Elcho's The Flea, 4 yrs. old - 1 -

Mr. Peacock's b. g. The Major, aged - 2
Lord Eglinton's Queen of Bathsheba, 6 yrs. old - 2 3

Mr. W. M. Alexander's br. f. Ebony, 3 yrs. old 2 3 dr
Mr. Burnet's Miss Dulwich, 4 yrs. old 3 - dr

Mr. Crawford's b. c. by Trissy, dam by Stamford, 3 yrs. old - dr

The YEOMANRY PLATE of 25 sovs. added to a Sweepstakes of 1 sov. each, for horses adapted to agricultural purposes, and that have not more than one cross of blood; belonging to Non-commissioned Officers and Privates of the Corps in the three counties composing the Western Meeting, not exceeding the proportion of two horses from each troop; 12st. 7lb. each.—Heats, a mile and a half.

Mr. Eaglesham's Viscount, 5 yrs. old 1 2 1
Mr. W. Orr's gr. h. Reformer - 1 2

Mr. Kirkwood's Barney 3 2 3
Mr. G. Douglas's Virginia, 4 yrs. old - dr

Mr. Ronald's b. h. Bennals 2 dis

The Town or Ayr STAKES of 5 sovs. each, with 25 sovs. added by the Town of Ayr; three yr. olds, 7st. 6lb.; four, 8st. 7lb.; five, 9st.; six and aged, 9st. 4lb.; m. and g. allowed 3lb.; a winner during the week to carry 3lb. extra.—Two-mile heats.

Sir J. Boswell's b. c. Craigmillar, by Canteen, 3 yrs. old.—Joseph Robinson 1 1

Mr. W. Alexander's ch. c. Cadger, 3 yrs. old 2 2

Mr. Gibson's Cranberry, 4 yrs. old 4 3

Mr. W. Dawson's Coronation (late Independent), 5 yrs. old 3 4

A HANDICAP of 5 sovs. each, for horses not thorough-bred.—Half a mile.—Five subs.—Was won by Lord Eglinton's Paul Pry, aged, 13st. (owner), beating three others.

Mr. Campbell's br. g. Tallyho beat Mr. Hay's gr. g. by Viscount.—A quarter of a mile.—50 sovs.

BEDFORD.

THURSDAY, September 6.—A SWEEPSTAKES of 20 sovs. each, with 20 added by the Fund, for two yr. olds.—Three quarters of a mile.

Mr. Sowerby's br. f. Tigress, by Skiff, dam by Tiresias, 8st. 4lb.—Mann 1
 Gen. Grosvenor's b. f. by Chateau Margaux, out of Selina, by Delpini, 8st. 4lb. 2
 Mr. W. Edwards's ch. c. by Centaur, out of Problem, 8st. 7lb. 3

His MAJESTY'S PLATE of 100 gs.; for three yr. olds, 7st.; four, 8st. 8lb.; five, 9st. 3lb.; six, 9st. 7lb.; and aged, 9st. 8lb.—Three miles.

Sir M. Wood's br. m. Lucetta, by Reveller, 6 yrs. old.—Robinson 1
 Lord Berners's br. c. by Emilius, out of Rotterdam, 3 yrs. old 2
 Mr. Sowerby's ch. c. Vagrant, 4 yrs. old 3
 Mr. Whitworth's b. c. Peru, 4 yrs. old 4
 Mr. Eden's b. c. by Brother to Interpreter, out of an Arabian mare, 3 yrs. old 5

A SWEEPSTAKES of 50 sovs. each, h. ft. for foals of 1829; colts, 8st. 7lb.; fillies, 8st. 3lb.—Once round and a distance.—Four subs.

Mr. Sowerby's ch. c. Castilian, by Abjer.—Mann 1
 Lord Tavistock's ch. g. Schoolmaster 2
 Mr. G. Roberts's br. f. Miss Eldon, sister to Bad Debt 3

A PURSE of 50 sovs. given by his Grace the Duke of Bedford; for three yrs. old colts, 8st. 7lb. and fillies, 8st. 4lb.; the winner to be sold for 200 sovs. if demanded, &c.—Two miles.

Mr. C. Newman's br. c. Drover, by Partisan.—Bradford 1
 Mr. Sowerby's ch. c. Castilian 2
 Mr. G. Ongley's b. c. Schoolboy 3
 Lord Tavistock's ch. g. Schoolmaster 4

The WOBURN STAKES of 10 sovs. each; the winner to be sold for 400 sovs. if demanded, &c.—Two-mile heats.—Fifteen subs.

Lord Berners's br. h. by Comus, out of Rotterdam, 5 yrs. old, 9st.—
 Boyce 1 3 1
 Lord Clarendon's ch. f. by Reveller, dam by Don Cossack, 3 yrs. old,
 6st. 11lb. 3 1 2
 Mr. Sowerby's ch. c. Vagrant, 4 yrs. old, 8st. 2lb. 2 4 3
 Gen. Grosvenor's b. c. Santillane, 3 yrs. old, 7st. 4 2 4

The COUNTY PLATE of 70 sovs.—Two miles and a half.

Mr. Day's b. f. Salute, by Muley, 3 yrs. old, 6st. 11lb.—E. Edwards 1
 Lord Lowther's b. c. Lazarone, 3 yrs. old, 7st. 3lb. 2
 Mr. Sowerby's bl. h. Coroner, aged, 9st. 7lb. 3
 Mr. Payne's br. f. Corset, 3 yrs. old, 7st. 4lb. 4
 Mr. G. Ongley's b. m. Pandora, 5 yrs. old, 9st. 2lb. 5

FRIDAY, 7.—A SWEEPSTAKES of 5 sovs. each; the winner to be sold for 120 sovs. if demanded, &c.—Heats, once round and a distance.—Eight subs.

Mr. G. Ongley's b. m. Pandora, by Wrangler, 5 yrs. old, 8st. 11lb.—E.
 Edwards 3 1 1
 Lord Grantham names ch. c. Count Robert, 3 yrs. old, 7st. 1 2 2
 Lord Holland names b. f. Chamois, 3 yrs. old, 7st. 2 3 dr
 Lord Ongley names b. f. Henrietta (late Henny), 3 yrs. old, 7st. 4 dr
 Mr. Eden's b. c. by Brother to Interpreter, 3 yrs. old, 7st. 5 dis

The CORPORATION TOWN PLATE of 50 sovs.—Two-mile heats.

Lord Lowther's b. m. Bustle, by Whalebone, 5 yrs. old, 9st. 4lb.—Pavis 5 1 1
 Lord Berners's br. c. by Emilius, out of Rotterdam, 3 yrs. old, 7st. 1 2 2
 Mr. Whitworth's b. c. Peru, 4 yrs. old, 8st. 5lb. 4 3 3
 Gen. Grosvenor's b. c. Santillane, 3 yrs. old, 7st. 7lb. 2 dr
 Mr. Roberts's br. f. Miss Eldon, 3 yrs. old, 6st. 11lb. 3 dr

q 2

A SWEEPSTAKES of 10 sovs. each, for horses not thorough-bred; the winner to be sold for 250 sovs. if demanded, &c.—Gentlemen riders, to be members of a Racing or Fox-hunting Club.—Once round and a distance.—Seven subs.

Mr. Burbidge's b. g. Mantrap, 6 yrs. old, 11st. 10lb.	1
Mr. Brickwell's ch. g. Brunswick, aged, 11st. 12lb.	2
Mr. Browne's br. c. Reform, 3 yrs. old, 9st. 8lb.	3
Captain Radcliffe's gr. m. Lady Betty, 5 yrs. old, 10st. 13lb.	4
Mr. M. Ongley's br. g. Chance, aged, 11st. 7lb.	5
Captain Barton's bl. h. Sailor, 6 yrs. old, 11st. 10lb.	6

LICHFIELD.

TUESDAY, September 11.—A SWEEPSTAKES of 25 sovs. each; for two yrs. old colts, 8st. 3lb. and fillies, 8st.—T.Y.C.—Five subs.

Lord Warwick's br. c. Trepidation, by Centaur.—Calloway	1
Mr. Lacy's b. f. by Chateau Margaux, out of Ludlow's dam	2
Mr. Peel's ch. f. Frenzy	3

The STAFFORDSHIRE STAKES of 25 sovs. each, 10 ft. with 50 added from the City Fund; for three yrs. old colts, 8st. 3lb. and fillies, 8st.—Two miles.—Three subs.

Mr. Beardsworth's b. f. Beauty, by Catton.—Darling	1
Mr. Nanney's bl. f. Kitty Fisher	2

The GOLD CUP, value 100 sovs. by subscriptions of 10 sovs. each, to be paid in specie; three yr. olds, 6st. 8lb.; four, 7st. 12lb.; five, 8st. 6lb.; six and aged, 8st. 12lb.; m. and g. allowed 2lb.—Three miles.—Twelve subs.

Mr. Beardsworth's b. g. Independence, by Filho, or Sherwood, 6 yrs. old.—Darling	0	1
Mr. Giffard's ch. g. Traveller, 4 yrs. old	0	2

PRODUCE MATCH.—Mr. Mott's b. f. Rosalind, by Paulowitz, 8st. 3lb. received from Lord Lichfield's b. f. by Sligo, out of Prue, 8st.—Last mile.—100 sovs. h. ft.

A FREE HANDICAP of 15 sovs. each, 10 ft. for horses, &c. not thorough-bred.—Two-mile heats.—Four subs.

Mr. Mott's br. m. Gazelle, by Muley, 6 yrs. old, 11st. 5lb.—Calloway	1	1
Lord Lichfield's br. g. Brother to Duntor, 4 yrs. old, 11st. 4lb.	2	dr

WEDNESDAY, 12.—The Noblemen and Gentlemen's PLATE of 50 sovs.—Two-mile heats.

Mr. Yates's gr. f. Sylph, by Swap, 4 yrs. old, 8st. 9lb.—Spring	1	1
Mr. Morris's b. m. Gazelle, 6 yrs. old, 9st. 9lb.	3	2
Mr. Beardsworth's b. c. Warwick, 4 yrs. old, 8st. 5lb.	2	dr

HIS MAJESTY'S PLATE of 100 gs.—Two-mile heats.

Mr. Mott's b. c. Clarion, brother to Tarrare, by Catton, 4 yrs. old, 10st. 7lb.—Calloway	1	1
Mr. Sadler's br. g. Jocko, aged, 12st.	2	2

A SWEEPSTAKES of 10 sovs. each, with 50 added by the Members for the City; three yr. olds, 7st.; four, 8st. 4lb.; five, 8st. 10lb.; six and aged, 9st.; m. and g. allowed 2lb.; a winner in the present year once before the day of naming to carry 3lb. twice, 5lb. extra.; the second horse to receive 20 sovs. out of the stakes.—Two-mile heats.—Four subs.

Mr. Painter's b. g. Russell, by Corinthian, 6 yrs. old.—Calloway	1	1
Mr. Beardsworth's b. c. Warwick, 4 yrs. old	3	2
Lord Lichfield's ch. f. by Sligo, out of Ina, 3 yrs. old	2	3

BECCLES.

TUESDAY, September 11.—The GENTLEMEN'S PURSE of 50 sovs.; the winner to be sold for 250 sovs. if demanded, &c.—Heats, two miles and a half.

Mr. G. Edwards's b. c. Crispin, by Lottery, 4 yrs. old, 8st. 11lb.—Owner... 1 1
 Lord Berners's ch. h. Ringleader, 5 yrs. old, 9st. 11lb. (second heat, 9st. 4lb.) 2 2
 Mr. Caldecott's ch. m. Camilla, aged, 9st. 2lb. 3 dr

After the first heat Lord Berners objected to carry the extra weight for winning a King's Plate, on the ground that a walk over was not the same as winning.

A HUNTERS' STAKES of 3 sovs. each, with 10 added.—Heats, twice round.

Mr. Munro's b. g. Atlas, aged, 10st. 10lb.—G. Edwards..... 2 1 1
 Mr. Peirson's b. g. Tristram, aged, 10st. (rider fell)..... 1 2
 Mr. Carr's ch. g. Robin Hood, 5 yrs. old, 10st..... 3 3 dr
 Mr. Peirson's b. g. Cannon-ball, aged, 10st. (Hadley), beat Mr. Duppa's b. m. Gulnare, aged, 11st—50 sovs.

WEDNESDAY, 12.—HANDICAP PLATE of 50 sovs.—Heats, two miles and a half.

Lord Berners's ch. c. by Emilius, out of Spinning Jenny, 3 yrs. old, 8st. 7lb.—West..... 1 1
 Mr. Munro's b. g. Atlas, aged, 10st..... 2 2
 Mr. Peirson's b. g. Cannon-ball, aged, 9st..... 3 3
 Mr. Carr's ch. g. Robin Hood, 5 yrs. old, 8st..... 4 4

A FREE HANDICAP STAKES of 5 sovs. each, with 10 sovs. added.—Heats, once round.

Mr. Smith's bl. g. Smuggler, 6 yrs. old, 9st. 7lb.—West 1 1
 Mr. Peirson's b. g. Young Tristram, aged, 9st. 7lb. 2 dr

Mr. Munro's Atlas received from Mr. Duppa's Gulnare 50 sovs.

MORPETH.

WEDNESDAY, September 12.—The MEMBERS' PLATE of 50 sovs.—Heats, once round and a distance.

Mr. Riddell's ch. c. FAVORI, by Whisker, dam by Eaton, 3 yrs. old, 6st. 12lb.—Gray 1 1
 Mr. Ramsay's gr. c. Brother to Mr. Bish, 3 yrs. old, 6st. 12lb..... 4 2
 Mr. Fleming's ch. m. aged, 8st. 7lb..... 3 3
 Mr. Skipsey's ch. g. Jerry Hawthorn, 4 yrs. old, 8st. 2 dr
 Mr. Attwood's b. c. Florio, 3 yrs. old, 6st. 12lb. (bolted)..... dis
 Mr. Tarleton's b. c. Sparrowhawk, 3 yrs. old, 6st. 12lb. (bolted) dis

SWEEPSTAKES of 5 sovs. each, with 25 added.—Heats, one mile and a half.—Five subs.

Mr. Healey's b. h. Flambeau, by Grey Malton, 6 yrs. old, 8st. 10lb.—Wetherall 2 1 1
 Mr. Francis's b. g. Storm, 6 yrs. old, 8st. 10lb..... 3 2 2
 Mr. Hope's br. c. Whittingham, 3 yrs. old, 6st. 10lb. 1 3 dr
 Mr. Riddell's ch. c. FAVORI, 3 yrs. old, 6st. 10lb. (fell) dis

THURSDAY, 13.—The GENTLEMEN'S PLATE of 50 sovs.—Heats, one mile and a half.

Mr. Healey's b. h. Flambeau, 6 yrs. old, 8st. 10lb.—Wetherall 1 1
 Mr. Ramsay's Brother to Mr. Bish, 3 yrs. old, 6st. 12lb. 3 2
 Mr. Skipsey's b. f. Bounce, 3 yrs. old, 6st. 12lb..... 6 3
 Mr. C. Lister's gr. c. Opifer, 4 yrs. old, 8st. 4 4
 Mr. Bell's b. g. Peacock, 5 yrs. old, 8st. 7lb. 2 5
 Mr. Attwood's b. c. Florio, 3 yrs. old, 6st. 12lb..... 5 6

HUNTERS' STAKES of 5 sovs. each, with 20 added, for horses not thorough-bred.
—Heats, once round and a distance.—Six subs.

Mr. Clark's ch. c. Jerry Hawthorn, by Octavius, 4 yrs. old, 10st. 6lb.—

Wetherall.....	1	4	1
Sir E. Blackett's b. h. Master Syntax, 6 yrs. old, 12st.	4	1	3
Mr. Hedley's br. m. Jessy, aged, 12st.	2	2	2
Mr. Robinson's b. g. Tallyho, 5 yrs. old, 11st. 4lb.	3	3	4

ROTHERHAM.

WEDNESDAY, September 12.—A PLATE of 50l. given by the Town of Sheffield; three yr. olds, 7st. 2lb.; four, 8st. 4lb.; five, 8st. 10lb.; six and aged, 8st. 13lb.; m. and g. allowed 2lb.—Two-mile heats.

Mr. Loy's br. c. Lelevo, by Otho, 3 yrs. old.—Noble	1	1
Mr. Griffith's b. f. by Champignon, 4 yrs. old.....	2	2
Mr. Pratt's b. m. Bumblefoot, aged	3	3
Mr. Haworth's gr. c. The Dancing Master, 3 yrs. old	4	dr

The CAVALRY STAKES of 5 gs. each, with 20 gs. added, for horses not thorough-bred; winners to carry extra.—Heats, one mile.—Six subs.

Mr. Collinson's b. h. by Filho da Puta, aged, 12st.	1	1
Mr. Griffith's bl. h. William the Fourth, aged, 12st.	2	2

THURSDAY, 13.—A HANDICAP STAKES of 14 sovs. each, with 10 sovs. added.
—Three subs.

Mr. Griffith's b. f. by Champignon, 4 yrs. old.—Robinson.....	1	1
Mr. Pratt's b. m. Bumblefoot, aged, 8st. 2lb.	2	2

DORCHESTER.

WEDNESDAY, September 12.—The TRADESMEN'S PLATE of 75 sovs. added to a subscription of 10 sovs. each; for three yr. olds, 6st. 12lb.; four, 8st. 3lb.; five, 8st. 13lb.; six and aged, 9st. 4lb.; horses having won the value of 100l. including their own stake, if any, once in 1832, to carry 5lb., twice or more, 7lb. extra; m. and g. allowed 3lb.; the owner of the second horse to receive back his stake; the winner to be sold for 350l. if demanded, &c.—Heats, about two miles and a quarter.

Mr. Biggs's br. c. Pounce, by Merlin, 3 yrs. old, 6st. 12lb.—S. Day, jun.	3	1	1
Mr. Dilly's b. h. Wassailer, 5 yrs. old, 8st. 13lb.	1	2	2
Mr. Etwall's br. g. Caleb, 4 yrs. old, 8st.	2	3	3
Mr. Tobin's ch. g. Whirlwind received ft. from Mr. Thewles's b. g. Silvertail, 11st. each.—Two miles.—50 sovs.			

The MAIDEN CASTLE STAKES of 7 sovs. each, h. ft, with 20 added by the Ladies.
Heats, a mile and a half.—Eight subs.

Mr. Biggs's ch. h. Little Red Rover, by Tramp, 5 yrs. old, 9st. 7lb.—J. Day ..	1	1
Mr. Taunton's b. h. Coronet, aged, 9st. 1lb.	4	2
Mr. W. Ley's br. h. Omen, aged, 9st. 4lb.	3	3
Mr. Hayward's br. c. Metheglin, 4 yrs. old, 7st. 5lb.	2	dr
Mr. Miles's gr. g. Dwarf, aged, 9st. walked over, and received ft. from Mr. Hayward's br. m. Liska, 5 yrs. old, 8st.—Once round.—50, h. ft.		

THURSDAY, 13.—The DORCHESTER STAKES of 25 sovs. each, 15 ft. and only 5 if declared, &c. with 50l. added.—About two miles and a quarter.—Eleven subs. three of whom paid only 5 sovs. each.

Mr. Taunton's br. f. Frederica, by Sultan, 4 yrs. old, 7st. 12lb.—W. Trenn ...	1	
Mr. Hayward's br. f. Cecilia, 3 yrs. old, 6st. 13lb.	2	
Captain Hobart's ch. h. Cornelian, 6 yrs. old; 8st.	3	
Mr. Taunton's b. h. Coronet, aged, 9st. 3lb.	4	

The YEOMANRY STAKES of 5 sovs. each, with 20 added; the winner to be sold for 150 sovs. if demanded, &c.—Heats, about two miles and a quarter.—Four subs.

Mr. Dilly's b. h. Wassailer, by Reveller, 5 yrs. old, 9st. 3lb.—Cowley 1 1
 Mr. Farquharson's b. g. Bacchanal, 4 yrs. old, 8st. 3lb. 3 2
 Mr. Hopkins's gr. g. Blue Ruin, 6 yrs. old, 9st. 10lb. 2 dr
 Mr. Hopkins's gr. g. Blue Ruin, 6 yrs. old (Cowley), beat Mr. Thewles's ch. h. Pigeon.—A mile and a half.—50 sovs.

HANDICAP SWEEPSTAKES of 5 sovs. each, with 20 added for the beaten horses.—Heats, a mile and a half.—Four subs.

Mr. Taunton's b. h. Coronet, by Catton, aged, 8st. 12lb.—W. Trenn 1 1
 Mr. Hayward's b. c. Metheglin, 4 yrs. old, 7st. 3lb. 2 dr
 Mr. Farquharson's b. g. Bacchanal, 4 yrs. old, 6st. 10lb. 3 dr

LEICESTER.

WEDNESDAY, September 12.—The KING'S PLATE of 100 gs.; for three yr. olds, 7st.; four, 8st. 8lb.; five, 9st. 3lb.; six, 9st. 7lb.; and aged, 9st. 8lb.—Thrice round and a distance.

Mr. Miller's br. h. The Cardinal, by Waxy Pope, 5 yrs. old.—Wright 1
 Mr. Carter's b. f. Anne of Geierstein, 3 yrs. old 2

The BELVOIR STAKES of 5 sovs. each, with 20 added by the Duke of Rutland, for hunters.—Heats, twice round.—Nine subs.

Mr. Whitworth's b. c. Peru, by Catton, 4 yrs. old, 10st. 12lb.—Boyce.. 4 1 1
 Mr. Platel's ch. m. Smyrna, 5 yrs. old, 11st. 7lb. 5 3 2
 Mr. Catlin's br. g. Mantrap, 6 yrs. old, 12st. 5lb. 1 2 dr
 Mr. Hobson's b. g. Midnight, aged, 12st. 2 4 dr
 Mr. Powell's ch. h. Shark, aged, 12st. 3 dr
 Mr. Carter's b. f. Amanda, 4 yrs. old, 10st. 12lb. dis

The YEOMANRY PLATE of 50 sovs. given by Col. Keck and the Officers of the Leicestershire Regiment of Yeomanry Cavalry.—Heats, twice round.

Mr. Stevenson's gr. m. Lady Grey, 5 yrs. old, 12st. 3lb.—Owner. 1 1
 Mr. Sumner's ch. f. Moss Rose, 4 yrs. old, 11st. 10lb. 3 2
 Mr. Moor's br. m. Chance, 5 yrs. old, 12st. 3lb. 2 3

A SWEEPSTAKES of 5 sovs. each, with 50 added.—Heats, twice round.

Mr. Miles's b. h. The Cardinal, 5 yrs. old, 9st. 2lb.—Wright 1 1
 Mr. Tomes's br. h. The Burgess, 6 yrs. old, 9st. 3lb. 3 2
 Mr. Robinson's b. c. Manchester, 4 yrs. old, 8st. 3lb. 2 dr

THURSDAY, 13.—The GOLD CUP of 100 sovs. by subscriptions of 10 sovs. each.—Thrice round, about three miles and a quarter.—Eleven subs.

Lord Berners's br. h. by Comus, out of Rotterdam, 5 yrs. old, 8st. 10lb.—Boyce 1
 Mr. Miles's b. h. The Cardinal, 5 yrs. old, 8st. 13lb. 2
 Mr. b. f. Generous, 3 yrs. old, 6st. 9lb. dis

The QUORN PLATE of 50 sovs. given by the Gentlemen of the Melton Hunt, for horses not thorough-bred.—Heats, twice round, was won, at two heats, by Mr. Hickling's ch. g. 5 yrs. old, 11st. 7lb. beating two others.

The BURGESS'S PURSE of 80 sovs.—Heats, three times round.

Mr. Robinson's b. c. Manchester, by Whisker, 4 yrs. old, 8st. 2lb.—Wright 1 1
 Mr. Burton's b. g. Catlap, by Catton, out of Turnip, 3 yrs. old, 6st. 13lb. 2 2
 Mr. Tomes's br. h. The Burgess, 6 yrs. old, 9st. 5lb. 4 3
 Col. Charritie's br. c. Æneas, 4 yrs. old, 8st. 7lb. 3 dr
 Mr. Carter's b. f. Anne of Geierstein, 3 yrs. old, 6st. 8lb. dis

ABINGDON.

WEDNESDAY, September 12.—A PRODUCE SWEEPSTAKES of 50 sovs. each, h. ft.; colts, 8st. 7lb. and fillies, 8st. 3lb.; untried stallions or mares allowed 3lb.—The last mile.—Six subs.

Mr. Sadler's b. f. Eleanor, by Middleton, walked over.

A HANDICAP SWEEPSTAKES of 25 sovs. each, 15 ft. and only 5 if declared, &c. with 50 added by J. Maberly, Esq.—Twenty subs. six of whom paid the larger and eleven the smaller forfeit.

Mr. Sadler's ch. c. Achilles, by Rubens, 4 yrs. old, 8st. 2lb.—Chapple 1
Mr. Smith's bl. g. Black Will, 6 yrs. old, 7st. 12lb..... 2
Mr. Pryse's ch. h. by his Duplicate, out of Frances, 5 yrs. old, 7st. 12lb. 3

The FOAL STAKES of 50 sovs. each, h. ft.; colts, 8st. 7lb., fillies, 8st. 4lb.—One mile.—Five subs.

Mr. Sadler's b. f. Eleanor, walked over.

The CUP, by subscription of 10 sovs. each, to be paid in specie; the winner to be sold for 500 sovs. if demanded, &c.—Three miles.—Fourteen subs.

Mr. Watts's ch. h. Mazeppa, by Godolphin, 5 yrs. old, 8st. 9lb.—Pavis 1
Capt. Dundas's Honest Robin, 6 yrs. old, 9st. 2

A SWEEPSTAKES of 10 sovs. each, 5 ft. with 25 added by the Town; the winner to be sold for 100 sovs. if demanded, &c.—Heats, the Abingdon Course, one mile and a quarter.—Eight subs.

Mr. Trelawny's Walter, by Whalebone, 4 yrs. old, 8st. 12lb.—Wakefield 4 1 1
Mr. Day's bl. m. Busk, aged, 8st. 12lb..... 1 2 2
Mr. W. Day's b. f. Giantess, 3 yrs. old, 6st. 10lb..... 3 3 dr
Mr. Reeves's bl. g. Black Will, 6 yrs. old, 8st. 12lb. 2 4 dr

A SWEEPSTAKES of 5 sovs. each, with 50 added; for three yr. olds, 7st. 2lb.; four, 8st. 3lb.; five, 8st. 10lb.; six and aged, 9st.; m. and g. allowed 3lb.; a winner of 50 sovs. in 1832 to carry 3lb.; twice, 5lb.; thrice or more, 7lb. extra; a winner of 100 sovs. at one time to be considered as two fifties; horses having started three times in 1832 and not won allowed 3lb.; the winner to be sold for 200 sovs. if demanded, &c.—Heats, the Abingdon Course, about one mile and a quarter.—Five subs.

Mr. I. Day's b. g. Liston, by Ambo, aged.—Pavis..... 4 1 1
Capt. Dundas's ch. h. Honest Robin, 6 yrs. old..... 1 4 dr
Mr. Sadler's ch. m. Device, 6 yrs. old..... 2 2 dr
Mr. Holloway's b. f. Zebra, 3 yrs. old 3 3 dr

THURSDAY, 13.—A SWEEPSTAKES of 5 sovs. each, with 25 added; three yr. olds, 6st. 11lb.; four, 8st. 5lb.; five, 8st. 8lb.; six, 8st. 12lb.; and aged, 9st.; m. and g. allowed 3lb.; horses having started three times in 1832 and not won allowed 3lb.; winners once in 1832 to carry 3lb.; twice, 5lb.; and of a Cup or 100 sovs. in 1832 5lb., if any two, 7lb. extra; the winner to be sold for 300 sovs. &c.—Two miles.—Fourteen subs.

Mr. Day's b. g. Liston, by Ambo, aged.—Pavis 1
Mr. Reeves's b. m. Flora, 6 yrs. old..... 2

A HANDICAP STAKES of 10 sovs. each, with 50 added; the winner to be sold for 400 sovs. if demanded, &c.—One-mile heats.—Six subs.

Mr. Pryse's ch. h. by his Duplicate, out of Frances, 5 yrs. old, 7st. 6lb.
—Wakefield..... 1 5 1
Mr. Sadler's ch. c. Achilles, 4 yrs. old, 8st. 9lb. 5 1 2
Mr. Reeves's bl. g. Black Will, 6 yrs. old, 7st. 9lb..... 4 2 dr
Mr. C. Day's f. by Middleton, out of Zeluca, 3 yrs. old, 6st. 7lb. 2 3 dr
Capt. Dundas's ch. h. Honest Robin, 6 yrs. old, 8st. 9lb. 3 4 dr

A SWEEPSTAKES of 10 sovs. each, 5 ft. with 25 added by the Town; the winner to be sold for 80 sovs. &c.—Heats, the Abingdon Course, starting at the distance, about a mile and a half.—Eight subs.

Mr. Day's bl. m. Busk, by Whalebone, aged, 9st.—Sly	1	1
Mr. Reeves's bl. g. Black Will, 6 yrs. old, 7st. 9lb.	2	2
Mr. Grace's Scraggy Maybank, 5 yrs. old, 7st. 4lb.	3	3

A SWEEPSTAKES of 3 sovs. each, with 50 added by D. and T. Lintall, Esqrs.; three yr. olds, 6st. 12lb.; four, 8st. 2lb.; five, 8st. 9lb.; six, 8st. 12lb.; and aged, 9st.; m. and g. allowed 3lb.; winners once this year to carry 3lb.; twice, 5lb.; thrice, or 100 sovs. at one time, 7lb. extra; horses having started once this year and not won, allowed 3lb. and twice, 5lb.—Heats, the Abingdon Course.—Six subs.

Mr. Sadler's b. f. Eleanor, 3 yrs. old.—Chapple	1	1
Mr. Watts's ch. h. Mazeppa, 5 yrs. old	2	2
Mr. Day's b. g. Liston, aged	3	dr

CARMARTHEN.

WEDNESDAY, Sept. 12.—The CARMARTHENSHIRE STAKES of 20 sovs. each, 10 ft. and only 5 if declared, &c. with 30 added from the Fund; the owner of the second horse to receive back his stake.—Two miles.—Four subs.

Mr. Bowen Davies's b. m. Miller's Maid, late Garlic, aged.—Rickets	1	1
Mr. Henderson's b. h. St. Govins, 5 yrs. old	2	2
Mr. Chambers and Mr. Bristow paid forfeit.		

COUNTY MEMBERS' PLATE.

Mr. Meyrick's b. m. Off-she-goes, by Spectre, 6 yrs. old.—Robson	1	1
Mr. Williams's b. g. Major, 4 yrs. old	2	2
Mr. John's bl. m. Anne, 4 yrs. old	3	dr

THURSDAY, 13.—The DYNEVOR STAKES of 5 sovs. each, with 50l. added, the gift of the Hon. G. R. Trevor.

Mr. Meyrick's b. c. Spaniel, by Whalebone, 4 yrs. old.—Edwards	1	1
Mr. Henderson's b. h. St. Govins, 5 yrs. old	2	2
Mr. Williams's b. g. Major, 4 yrs. old	3	dr
Mr. Stevens's bl. m. Anne, 4 yrs. old	4	dr

A FREE HANDICAP of 5 sovs. each, with 30 added.

Mr. Gough's b. g. Speck, aged, 8st. 5lb.—Moss	3	1	1
Mr. B. Davies's b. m. Miller's Maid, 6 yrs. old, 9st. 6lb.	1	2	dr
Mr. Henderson's b. g. Golden Jerry, 6 yrs. old, 7st. 9lb.	2	3	dr
Mr. Phillips's b. m. Di Vernon, 5 yrs. old, 7st. 9lb.	4	4	dr

D O V O R.

THURSDAY, September 13.—A PLATE of 50l. given by the Corporation of Dovor.—Heats, two miles and a distance.

Mr. Smith's br. f. The Witch, by Whalebone, 4 yrs. old, 8st. 1lb.	4	1	1
Mr. Back's b. m. Ipsala, 4 yrs. old, 8st. 7lb.	1	3	3
Mr. White's ch. m. Matilda, by Whisker, out of Remembrance, 5 yrs. old, 8st. 5lb.	2	2	2
Captain Martyn's b. f. Mistletoe, 4 yrs. old, 8st. 14lb.	3	4	4

N.B. The SWEEPSTAKES did not fill.

A PLATE of 50l.

Mr. Smith's The Witch, 4 yrs. old, 8st. 12lb.	1	1
Mr. White's Matilda, 5 yrs. old, 8st. 6lb.	4	3
Mr. Harriet, 3 yrs. old, 6st. 4lb.	3	3
Captain Martyn's Mistletoe, 4 yrs. old, 8st. 4lb.	2	4

FRIDAY, 14.—The Town and Visitor's Plate of 50l.—Heats, two miles and a distance.

Mr. G. Roberts's ch. f. Zarina, by Middleton, 4 yrs. old, 7st. 13lb.	1	1
Mr. Back's b. m. Ipsala, 5 yrs. old, 8st. 7lb.	2	2
Mr. White's ch. m. Matilda, 5 yrs. old, 8st. 5lb.	3	3
Captain Martyn's b. f. Mistletoe, 4 yrs. old, 8st. 11lb.	4	dr

A HUNTERS' STAKES of 5l. each, with 35l. added from the Fund; the winner to be sold for 100 if demanded, &c.—Heats, two miles and a distance.

Mr. Hadden's br. g. Balloon, aged, 12st.	1	1
Mr. T. T. Hodge's b. g. The Rebellious Radical (late East Sussex), by Robin Hood, 6 yrs. old	2	2
Captain Codrington's b. g. Camel, aged, 11st. 11lb.	3	3

SHREWSBURY.

TUESDAY, Sept. 18.—PRODUCE SWEEPSTAKES of 50 sovs. each, h. ft.; for three yrs. old colts, 8st. 7lb., and fillies, 8st. 4lb.—Once round and a distance.—Four subs.

Lord Westminster's b. f. Stratagem, by Master Henry.—W. Jones	1
Sir T. Stanley's ch. c. by Catton, out of General Mina's dam	2

The SHREWSBURY STAKES of 10 sovs. each, with 20 added by the Race Committee; three yr. olds, 6st. 12lb.; four, 8st. 3lb.; five, 8st. 12lb.; six and aged, 9st. 2lb.; m. and g. allowed 3lb.—Once round and a distance.—Three subs.

Mr. Griffiths's b. h. Thorngrove, by Smolensko, 5 yrs. old, walked over.

The BOROUGH MEMBERS' PLATE of 60 sovs.; for three yr. olds, 6st. 12lb.; four, 8st. 2lb.; five, 8st. 9lb.; six, 8st. 12lb.; and aged, 9st.; m. and g. allowed 3lb.; winners once this year (matches excepted) to carry 3lb.; twice, 5lb.; thrice, or a Royal Plate, 7lb. extra: horses that have started twice this year and not won allowed 3lb.—Heats, twice round and a distance.

Mr. Giffard's ch. m. Kalmia, by Magistrate, 6 yrs. old.—Lear	1	1
Mr. Nanney's b. f. Wedlock, 4 yrs. old	—	2
Sir G. Pigot's ch. h. Cupid, 5 yrs. old	2	—
Sir T. Stanley's b. g. Pedestrian, 5 yrs. old	3	—
Mr. Ogden's b. f. Reform, 4 yrs. old	—	—
Mr. Farlow's b. f. Fair Barbara, 4 yrs. old	—	dr
Mr. Gore's b. c. Ticket, 4 yrs. old	—	dr
Captain Hindle's b. c. Duxbury, 4 yrs. old	—	dis

WEDNESDAY, 19.—The GOLD CUP, in specie, by subscription of 10 sovs. each, with 50 added by the Race Committee; three yr. olds, 6st. 8lb.; four, 7st. 12lb.; five, 8st. 6lb.; six and aged, 8st. 12lb.; m. and g. allowed 2lb.—Three miles.—Thirteen subs.

Mr. Painter's b. g. Russell, by Corinthian, 6 yrs. old.—Arthur	1
Mr. Wheeldon's br. c. Georgiovanni, 4 yrs. old	2
Mr. Mott's b. c. Clarion, 4 yrs. old	3
Mr. Bower's br. c. Sir John, 4 yrs. old; Mr. Gore's b. h. Old Port, 5 yrs. old; Mr. Ogden's b. f. Sarah, 4 yrs. old; and Mr. Griffiths's b. h. Thorngrove, 5 yrs. old; also started, but were not placed.	

COUNTY MEMBERS' PLATE of 60 sovs. for all ages: weights the same as for the Borough Members' Plate, the winner of which carried 5lb. extra.—Heats, twice round and a distance.

Mr. Giffard's ch. m. Kalmia, 6 yrs. old.—Lear	1	1
Mr. Nanney's br. c. Belmont, 4 yrs. old	4	2
Mr. Bower's b. m. Tartarina, 5 yrs. old	3	3
Mr. Gore's b. h. Jasper, 5 yrs. old	2	4

THURSDAY, 20.—His MAJESTY'S PLATE of 100 gs.; four yr. olds, 10st. 7lb.; five, 11st. 7lb.; six, 11st. 12lb.; and aged, 12st.—Twice round and a distance.

Mr. Sadler's br. g. Jocko, by Filho, aged.—Whitehouse	1	
Mr. Wheeldon's br. c. Georgiovanni, 4 yrs. old	2	
The NOBLEMEN and GENTLEMEN'S PURSE of 50 sovs. ; three yr. olds, 7st. ; four, 8st. 5lb. ; f. and g. allowed 2lb. : winners of one Plate this year to carry 3lb. ; two, 5lb. ; three and more, 7lb. extra.—Heats, twice round and a distance.		
Mr. Giffard's ch. g. Traveller, by Tramp, 4 yrs. old.—Lear	1	3 1
Mr. Charlton's b. g. Abelard, 4 yrs. old	—	1 2
Mr. Ogden's b. f. Reform, 4 yrs. old	—	2 3
Mr. Nanney's b. f. Wedlock, 4 yrs. old	—	4 dr
Mr. Gore's b. c. Ticket, 4 yrs. old	2	dr
Sir T. Stanley's bl. c. Eugene Aram, 3 yrs. old	3	dr

GLOUCESTER.

TUESDAY, September 18.—The GLOUCESTER STAKES of 20 sovs. each, h. ft. and only 5 sovs. if declared, with 30 added from the Fund.—Two miles.—Eleven subs. two of whom paid only 5 sovs. each.

Mr. Peel's br. c. Changeling, by Paulowitz or Swap, 4 yrs. old, 7st. 2lb.—Chapple	1	
Mr. Thornes's b. g. Harry, 5 yrs. old, 8st. 12lb.	2	
Mr. Peel's br. g. Lely, 6 yrs. old, 8st. 10lb.	3	

The BEAUFORT STAKES of 5 sovs. each, with 30 added ; three yr. olds, 7st. 7lb. ; four, 8st. 7lb. ; five, 9st. ; six and aged, 9st. 4lb. ; m. and g. allowed 3lb. ; winners once in 1832, before or after naming, to carry 3lb. ; twice, 5lb. ; thrice, 7lb. ; matches and handicaps excepted ; m. and g. allowed 3lb.—Mile heats.

Mr. West's br. g. Trouville, by Rubens, 5 yrs. old.—Wadlow	1	1
Mr. Peel's b. f. Lucy, 3 yrs. old	3	2
Mr. Thornes's b. g. Harry, 5 yrs. old	2	3

WEDNESDAY, 19.—A FREE HANDICAP of 5 sovs. each, with 30 added.—Heats, once round.

Mr. Peel's b. f. Lucy, by Cain, 3 yrs. old, 6st. 12lb.—Chapple	1	2 1
Mr. West's Trouville, 5 yrs. old, 8st. 12lb. (bolted in the first and third heats)	3	1 dis
Mr. Hiron's b. f. Fair Play, 3 yrs. old, 6st. 6lb.	2	dr

The CITY MEMBERS' PLATE of 50l. added to a Sweepstakes of 5 sovs. each.—Two-mile heats.

Mr. Thornes's b. g. Harry, by Master Henry, 5 yrs. old, 8st. 10lb.	3	1 1
Mr. Peel's br. c. Changeling, 4 yrs. old, 8st. 7lb.	1	2 2
Mr. C. Day's b. f. by Middleton, 3 yrs. old, 6st. 12lb.	2	3 3

The YEOMANRY PLATE of 50l. added to a Sweepstakes of 3 sovs. each ; to be ridden by Members of the Corps.—Heats, once round.

Mr. Skey's William Tell, by Tom Thumb	1	1
Mr. Dance names b. g. May-day, by Champignon	2	2
Mr. Walters's b. g. by Figaro (bolted)		dis

ENFIELD.

WEDNESDAY, September 19.—Mr. Lambden's b. g. Avenue, aged, received from Mr. Jones's b. c. by Acorn, 4 yrs. old.—50 sovs. h. ft.

The TOTTENHAM and EDMONTON PLATE of 50 sovs. for horses that never won more than 50 sovs. at any one time ; three yr. olds, 7st. ; four, 8st. 4lb. ; five, 8st. 12lb. ; six and aged, 9st. 4lb. ; m. and g. allowed 3lb. ; the winner to be sold

for 120 sovs. if demanded, &c.; a winner once of a Plate or Stakes value 80 sovs. in the present year to carry 5lb.; twice, 6lb.; and three times, 7lb. extra.—Heats, once round and a distance.

Mr. Ogley's b. c. Schoolboy, by Middleton, 3 yrs. old	1	1
Mr. Smith's ch. f. Ringdove, 4 yrs. old	2	2
Mr. Payne's b. f. Roulette, 3 yrs. old	5	3
Mr. Gardnor's ch. h. King William, 5 yrs. old	4	4
Mr. Robinson's b. g. Brother to Nessus, 5 yrs. old	3	5
Mr. R. Arnold's br. c. The Curate (half-bred), 3 yrs. old	6	6

The Essex and Hertfordshire HUNTERS' STAKES of 5 sovs. each, with 25 added from the Fund, for horses that have been regularly hunted; to carry 11st. 4lb. each; m. and g. allowed 4lb.; a winner once in the present year to carry 5lb., twice, 7lb. extra.—Heats, twice round and a distance.

Mr. Smith's ch. m. Carmine, by Rubens, 5 yrs. old	1	1
Mr. Lambden's b. m. Harriett, aged	2	2
Mr. Baldwin's bl. g. aged	3	3

THURSDAY, 20.—**The WALTHAM ABBEY PLATE** of 50 sovs.; weights and conditions as for the Tottenham and Edmonton Plate, the winner of which carried 5lb. extra, over and above the extra weights; the winner to be sold for 100 sovs. &c.—Heats, twice round and a distance.

Mr. G. Ogley's b. c. Schoolboy, 3 yrs. old	1	1
Mr. Brown's br. c. Reform, 3 yrs. old	2	dr
Mr. Robinson's b. f. Yorkshire Lizzy, 3 yrs. old	3	dr
Mr. R. Arnold's br. c. The Curate, 3 yrs. old	4	dr

The County Members' STAKES of 5 sovs. each, with 25 added from the Fund; weights and conditions as for the Tottenham and Edmonton Plate, except that any horse having started three times in the present year and not won, matches and handicaps excepted, to be allowed 7lb.; a horse having won more than 50 sovs. at any one time to carry 7lb. extra, over and above the extra weights; the winner to be sold for 80 sovs. &c.—Heats, twice round and a distance.—Six subs.

Mr. Messer's ch. f. Ringdove, by Comus, 4 yrs. old	1	1
Mr. Back's b. m. Ipsala, 5 yrs. old	2	2
Mr. Lambden's b. f. Norma, 4 yrs. old	3	3
Mr. Coleman's b. f. Kitty Fisher, 3 yrs. old	4	4
Mr. Brown's br. c. Reform, 3 yrs. old	5	dis

The CRESHUNT STAKES of 5 sovs. each, for beaten horses, with 30 added from the Fund; three yr. olds, 6st. 12lb.; four, 8st. 1lb.; five, 8st. 10lb.; six and aged, 9st. 2lb.; m. and g. allowed 5lb.; extra weights as for the Tottenham and Edmonton Plate; the winner to be sold for 70 sovs. &c.—Heats, twice round and a distance.

Mr. Brown's br. c. Reform, 3 yrs. old	1	2	1
Mr. Back's b. m. Ipsala, 5 yrs. old	2	1	2
Mr. Coleman's b. f. Kitty Fisher, 3 yrs. old	3	4	3
Mr. Lambden's b. m. Harriet, aged	4	3	dr

SOUTHWOLD.

WEDNESDAY, September 19.—**The TOWN PLATE** of 50 sovs.; the winner to be sold for 300 sovs. if demanded, &c.—Heats, twice round and a distance.

Mr. Munro's b. g. Atlas, aged, 8st. 6lb.—Baker	2	1	1
Mr. Mendham's b. g. Smuggler, aged, 8st. 13lb.	1	2	dr
Lord Stradbroke's ch. c. Choaspes, 3 yrs. old, 7st. (lad thrown)	3	dr	

A SWEEPSTAKES of 5 sovs. each, h. ft. with 10 added, for horses not thoroughly bred, and regularly hunted with Norfolk or Suffolk hounds.—Heats, once round.

Mr. Munro's b. g. Atlas, aged, 10st.—Mr. Fenton..... 1
 Mr. Peirson's b. g. Young Tristram, aged, 10st. 2
A HUNTERS' STAKES of 2 sovs. each, with 10 added, for horses not thorough-bred.
 —Heats, once round.

Mr. Peirson's b. g. Old Tristram, aged, 11st. 7lb. 1 1
 Mr. Sewell's b. g. Naughty Tommy, 6 yrs. old, 11st. 11lb. 2 2
 Mr. Wilson's ch. f. Matilda, 4 yrs. old, 9st. 8lb. 3 dr

THURSDAY, 20.—**HANDICAP SWEEPSTAKES** of 1 sov. each, with 5 added.—
 Heats, once round and a distance.—Four subs.

Mr. Peirson's b. g. Cannon Ball, 10st.—Captain Becher 2 3 1 1
 Mr. Mendham's b. g. Smuggler, 10st. 5lb. 3 1 2 2
 Mr. Carr's Whichever-you-Please, 9st. 1 2 3 3

Mr. Peirson's b. g. Young Tristram, beat Mr. Sewell's b. g. Naughty Tommy,
 10st. 7lb. each.—Half a mile.—50 sovs.

Mr. Wilson's ch. f. Matilda, 10st. 7lb. (Captain Becher), beat Mr. Peirson's b. g.
 Old Tristram, 12st. 2lb.—Half a mile.—50 sovs.

OSWESTRY.

TUESDAY, September 25.—**A PRODUCE SWEEPSTAKES** of 50 sovs. each, h. ft.—
 One mile.—Five subs.

Mr. Ormsby Gore's b. c. Agitator, by Waxy Pope, 8st. 7lb.—Lear 1
 Lord Westminster's br. f. Maid of Honour, 8st. 11lb. 2

A PLATE of 50 sovs. for three and four yr. olds.—Two-mile heats.

Mr. E. Yates's gr. f. Sylph, by Swap, 4 yrs. old, 8st. 9lb.—Spring 2 1 1
 Mr. Ormsby Gore's b. c. Ticket, 4 yrs. old, 8st. 2lb. 1 3 3
 Mr. Nanney's b. f. Wedlock, 4 yrs. old, 7st. 13lb. 4 2 2
 Sir T. Stanley's b. f. Miss Lytham, by Brutandorf, 3 yrs. old, 7st. 7lb. 3 dr

WEDNESDAY, 26.—**THE SHROPSHIRE STAKES** of 20 sovs. each, 10 ft. and only
 5 if declared, &c. with 50 added by the innkeepers of Oswestry.—Heats,
 one mile and a half.—Six subs. one of whom paid the larger and three the
 smaller forfeit.

Mr. Palin's b. g. Pluralist, by Ambo, 6 yrs. old, 8st. 7lb.—Lear..... 1 1
 Sir T. Stanley's b. g. Lawrie Todd, 5 yrs. old, 8st. 10lb. 2 dr

A GOLD CUP in specie, by subscriptions of 10 sovs. each.—Two miles and a
 quarter, starting at the turnpike-road.—Eleven subs.

Mr. Mostyn's b. f. Her Highness, by Mosès, 4 yrs. old, 7st. 11lb. walked over.

THE TOWN PLATE of 50 sovs.—Heats, one mile and a half, starting at the Win-
 ning Post.

Mr. Wheeldon's br. c. Georgiovanni, by Filho, 4 yrs. old, 8st. 7lb.—Callo-
 way 1 1

Mr. E. Yates's gr. f. Sylph, 4 yrs. old, 8st. 2lb. 2 2

Mr. Ormsby Gore's b. h. Jasper, 5 yrs. old, 8st. 11lb. 3 3

Mr. Nanney's b. c. Belmont, 4 yrs. old, 8st. 3lb. 4 dr

Mr. Ormsby Gore's b. c. Agitator, 8st. 4lb. received from Mr. Tames's b. f.
 Graceful, 8st. 11lb. both three yr. olds.—50 sovs. h. ft.

A CUP, value 50 sovs. in specie, the gift of Sir W. W. Wynn, Bart., added to a
Handicap Stakes of 5 sovs. each.—Heats, one mile and a half.

Mr. Palin's b. g. Pluralist, 6 yrs. old, 9st. 2lb. 1

Sir T. Stanley's b. g. Lawrie Todd, 5 yrs. old, 8st. 6lb. 2

Mr. Nanney's b. c. Belmont, 4 yrs. old, 7st. 13lb. 3

BRECON.

WEDNESDAY, September 26.—The LADIES' PLATE of 50 sovs.—Two-mile heats.

Mr. Thornes's b. g. Harry, by Master Henry, 5 yrs. old, 9st.—W. Hardy..	1	1
Mr. Peel's br. g. Lely, 5 yrs. old, 8st. 7lb.....	4	2
Mr. Fuller's b. f. Lady Harrington, 3 yrs. old, 7st. 2lb.....	5	3
Mr. Meyrick's b. c. Spaniel, 4 yrs. old, 8st. 9lb.....	2	dr
Mr. Hughes's b. h. Nameless (late Raglanigan), 5 yrs. old, 8st. 10lb.	3	dr

The USE STAKES of 5 sovs. each, with 20 added, for horses not thorough-bred.—Two-mile heats.

Mr. Bailey named ch. m. Dandina, by Pavilion, 5 yrs. old, 8st. 13lb.....	1	1
Mr. Meyrick's b. m. Off-she-Goes, 6 yrs. old, 9st. 6lb.	2	2
Mr. Wood named ch. f. Fanny, by Manfred, 4 yrs. old, 8st. 4lb.....	3	3
Mr. Morgan named b. f. by Master Henry, 4 yrs. old, 8st. 2lb.....	4	4
Mr. Gough's b. g. The Brownie (late Speck), aged, 9st. 13lb.....	5	5

THURSDAY, 27.—The MEMBERS' PLATE of 50 sovs.—Two-mile heats.

Mr. Meyrick's b. c. Spaniel, by Whalebone, 4 yrs. old, 8st. 4lb.—Wakefield	1	1
Mr. Peel's br. c. Changeling, 4 yrs. old, 8st. 4lb.	2	2
Mr. Price's b. m. Miller's Maid, 6 yrs. old, 8st. 11lb.	3	dr

A FREE HANDICAP of 5 sovs. each, with 25 added.—Heats, one mile and a half.

Mr. Meyrick's b. c. Spaniel, 4 yrs. old, 10st. 4lb.—Wakefield	6	1	1
Mr. Gough's br. g. The Brownie, aged, 9st. 3lb.	1	3	4
Mr. Peel's br. g. Lely, 6 yrs. old, 10st.	4	2	2
Mr. Lewis's br. c. Brussel's, 4 yrs. old, 8st.	5	6	3
Mr. Hughes's b. h. Nameless, 6 yrs. old, 9st. 7lb.	3	4	5
Mr. Fuller's b. f. Lady Harrington, 3 yrs. old, 8st. 7lb.	2	5	dr

HASTINGS AND ST. LEONARDS.

WEDNESDAY, September 26.—The LADIES' PLATE of 50 sovs. ; the winner to be sold for 150 sovs. &c.—Heats, twice round and a distance.

Lord Lowther's b. c. Timekeeper, by Smolensko, 4 yrs. old, 9st. 3lb.....	1	1
Mr. Clark's b. g. by Borodino, out of Miss Gift, 4 yrs. old, 8st. 4lb.....	3	2
Mr. Hodges's b. c. Fawn, 4 yrs. old, 8st. 10lb.	2	3
Mr. Rush's b. h. Oatlands, 6 yrs. old, 9st. 8lb.	4	4

THURSDAY, 27.—HUNTERS' STAKES of 5 sovs. each, for horses not thorough-bred, with 15 added ; King's Plate weights.—Was won, at three heats, by Mr. Curteis na. ch. g. Arthur, aged, beating two others.—Seven subs.

The St. LEONARD'S CUP of 50 sovs. ; the winner to be sold for 150 sovs. if demanded, &c.—Heats, twice round and a distance.

Mr. G. Roberts's ch. f. Zarina, by Middleton, 4 yrs. old, 8st. 11lb.....	1	1
Mr. Smith's br. f. The Witch, 4 yrs. old, 8st. 11lb.....	2	2
Mr. T. Hodges's b. c. Fawn, 4 yrs. old, 8st. 10lb.	3	dr

The St. MARY'S CUP of 50 sovs. ; the winner to be sold for 120 sovs. if demanded, &c.—Heats, twice round and a distance.

Mr. Clark's b. g. by Borodino, out of Miss Gift, 4 yrs. old, 8st. 4lb.	1	1
Mr. White's ch. m. Matilda, 5 yrs. old, 9st.	2	2
Sir F. Sykes's br. c. Pumpkin, 3 yrs. old, 8st. 3lb.	3	3
Mr. Rush's b. h. Oatlands, 6 yrs. old, 9st. 8lb.....	4	dr

LINCOLN.

WEDNESDAY, September 26.—**PRODUCE STAKES** of 30 sovs. each, 20 ft. for three yr. olds.—A mile and three quarters.—Four subs.

Mr. Houldsworth's br. f. Clara, by Filho, 7st. 11lb. 1
 Mr. Uppley's b. c. by Catton, out of Camellina, 8st. 2
 Col. King's br. g. Fanatic, Brother to Bessy Bedlam, 8st. 3lb. 3
HIS MAJESTY'S PLATE of 100 gs. for four and five yrs. old mares; four, 8st. 4lb.; five, 9st.—Two-mile heats.

Mr. Hunter's br. m. Volage, by Waverley, 5 yrs. old. 1 1
 Col. King's b. f. Frantic, 4 yrs. old. 2 2

THURSDAY, 27.—**THE CITY PURSE** of 50 sovs. for horses that never won the value of 100 sovs. at any one time; three yr. olds, 7st.; four, 8st. 3lb.; five, 8st. 12lb.; six and aged, 9st.; m. allowed 2lb., g. 3lb.; a winner of one Plate or Stake to carry 3lb., of two, 5lb. extra.—Two-mile heats.

Mr. Hebden's bl. c. Tourist, by Doctor Syntax, 3 yrs. old. 1 1
 Mr. Loy's br. c. Lelevo, 3 yrs. old. 2 2
 Col. King's b. g. Fanatic, 3 yrs. old. — —
 Mr. W. Boulton's br. g. by Filho, 4 yrs. old. — —
 Mr. C. Johnson's ch. m. by Apollo, 6 yrs. old. dis

FRIDAY, 28.—**THE NOBLEMEN AND GENTLEMEN'S SUBSCRIPTION PURSE** of 70 gs.; three yr. olds, 7st. 2lb.; four, 8st. 4lb.; five, 8st. 11lb.; six and aged, 9st.; m. and g. allowed 2lb.; a winner of a Cup or Stake above 100l. during the year to carry 3lb.; of two, 5lb.; of more, 7lb. extra.—Two-mile heats.

Mr. Broenenberg's b. f. Christine, by Figaro, out of Sharpset's dam, 3 yrs. old.—J. Marson, jun. 1 1
 Mr. Hebden's bl. c. Tourist, 3 yrs. old. 2 2
 Mr. Loy's ch. h. Thatcher, 6 yrs. old. — dr
 Dr. Willis's b. g. by Tiresias, dam by Haphazard, 6 yrs. old. — dr
 Col. King's b. f. Frantic, 4 yrs. old. — dr

THE GOLD CUP, by Subscription of 10 sovs. each, the surplus in specie; the second horse to receive back his stake.—Three miles.—Sixteen subs.

Mr. Broenenberg's b. f. Christine, 3 yrs. old, 6st. 4lb.—J. Marson, jun. 1
 Mr. Walker's br. g. Roubilliac, 4 yrs. old, 7st. 11lb. 2
 Mr. Uppley's b. c. by Catton, out of Camellina, 3 yrs. old, 6st. 7lb.; Dr. Willis's b. g. by Tiresias, dam by Haphazard, 6 yrs. old, 9st. 11lb.; and Mr. Houldsworth's br. f. Clara, 3 yrs. old, 6st. 4lb.; also started, but were not placed.

HEATON PARK.

WEDNESDAY, September 26.—**THE STANLEY STAKES** of 10 sovs. each; three yr. olds to carry 9st. 5lb.; four, 10st. 5lb.; five, 10st. 12lb.; six and aged, 11st. 2lb.—A. F.—Ten subs.

Mr. Skipsey's b. c. Physician, by Brutandorf, 3 yrs. old.—Mr. Molony 1
 Mr. Houldsworth's b. f. Circassian, 4 yrs. old. 2
 Lord Sligo's b. c. Westport, 3 yrs. old. 3

Mr. Osbaldeston's b. g. Bilberry, by Hedley, or Manfred, 6 yrs. old, 11st. 11lb. (owner), beat Lord Lichfield's Brother to Dunton, 4 yrs. old, 10st. 10lb.—Two miles.—150 sovs. h. ft.

A GOLD CUP, value 100 sovs. given by Mr. King, added to a subscription of 10 sovs. each; three yr. olds, 9st. 3lb.; four, 10st. 5lb.; five, 11st.; six and aged, 11st. 7lb.; m. and g. allowed 3lb.; a winner of a Cup in 1832 to carry 3lb., of two or more, 5lb. extra.—St. Leger Course.—Ten subs.

Mr. Houldsworth's ch. h. Vanish, by Phantom, aged.—Mr. Kent. 1
 Mr. Osbaldeston's b. f. Lady Elizabeth, 4 yrs. old. 2

- Mr. Sadler's br. g. Jocko, aged 3
 Count Matuschevitz's ch. h. Lawnsleeves, 6 yrs. old 4
- THE GRAND JUNCTION STAKES** of 20 sovs. each, h. ft. for three yrs. old colts, 8st. 7lb. and fillies, 8st. 4lb.—One mile.—Four subs.
- Lord Chesterfield's gr. c. Uncle Bob, by Falcon, out of Sister to Tarrare.—Lord Wilton 1
 Mr. W. C. Hobson's gr. g. Protogenes, by Rubens, out of Maid of the Mill .. 2
- THE HEATON PARK HANDICAP STAKES** of 15 sovs. each, 5 ft. for four yr. olds and upwards.—One mile and a half.—Eighteen subs.
- Mr. Houldsworth's ch. m. Fortitude, by Whisker, 6 yrs. old, 10st. 12lb.—Mr. Kent 1
 Mr. Robinson's b. c. Manchester, 4 yrs. old, 10st. 5lb. 2
 Lord Uxbridge's ch. h. Revolution, 5 yrs. old, 11st. 4lb. 3
 Mr. Ogden's br. f. Sarah, 4 yrs. old, 10st. 5lb. and Mr. Cosby's Sketchbook, 5 yrs. old, 10st.; also started, but were not placed.
- A HANDICAP SWEEPSTAKES** of 10 sovs. each, 5 ft. with 20 added by the Club, for horses not thorough-bred.—Once round.—Seven subs.
- Mr. Griffith's br. g. Tommy Tickle, by Muley, aged, 12st. 2lb.—Mr. Griffith .. 1
 Mr. Milward's b. m. Hippona, 5 yrs. old, 10st. 9lb. 2
 Mr. Osbaldeston's b. g. Bilberry, 6 yrs. old, 11st. 6lb. 3
 Mr. Shingler's b. g. Little John, aged, 11st. and Lord Lichfield's br. c. Dissolution, 3 yrs. old, 9st. 9lb. also started, but were not placed.
- THURSDAY, 27.**—**THE FORESTER STAKES** of 10 sovs. each, for any horse or mare carrying 12st. 7lb.—A. F.—Five subs.
- Mr. Griffith's br. g. Tommy Tickle, aged.—Mr. Griffith 1
 Mr. Day's b. g. Liston, aged 2
 Lord Uxbridge's ch. h. Revolution, 5 yrs. old. 3
- SWEEPSTAKES** of 15 sovs. each, 5 ft. with 25 added; for three yr. olds, 9st. 12lb.; four, 10st. 12lb.; five, 11st. 8lb.; six and aged, 12st.; m. and g. allowed 8lb.; a winner of the Cup or Heaton Park Stakes to carry 7lb. extra.—One mile.—Five subs.
- Mr. Houldsworth's b. f. Circassian, by Sultan, 4 yrs. old.—Mr. Kent 1
 Mr. Osbaldeston's b. f. Lady Elizabeth, 4 yrs. old; Mr. Skipsey's b. c. Physician, 3 yrs. old; and Sir J. Gerard's br. h. Rex, 5 yrs. old; also started, but were not placed.
- A PLATE** of 50 sovs. for maiden horses; three yr. olds, 9st. 8lb.; four, 10st. 5lb.; five, 11st.; six and aged, 11st. 7lb.; m. and g. allowed 8lb.—Once round.
- Mr. Cooke's b. f. Sally Mags, by Catton, 4 yrs. old.—Mr. Kent 1
 Mr. G. O. Smith's b. f. Sally Barlow, 3 yrs. old 2
 Mr. Hoyle's br. f. by Wanderer, 4 yrs. old; Mr. Wheeldon's b. f. by Catton, 3 yrs. old; and Mr. W. M. Stanley's ch. c. Brother to Joceline, 3 yrs. old; also started, but were not placed.
- THE MANCHESTER STAKES** of 15 sovs. each, 5 ft.—One mile and a half.—Five subs.
- Mr. Houldsworth's ch. m. Fortitude, by Whisker, 6 yrs. old, 11st. 2lb.—Mr. Kent 1
 Mr. Cosby's br. h. Donegani, 5 yrs. old, 10st. 5lb. 2
- A HANDICAP SWEEPSTAKES** of 15 sovs. each, 5 ft. with 10 added by the Club, for horses not thorough-bred.—One mile.—Five subs.
- Mr. W. C. Hobson's gr. g. Protogenes, by Rubens, 3 yrs. old, 9st. 9lb.—Mr. Griffith 1
 Mr. Milward's b. m. Hippona, 5 yrs. old, 11st. 6lb. 2
 Mr. Osbaldeston's b. g. Bilberry, 6 yrs. old, 12st. and Lord Lichfield's br. c. Dissolution, 3 yrs. old, 10st. also started, but were not placed.
- A HANDICAP SWEEPSTAKES** of 10 sovs. each, h. ft.; the winner to be sold for 70 sovs. if demanded, &c.—A. F.—Nine subs.

Sir J. Gerard's br. f. Catherine, by Muley, 3 yrs. old, 9st. 4lb.—Mr. Russell 1
 Mr. Cooke's b. f. Sally Maga, 4 yrs. old, 10st. 7lb. 2
 Mr. Day's bl. m. Busk, 6 yrs. old, 11st. 10lb. 3
 Mr. Hobson's gr. c. Opifer, 4 yrs. old, 10st. 6lb.; Mr. Houldsworth na. b. f. Reform, 4 yrs. old, 10st. 4lb.; Mr. Cosby's br. h. Sketchbook, 5 yrs. old, 10st. 3lb.; and Mr. W. Stanley's ch. c. Brother to Joceline, 3 yrs. old, 9st. 9lb.; also started, but were not placed.

FRIDAY, 28.—Mr. Robinson's b. c. Manchester, by Whisker, 4 yrs. old, 10st. 12lb. (Mr. White), beat Lord Uxbridge's ch. h. Revolution, 5 yrs. old, 11st. —Once round.—50 sovs.

Mr. Hobson's gr. c. Opifer, by Jock, 4 yrs. old, 10st. 4lb. (Mr. Kent), beat Mr. G. O. Smith's Sally Barlow, 3 yrs. old, 9st. 4lb.—Three quarters of a mile, —50 sovs.

A GOLD CUP, value 200l. given by the Town of Manchester, added to a Handicap Sweepstakes of 15 sovs. each, 5 ft. the second horse to receive 20 sovs. out of the stake.—St. Leger Course.—Twenty-five subs.

Mr. Chapman's b. h. Perseverance, by Frolic, 6 yrs. old, 11st. 12lb.—Mr. White 1
 Mr. Houldsworth's ch. h. Vanish, aged, 13st. 2
 Mr. Sadler's br. g. Jocko, aged, 12st. 4lb. 3
 Mr. Day's b. g. Liston, aged, 11st. 12lb.; Count Matushevitz's ch. h. Lawnsleeves, 6 yrs. old, 11st. 12lb.; Mr. Griffith's br. g. Tommy Tickle, aged, 11st. 10lb.; Lord Chesterfield's gr. c. Uncle Bob, 3 yrs. old, 10st. 2lb.; Mr. Robinson's b. c. Manchester, 4 yrs. old, 11st. 1lb.; and Mr. Cosby's br. h. Donegani, 5 yrs. old, 10st. 9lb.; also started, but were not placed.

The CLARET HANDICAP STAKES of 15 sovs. each, 5 ft.—One mile.—Seven subs.

Mr. Houldsworth's b. h. Beagle, by Whalebone, 5 yrs. old, 11st. 12lb.—Mr. Kent 1
 Mr. W. C. Hobson's gr. c. Opifer, 4 yrs. old, 10st. 9lb., ... 2

THE STEWARD'S CUP.

Mr. Osbaldeston's b. f. Lady Elizabeth, by Lottery, 4 yrs. old, 11st.—Mr. Osbaldeston 1
 Mr. Chapman's b. h. Perseverance, 6 yrs. old, 12st. 3lb., ... 2
 Mr. Houldsworth's ch. m. Fortitude, 6 yrs. old, 12st.; Mr. Day's b. g. Liston, aged, 11st. 8lb.; and Lord Wilton's ch. m. Clio, 5 yrs. old, 10st. 5lb.; also started, but were not placed.

A FREE HANDICAP of 5 sovs. each, with 25 added by the Club.—One mile.

Mr. Houldsworth's b. f. Circassian, 4 yrs. old, 11st. 6lb.—Mr. Kent 1
 Mr. Day's bl. m. Busk, aged, 11st. 6lb. 2
 Mr. W. C. Hobson's gr. c. Opifer, 4 yrs. old, 10st.; Sir J. Gerard's b. f. Catherine, 3 yrs. old, 9st. 6lb.; and Lord Sligo's b. c. Westport, 3 yrs. old, 9st. 6lb.; also started, but were not placed.

NEWMARKET.—FIRST OCTOBER MEETING.

MONDAY, October 1.—The TRIAL STAKES, a subscription of 10 sovs. each; for three yr. olds, 7st. 7lb.; four, 8st. 9lb.; five, 9st. 2lb.; six and aged, 9st. 6lb.—A. F.—Three subs.

Mr. S. Day's b. f. Salute, by Muley, 3 yrs. old, walked over.

Lord Chesterfield's b. f. Weeper, by Woful, 7st. 13lb. (Conolly), beat Lord Exeter's br. f. Minima, by Sultan, out of Aspasia, both 2 yr. olds, 8st, 5lb.—T.Y.C.—100, h. ft.—2 to 1 on Minima.

Mr. M. Stanley's ch. c. Crutch, by Little John, 8st. 7lb. (Robinson), beat Col. Peel's b. c. Lochinvar, 7st. 6lb. both 4 yr. olds.—T.Y.C.—100, h. ft. 2 to 1 on Crutch.

The Tenth Renewal of the GRAND DUKE MICHAEL STAKES of 50 sovs. each; for colts, 8st. 7lb., and fillies, 8st. 3lb.—A. F.—Fifteen subs.

Mr. Gully's ch. c. Margrave, by Muley.—G. Edwards 1
 Mr. S. Day's b. f. Salute 2
 Lord Exeter's br. f. Galata 3
 Sir M. Wood's ch. c. Count Robinson, and Lord Worcester's ch. c. Copper Captain, also started, but were not placed.
 11 to 8 on Margrave, and 2 to 1 agst. Galata.

TUESDAY, 2.—Lord Chesterfield's b. f. Dirce, by Partisan, 8st. 4lb. (Conolly), beat Lord Mountcharles's b. c. by Buzzard, dam by Orville, out of Epsom Lass (foaled in 1819), 8st. 7lb.—T.Y.C.—200, h. ft.—5 to 4 on Dirce.

Lord Jersey's br. f. Alea, by Whalebone, 8st. 2lb. (Robinson), beat Lord Exeter's ch. c. Bohemian, 7st. 9lb. both 4 yr. olds.—T.M.M.—100, h. ft.
 2 to 1 on Alea.

FIFTY POUNDS, free for any horse, &c.; four yr. olds carrying 7st. 4lb.; five, 8st. 5lb.; six, 8st. 11lb.; and aged, 9st.—B. C.

Sir M. Wood's br. m. Lucetta, by Reveller, 6 yrs. old.—Robinson 1
 Lord Berners's ch. h. Ringleader, 5 yrs. old 2
 5 to 1 on Lucetta.

Sir M. Wood's ch. f. Camarine, by Juniper, 4 yrs. old, 7st. 11lb. received 130 sovs. ft. and the Cup, from Lord Chesterfield's Priam, 5 yrs. old, 8st. 8lb.—B.C.—For the Cup and 200 sovs.

WEDNESDAY, 3.—HANDICAP SWEEPSTAKES of 15 sovs. each, 10 ft. for two yr. olds.—T.Y.C.

Mr. Thornhill's b. f. Enchantment, by Merlin, dam by Phantom, out of Spell, 7st. 12lb. 1
 Mr. Sowerby's b. f. Tigress, 7st. 12lb. 2
 Sir S. Graham's b. c. Emery, by Stainborough, out of Pincushion, 8st. 7lb.; Lord Lichfield's ch. f. Sister to Terry Alt, by Sligo, 8st. 3lb.; Lord Exeter's ch. f. Deception, 8st. 5lb.; Col. Peel's br. f. Frailty, 8st. 11lb.; Mr. Forth's br. f. by Sultan, dam by Woful, out of Holbein's dam, 8st. 11lb.; Mr. Ridsdale's b. f. by Comus, out of Ringdove's dam, 7st. 12lb.; also started, but were not placed.
 4 to 1 agst. Emery, 4 to 1 agst. the Sultan f., 6 to 1 agst. Enchantment, and 6 to 1 agst. Deception.

HANDICAP SWEEPSTAKES of 10 sovs. each.—D.M.

Sir M. Wood's ch. h. Captain Arthur, by Bobadil, 5 yrs. old, 9st.—Robinson 1
 Mr. Wilson's b. c. by Whalebone, out of Silvertail, 3 yrs. old, 6st. 11lb. 2
 Duke of Portland's b. h. Theban, 6 yrs. old, 9st. 2lb.; Mr. Sowerby's bl. h. Coroner, aged, 8st. 12lb.; Sir R. K. Dick's Miss Mary Anne, 3 yrs. old, 7st. 6lb.; Mr. Batson's b. c. Banquet, 3 yrs. old, 7st.; and Lord Orford's Selma c. 3 yrs. old, 6st. 11lb.; also started, but were not placed.
 Lord Verulam's b. c. Vestris, 4 yrs. old, 8st. 12lb.; Lord Warwick's b. f. Water Witch, 4 yrs. old, 8st. 3lb.; Mr. Hunter's c. by Partisan, out of Marrowfat, 3 yrs. old, 7st. 11lb.; and Lord Mountcharles's Blythe, 3 yrs. old, 7st. 4lb. paid. The first three were intended to run, but arrived at the post too late: Water Witch was the favourite.
 5 to 1 agst. the Whalebone colt, 5 to 1 agst. Miss Mary Anne, and 10 to 1 agst. Captain Arthur.

The St. LEGER STAKES of 25 sovs. each; for three yrs. old colts, 8st. 7lb., and fillies, 8st. 4lb.—D.L.—Seventeen subs.

Col. Peel's br. c. Archibald, by Paulowitz.—Pavis 1
 Mr. Gully's ch. c. Margrave 2
 Lord Exeter's ch. c. Beiram 3
 Lord Chesterfield's ch. c. Non Compos 4
 6 to 5 on Margrave, 5 to 2 agst. Beiram, 5 to 1 agst. Archibald, and 10 to 1 agst. Non Compos.

THURSDAY, 4.—The TOWN PLATE of 50*l.*; for three yrs. old colts, 8*st.* 7*lb.* and fillies, 8*st.* 3*lb.*—D. I.

Lord Clarendon's ch. f. Datura, by Reveller, dam by Don Cossack.—J. Day 1
 Sir R. K. Dick's b. f. Miss Mary Anne 2
 Mr. Batson's b. f. Banquet 3
 Mr. J. Wood's Ambrosio 4
 Lord Lowther's b. c. Lazarone 5
 Mr. Sowerby's Castilian 6
 5 to 2 each agst. Datura and Ambrosio, 5 to 1 agst. Lazarone, and 5 to 1 agst. Miss Mary Anne.

Lord Worcester's b. c. Haymaker, by Wrangler, 3 yrs. old, 8*st.* 1*lb.* (Robinson), beat Lord Chesterfield's br. c. Whiskey, 4 yrs. old, 8*st.* 10*lb.*—T. M. M.—50, h. ft.—7 to 4 on Whiskey.

HANDICAP SWEEPSTAKES of 10 sovs. each; the winner to be sold for 200 sovs. if demanded, &c.—T. Y. C.

Lord Chesterfield's b. f. Titania, by Merlin, 4 yrs. old, 8*st.* 5*lb.*—Conolly 1
 Sir S. Graham's Little Fanny, 4 yrs. old, 8*st.* 7*lb.* 2
 Mr. Wagstaff's b. f. Joan d'Arc, 4 yrs. old, 8*st.* 3*lb.* 3
 Sir M. Wood's Count Robinson, 3 yrs. old, 7*st.* 7*lb.* and Mr. Greville's Dryad, 3 yrs. old, 7*st.* 9*lb.* paid.
 5 to 4 on Little Fanny, and 2 to 1 agst. Titania.

The KING'S PLATE of 100 *gs.*; for four yr. olds, carrying 10*st.* 7*lb.*; five, 11*st.* 7*lb.*; six, 11*st.* 12*lb.*; and aged, 12*st.*—R. C.

Sir M. Wood's br. m. Lucetta, 6 yrs. old.—Robinson 1
 Lord Chesterfield's br. c. Whiskey, 4 yrs. old 2
 7 to 2 on Lucetta.

W R E X H A M.

TUESDAY, October 2.—A SWEEPSTAKES of 25 sovs. each, for three yr. olds.—Once round and a distance.—Four subs.

Mr. Nanney's br. c. Captain Wattle, by Champion, 8*st.* 1*lb.*—Templeman 1
 Lord Westminster's b. f. Barcelona, 8*st.* 2*lb.* 2
 Mr. F. R. Price's b. f. Zorilda, 8*st.* 2*lb.*... 3

A GOLD CUP, value 100 sovs. by a subscription of 10 sovs. each, the surplus in specie.—Thrice round.—Fourteen subs.

Mr. Mostyn's b. f. Her Highness, by Moses, 4 yrs. old, 8*st.* 6*lb.*—Templeman 1
 Mr. Nanney's b. h. Penrhos, 5 yrs. old, 8*st.* 10*lb.* 2

A SWEEPSTAKES of 25 sovs. each, for two yr. olds.—Half a mile.

Lord Westminster's br. f. Decoy, by Filho, 8*st.* 3*lb.*—Calloway 1
 Mr. Nanney's ch. c. Ratcatcher, by Langer, out of Rufina, 8*st.* 5*lb.* 2
 Mr. F. R. Price's b. c. The Governor, by Filho, dam by Comus, out of Mayfly's dam, 8*st.* 5*lb.* 3

A PLATE of 50 sovs. the gift of Sir W. W. Wynn, Bart.; three yr. olds, 6*st.* 12*lb.*; four, 8*st.*; five, 8*st.* 10*lb.*; six, 9*st.*; and aged, 9*st.* 2*lb.*; m. and g. allowed 2*lb.*—One-mile heats.

Mr. Giffard's ch. g. Traveller, by Tramp, 4 yrs. old.—Lear - 2 1 1
 Mr. Wheeldon's br. c. Georgiovski, 4 yrs. old - 1 2 2
 Mr. Palin's br. g. Pluralist, 6 yrs. old 1 3 3
 Mr. Nanney's br. c. Captain Wattle, 3 yrs. old 2 - dr
 Sir J. Wilton's b. f. Wastrel, by Catton, 3 yrs. old - dr
 Mr. Gore's b. c. Ticket, 4 yrs. old 3 dr

WEDNESDAY, 3.—The WYNNSTAY STAKES of 25 sovs. each, 10 ft. and only 5 if declared, &c.; the owner of the second horse to receive 15 sovs. out of the Stakes.—Twice round and a distance, starting at the Distance-chair.—Eleven subs. three of whom paid the larger and six the smaller forfeit.

Mr. Giffard's ch. m. Kalmia, by Magistrate, 3 yrs. old, 8st. 9lb.—Lear 1
 Mr. F. R. Price's b. h. Fag, 6 yrs. old, 8st. 5lb. 2

A SWEEPSTAKES of 25 sovs. each, for three yr. olds.—Twice round.

Mr. Nanney's bl. f. Kitty Fisher, by Bravo, 8st. 2lb.—Jones 1
 Lord Westminster's b. f. Stratagem, 8st. 2lb. 2
 Mr. Legh's b. f. Mabooda, 8st. 2lb. 3

THE TOWN PLATE of 50 sovs.—Two-mile heats.

Mr. Giffard's ch. m. Kalmia, 6 yrs. old, 9st. 5lb.—Lear 1 1
 Mr. Wheeldon's br. c. Georgiovski, 4 yrs. old, 8st. 11lb. 2 2
 Mr. Nanney's b. h. Penrhos, 5 yrs. old, 8st. 8lb. 3 3

A HANDICAP STAKES of 10 sovs. each, 5 ft. with 90 added.—Two-mile heats.—
 Five subs.

Sir T. Stanley's b. g. Lawrie Todd, by Whisker, 5 yrs. old, 8st. 5lb.—Tem-
 pleman 1 1
 Mr. Matthews's b. c. Malwa, 4 yrs. old, 7st. 10lb. 2 2

RICHMOND.

TUESDAY, October 2.—THE MEMBERS' PLATE of 50l.—Two-mile heats.

Mr. Brooke's b. f. Maid of Melrose, by Brutandorf, out of Melrose's
 dam, 3 yrs. old, 8st. 2lb.—T. Lye 1 5 1
 Mr. Fox's ch. f. Wallflower, 3 yrs. old, 8st. 2lb. 2 1 3
 Mr. J. Scott's b. f. by Swiss, 3 yrs. old, 8st. 2lb. 5 2 2
 Mr. Wilson's br. f. Laurel-leaf, 3 yrs. old, 8st. 2lb. 2 4 dr
 Mr. Vansittart's c. Sepoy, by Polygar, 3 yrs. old, 8st. 5lb. 4 3 dr
 Mr. G. Robinson's b. c. King William the Fourth (bolted) dis

PRODUCE STAKES of 25 sovs. each, h. ft.; for two yrs. old colts, 8st. 5lb., fillies,
 8st. 2lb.—From the Grey Stone in.—Eight subs.

Mr. Stephenson's b. c. by Blacklock, dam by Whisker, out of Voltaire's dam.
 Johnson 1
 Mr. Jacques's ch. f. by Swiss, out of Comedy 2
 Mr. Whitelock's b. c. All Max 3

WEDNESDAY, 3.—THE GOLD CUP, value 100 sovs. by subscription of 10 sovs.
 each.—Once round and a distance.—Eight subs.

Col. Cradock's ch. h. The Barber, by Figaro, 5 yrs. old, 8st. 9lb.—Jacques. . 1
 Mr. Orde's br. c. Tomboy, 3 yrs. old, 7st. 2
 Mr. Metcalfe's b. f. Myrtle, 3 yrs. old, 6st. 11lb. 3
 Duke of Leeds's ch. m. Jenny Mills, aged, 8st. 6lb. 4
 Duke of Leeds's b. f. Lady Maud, 3 yrs. old, 6st. 11lb. 5

HUNTERS' STAKES of 5 sovs. each, for horses, &c. not thorough-bred.—Heats,
 two miles.—Seven subs.

Mr. C. M. St. Paul's c. The Skipper, walked over.

SWEEPSTAKES of 20 sovs. each; for two yrs. old colts, 8st. 5lb., fillies, 8st. 2lb.
 —From the Grey Stone to the ending.—Five subs.

Mr. J. C. Dundas's br. f. Eve, by Lottery, dam by Walton, out of Stella.—Lye 1
 Mr. Jackson's br. c. by Dr. Syntax 2
 Mr. S. L. Fox's b. c. Larkspur, by Lottery 3

THURSDAY, 4.—THE CORPORATION PLATE of 50l.—Heats, two miles.

Duke of Leeds's ch. m. Jenny Mills, by Whisker, aged, 8st. 9lb.—Johnson 1 1
 Mr. E. H. Bowser's b. g. Barrister, aged, 8st. 10lb. 2 2
 Mr. Wilson's b. f. Laurel-leaf, 3 yrs. old, 8st. 7lb. walked over, and received
 forfeit from Mr. Johnson's b. g. Peacock, 5 yrs. old, 9st. 7lb.—Grey Stone
 in.—25 sovs.

SWEEPSTAKES of 20 sovs. each, for horses of all ages, 11st. each.—Gentlemen riders.—From the Grey Stone in.—Five subs.

Mr. J. C. Dundas's b. m. Haidée, aged.—Mr. Wharton	1
Mr. Hogg's b. m. by Speculation, 4 yrs. old	2
Mr. R. Thompson's ro. m. by Don Juan, 6 yrs. old	3
Mr. A. Thompson's gr. g. Harlequin, 6 yrs. old	4

CHESTERFIELD.

WEDNESDAY, October 3.—A **SWEEPSTAKES** of 10 sovs. each; three yr. olds, 6st. 9lb.; four, 8st.; five, 8st. 10lb.; six and aged, 9st.; m. and g. allowed 3lb.—Two miles.—Nine subs.

Mr. Houldsworth's ch. h. Vanish, by Phantom, aged.—S. Darling	1
Mr. Bower's b. f. Lady Stafford, 3 yrs. old	2
Mr. Painter's b. g. Russell, 6 yrs. old	3

A **MAIDEN PLATE** of 60 gs. given by his Grace the Duke of Devonshire; three yr. olds, 7st. 3lb.; four, 8st. 6lb.; five, 8st. 11lb.; six and aged, 9st. 13lb.; m. and g. allowed 2lb.—Two-mile heats.

Mr. Houldsworth's ch. g. Buffoon, by Comus, 3 yrs. old.—Scaife	1	1
Mr. Martin's b. f. Small Hopes, by Catton, out of Jocko's dam, 3 yrs. old	2	2
Mr. Uppley's b. c. by Catton, out of Camillina, 3 yrs. old	2	3

THURSDAY, 4.—A **SWEEPSTAKES** of 5 sovs. each; three yr. olds, 7st. 2lb.; four, 8st. 4lb.; five, 8st. 12lb.; six and aged, 9st. 2lb.; m. and g. allowed 2lb.—Once round and a distance.—Fourteen subs.

Mr. Bower's b. f. Lady Stafford, by Comus, 3 yrs. old.—Jones	1
Mr. Painter's b. g. Russell, 6 yrs. old	2
Mr. Houldsworth's b. f. Circassian, 4 yrs. old	3

The **Noblemen and Gentlemen's PURSE** of 60 sovs.; three yr. olds, 6st. 11lb.; four, 8st.; five, 8st. 9lb.; six and aged, 9st.; m. and g. allowed 2lb.; horses not having this year won plate, match, or sweepstakes, and started twice, allowed 3lb.; and winners this year of one plate, match, or sweepstakes, to carry 3lb.; of two, 5lb.; and of three, or a King's Plate, 7lb. extra.—Two-mile heats.

Mr. Houldsworth's ch. h. Vanish, aged.—Darling	1	1
Mr. Bower's b. m. Tartarina, 5 yrs. old	-	2
Mr. Loy's ch. h. Thatcher, 6 yrs. old	2	-
Sir G. Sitwell's br. g. Brielle, 6 yrs. old		dis

NEWMARKET.—SECOND OCTOBER MEETING.

MONDAY, October 15.—Mr. Henry's ch. f. Deva, by Partisan, out of Rivulet (G. Edwards), beat Mr. Osbaldeston's b. f. by Partisan, out of Scheme, 8st. 7lb. each.—T.Y.C.—100, h. ft.—2 to 1 on Deva.

The **GARDEN STAKES** of 100 sovs. each.—T.M.M.

Mr. Scott Stonehewer's Variation, by Bustard, 5 yrs. old, 8st. 9lb.—Robinson	1
Mr. Cooper's br. c. Sluggard, 3 yrs. old, 6st. 5lb.	2
Mr. Chifney's b. h. Kean, 6 yrs. old, 6st. 10lb.	3
Mr. Greville's Marcus, 4 yrs. old, 7st. 8lb.	4

Col. Peel's Archibald, 3 yrs. old, 7st. 4lb. paid.

7 to 4 agst. Kean, 2 to 1 agst. Variation, and 2 to 1 agst. Sluggard.

Mr. M. Stanley's ch. c. Crutch, by Little John, 4 yrs. old, 8st. 9lb. (Wright), beat Lord Worcester's Carthago, aged, 8st. 2lb.—T.Y.C.—100, h. ft. 6 to 5 on Crutch.

SWEEPSTAKES of 50 sovs. each.—R. M.

Mr. Henry's b. f. Margaret, by Wrangler, 3 yrs. old, 7st.—Pavis.....	1
Lord Orford's br. f. Naiad, 4 yrs. old, 7st. 13lb.	2
Duke of Grafton's b. f. Oxygen, 4 yrs. old, 8st. 9lb.	3
5 to 4 each agst. Margaret and Oxygen.	

SWEEPSTAKES of 100 sovs. each, for fillies, three yr. olds, 8st. 4lb.—D. I.—
Five subs.

Mr. Mills's b. f. Kate, by Lapdog.—Arnall	1
Mr. Ridsdale's b. f. Fedora	2
Lord Orford's b. f. Petulance, by Partisan, out of Stays	3
Mr. Rogers's ch. f. Mersey, by Partisan, out of Rivulet	4
5 to 4 agst. Kate, 3 to 1 agst. Petulance, 7 to 2 agst. Fedora.	

Lord Chesterfield's bl. f. Olga, by Paulowitz, 8st. 2lb. received forfeit from Lord Worcester's Copper Captain, 8st. 7lb.—T.Y.C.—100, h. ft.

Lord Exeter's ch. c. Spencer, by Sultan, received 60 sovs. from Sir M. Wood's Count Robinson, 8st. 7lb. each.—D.M.—200, h. ft.

TUESDAY, 16.—(First Class).—FIFTY POUNDS, for two yrs. old colts, 8st. 4lb., and fillies, 8st. 2lb.—T.Y.C.

Lord Exeter's br. f. Minima, by Sultan, out of Aspasia.—Arnall	1
Duke of Grafton's br. c. Emir	2
Lord Berners's ch. c. by Oscar, out of Tippitywitchet	3
Mr. W. Edward's c. by Centaur, out of Problem; Mr. Lane's b. f. by Woful, out of sister to Rob Roy; Lord Lowther's b. f. by Truffle, out of Bizarre; Mr. Forth's b. f. by Longwaist, out of Lacerta; Gen. Grosvenor's ch. f. Mountain Maid, by Zealot, out of Ynysmaengwyn, by Fitzjames; and Lord Orford's ch. c. by Dunsinane, out of Sister to Romana (foaled in 1814); also started, but were not placed.	

7 to 4 agst. Minima, 4 to 1 agst. Tippitywitchet, and 6 to 1 agst. Emir.

HANDICAP SWEEPSTAKES of 10 sovs. each, for three yr. olds and upwards.—T.Y.C.

Mr. Greville's b. f. Dryad, by Whalebone, 3 yrs. old, 8st.—Pavis.....	1
Mr. Cooke's b. c. Herrier, 3 yrs. old, 8st. 6lb.	2
Mr. Chifney's ch. f. Emiliana, 3 yrs. old, 8st. 7lb.; Sir S. Graham's b. f. Little Fanny, 4 yrs. old, 8st. 4lb.; Mr. Forth's b. c. by Whisker, out of Scandal, 3 yrs. old, 7st. 13lb.; Lord Chesterfield's bl. f. Olga, 3 yrs. old, 7st. 12lb.; and Lord Verulam's ch. c. by Truffle, out of Tredrille, 3 yrs. old, 7st. 6lb. also started, but were not placed.	

Mr. T. Wood's Ambrosio, 3 yrs. old, 8st. 2lb. paid.

2 to 1 agst. Dryad, 5 to 2 agst. Little Fanny, and 4 to 1 agst. Emiliana.

(Second Class).—FIFTY POUNDS, for two yrs. old colts, 8st. 4lb., and fillies, 8st. 2lb.—T.Y.C.

Mr. Henry's ch. f. Deva.—G. Edwards.....	1
Col. Peel's ch. c. by Bedlamite, dam by Cesario, grandam by Sir Solomon, out of twin sister to Lilliputian	2
Lord Lichfield's ch. f. Sister to Terry Alt	3
Mr. Sowerby's ch. c. Catalonian	4
Mr. J. Perren's b. c. by Spinaway, out of Jour des Noces' dam; Sir M. Wood's b. f. by Partisan, out of Fawn; and Mr. Thornhill's Enchantment, also started, but were not placed.	

2 to 1 agst. Fawn, 3 to 1 agst. Enchantment, and 7 to 1 agst. Deva.

Col. Peel's Lochinvar, by Swap, 8st. 7lb. (Pavis), beat Mr. Greville's Dryad, 7st. 9lb.—T.Y.C.—100, h. ft.—11 to 10 on Lochinvar.

Renewal of the CLEARWELL STAKES of 30 sovs. each, 20 ft.; for two yrs. old colts, 8st. 6lb., and fillies, 8st. 3lb.; the winner of the July Stakes to carry 7lb. extra.—Forty-two subs.

Lord Orford's gr. c. by Jerry, out of Lisette.—Boyce..... 1

Col. Peel's ch. c. Nonsense, brother to Non Compos 2
 Lord Exeter's b. c. by Sultan, out of Dahlia's dam 3
 Mr. Cooke's ch. f. Tarantella, by Tramp, out of Katharine; Lord Chesterfield's
 b. f. Dirce; Duke of Grafton's b. f. Octave, sister to Oxygen; Lord Jersey's ch.
 c. Janissary, by Partisan, out of Maid of Kent; Mr. Frewen's ch. f. Solitaire,
 by Emilius, her dam, Selina, by Nicolo, out of Suffolk Punch's dam; Mr. Dilly's
 b. f. Temperance, by Lapdog, out of Sentiment; Mr. Forth's b. f. by Muley, out
 of Clare; Sir M. Wood's br. f. by Muley, out of Miss Wasp; Mr. Sowerby's b.
 or br. f. Digress; Sir S. Graham's b. c. Emery; Col. Peel's b. f. Malibran, by
 Whisker, out of Garcia; Mr. Ridsdale's ch. c. Emperor, by Figaro, out of Prin-
 cess; and Mr. Dilly's gr. c. Wonford; also started, but were not placed.
 3 to 1 agst. the winner, 9 to 2 agst. Tarantella, 6 to 1 agst. Dahlia colt, 8 to 1
 agst. Dirce, 9 to 1 agst. Nonsense, and 10 to 1 agst. Emperor.

On this day Sir Mark Wood challenged for the Whip and named Camarine,
 4 yrs. old. The challenge not having been accepted within the time allowed, the
 Whip will be resigned to Sir Mark Wood.

WEDNESDAY, 17.—Third Year of the Renewal of the OATLAND'S STAKES of
 30 sovs. each, for horses of all ages, two yr. olds excepted.—B. M.

Lord Lowther's b. c. Messenger, by Partisan, 3 yrs. old, 7st. 5lb.—Chapple.. 1
 Mr. Gully's b. f. Ladyfly, 3 yrs. old, 7st. 6lb. 2
 Mr. Yates's Gab, 4 yrs. old, 8st. 5lb. 3
 Mr. Batson's b. c. Mixbury, 3 yrs. old, 8st. 2lb. 4
 Lord Chesterfield's ch. c. Non Compos, 3 yrs. old, 8st. 2lb. 5
 Duke of Richmond's Gondolier, 5 yrs. old, 9st. 4lb. 6

The following having declared forfeit by the time prescribed paid only 5 sovs.
 each:—Lord Tavistock's Taurus, 6 yrs. old, 9st. 12lb.; Mr. Beardsworth's
 Ludlow, 3 yrs. old, 9st. 2lb.; Mr. Wood's Ambrosio, 3 yrs. old, 8st.; Mr.
 Hunter's gr. c. by Gustavus, out of Young Pipylina, 3 yrs. old, 7st.

Lord Exeter, Lord Burlington, and Lord Orford, who did not name.
 4 to 1 agst. Mixbury, 4 to 1 agst. Non Compos, 9 to 2 agst. Gondolier, 9 to 2
 agst. Messenger, 6 to 1 agst. Ladyfly, and 10 to 1 agst. Gab.

**SWEEPSTAKES of 200 sovs. each, h. ft.; for two yrs. old colts, 8st. 5lb., and fillies
 8st. 2lb.—T.Y.C.—Six subs.**

Duke of Grafton's b. c. Divan, by Sultan, out of Dervise's dam.—J. Day 1
 Lord Exeter's b. f. Sister to Green Mantle. 2
 Lord Chesterfield's br. c. Elvaston, by Sultan, out of Piquet. 3
 Lord Verulam's b. c. by Sultan, out of Tredrille 4
 5 to 4 on Divan, 3 to 1 agst. Tredrille, 4 to 1 agst. Sister to Green Mantle.

SWEEPSTAKES of 50 sovs. each; for fillies, 8st. 7lb.—D.M.—Four subs.

Lord Exeter's br. f. Galata, by Sultan.—Arnall 1
 Mr. Gully's b. f. Salute. 2
 2 to 1 on Galata.

Mr. Thornhill's ch. f. Farce, by Swiss, 8st. 13lb. received forfeit from Lord Wor-
 ceaster's Copper Captain, 8st. 11lb.—T.Y.C.—100, h. ft.

THURSDAY, 18.—Mr. M. Stanley's b. c. Blythe, by Catton, 8st. 6lb. (Wright),
 beat Sir M. Wood's ch. c. Count Robinson, 8st. 7lb.—T.Y.C.—100, h. ft.
 2 to 1 on Blythe.

HANDICAP SWEEPSTAKES of 10 sovs. each, for three, four, and five yr. olds.—D.M

Mr. Wilson's b. c. Argent, by Whalebone, out of Silvertail, 3 yrs. old, 8st.—
 Chapple 1
 Mr. Wood's ch. c. Ambrosio, 3 yrs. old, 8st. 7lb. 2
 Lord Tavistock's br. g. Pedro, 4 yrs. old, 8st. 3lb. 3
 Mr. Forth's Gratis, 3 yrs. old, 8st. 3lb., and Lord Jersey's Fingal, 3 yrs. old,
 7st. 13lb. paid.

6 to 4 on Ambrosio, and 7 to 4 agst. Argent.

THE TOWN PLATE of 50*l.*; for three yr. olds, 7*st.* 4*lb.*; four, 8*st.* 4*lb.*; five, 8*st.* 11*lb.*; six, 9*st.* 11*lb.*; and aged, 9*st.* 4*lb.*; with this condition, that the winner was to be sold for 200 sovs. if demanded, &c.—T.M.M.

Mr. N. Newman's b. c. Drover, by Partisan, 3 yrs. old.—Pavis 1
 Mr. Cooke's Herrier, 3 yrs. old 2
 Lord Exeter's Bohemian, 4 yrs. old 3
 Lord Berners's ch. f. by Merlin, out of Black Daphne, 3 yrs. old 4
 Gen. Grosvenor's b. c. Santillane, 3 yrs. old 5

There was a false start for this race, when Herrier was left behind; the other four, with Mr. Ridesdale's Fedora, ran the Course through, Drover coming in first and Bohemian second.

6 to 4 agst. Drover, 9 to 2 each agst. Fedora and Santillane, 5 to 1 agst. Herrier, 8 to 1 agst. Bohemian; after the false start, 5 to 1 on Drover.

HANDICAP PLATE of 100*l.* for four, five, six yr. olds, and aged horses.—A.F.

Lord Tavistock's Taurus, by Phantom, or Morisco, 6 yrs. old, 9*st.* 3*lb.*—Robinson 1
 Lord Warwick's b. f. Water Witch, 4 yrs. old, 8*st.* 3*lb.* 2
 Duke of Portland's br. h. Theban, 6 yrs. old, 8*st.* 12*lb.* 3
 Mr. Henry's gr. c. Protocol, 4 yrs. old, 8*st.* 7*lb.* 4
 6 to 4 on Taurus, 4 to 1 each agst. Water Witch and Theban.

Mr. Thornhill's Farce, 8*st.* 2*lb.* received forfeit from the Duke of Portland's Theban, 9*st.*—T.Y.C.—100, h. ft.

FRIDAY, 19.—Renewal of the **PRENDERGAST STAKES** of 50 sovs. each, h. ft.; for two yrs. old colts, 8*st.* 5*lb.*, and fillies, 8*st.* 3*lb.*—T.Y.C.—Thirty subs.

Gen. Grosvenor's b. c. Glaucus, by Partisan.—J. Day 1
 Sir S. Graham's b. c. Jason 2
 Lord Chesterfield's br. f. Dirce 3
 Lord Exeter's b. c. Brother to Beiram, by Sultan 4
 Lord Exeter's b. f. by Sultan, out of Dulcinea 5
 Sir M. Wood's b. f. by Partisan, out of Pawn 6
 6 to 4 agst. Glaucus, 5 to 2 agst. Dirce, 7 to 2 agst. Jason.

Mr. Thornhill's Farce, 7*st.* received forfeit from Lord Worcester's Carthago, 8*st.* 10*lb.*—T.Y.C.—100, h. ft.

Lord Exeter's Beiram, 8*st.* 7*lb.* received forfeit from Lord Chesterfield's Non Compos, 8*st.* 5*lb.*—D.M.—200, h. ft.

EPSOM.—OCTOBER MEETING.

WEDNESDAY, October 10.—The **EPSOM PLATE** of 50 sovs.; three yr. olds, 7*st.*; four, 8*st.* 3*lb.*; five, 8*st.* 10*lb.*; six and aged, 9*st.*; m. and g. allowed 3*lb.*; the winner to be sold for 150 sovs. if demanded, &c.—Two-mile heats.

Mr. Theobald's b. f. Gretna Green, by Whalebone, 3 yrs. old.—N. Farrall 1 1
 Lord Lowther's b. c. Timekeeper, 4 yrs. old 2
 Mr. Kent's f. by Sultan, out of Antiope, 3 yrs. old 2
 Mr. Forth's c. by Partisan, out of Shortwaist, 3 yrs. old; Mr. Roberts's Zarina, 4 yrs. old; Mr. Shackell's b. h. Hindoo, 6 yrs. old; Mr. Gardnor's bl. f. Ida, 4 yrs. old; and Sir G. Heathcote's b. c. Ferdousi, 4 yrs. old; also started, but were not placed.

SWEEPSTAKES of 20 sovs. each, h. ft.; for two yrs. old colts, 8*st.* 7*lb.*, and fillies, 8*st.* 3*lb.*; winners to carry 3*lb.* extra.—Last half mile.—Three subs.

Mr. Ley's Partiality, by Middleton.—Pavis 1
 Sir G. Heathcote's ch. c. by Blacklock, out of Jane, by Moses 2

A SWEEPSTAKES of 3 sovs. each, with 35 added from the fund; three yr. olds, 7*st.*; four, 8*st.* 3*lb.*; five, 8*st.* 10*lb.*; six and aged, 9*st.*; m. and g. allowed 3*lb.*; the winner to be sold for 100 sovs. if demanded, &c.; the owner of the second horse to receive back his stake.—One-mile heats.—Fourteen subs.

Mr. Whitshire's b. h. Wassail, by Reveller, 5 yrs. old.—Cowley 0 1 1
 Mr. Thomas's ch. g. Blinker, 6 yrs. old 0 2 -
 Duke of Richmond's gr. c. Caçador, 3 yrs. old - - 2
 Sir G. Heathcote's b. c. Ferdousi, 4 yrs. old; Mr. Watson's Miss Fidget, aged;
 Mr. Pocock's b. m. Chance, aged; Mr. Balchin's ch. f. Pamela, 3 yrs. old; Mr.
 Roberts's ch. f. Zarina, 4 yrs. old; Mr. Hayward's b. c. Metheglin, 4 yrs. old;
 and Mr. Shackel's b. h. Hindoo, 6 yrs. old; also started, but were not placed.

THURSDAY, 11.—PRODUCE STAKES of 30 sovs. each, h. ft. for two yr. olds.—
 Three quarters of a mile.—Three subs.

Sir G. Heathcote's ch. c. Samartand, by Blacklock, out of Jane, by Moses,
 8st. 4lb.—Buckle 1
 Mr. Lawrence's f. by Phantom, out of Miss Skim, 8st. 4lb. 2

SWEPTAKES of 10 sovs. each, with 25 added; for three yr. olds, 7st. 4lb.; four,
 8st. 5lb.; five, 8st. 11lb.; six and aged, 9st.; m. and g. allowed 9lb.—Derby
 Course.

Mr. Theobald's b. f. Gistus Green, 3 yrs. old.—N. Farrall 1
 Mr. Smith's b. f. The Witch, 4 yrs. old, 8st. 2lb. 2
 Sir G. Heathcote's ch. f. Stately, 3 yrs. old 3
 Mr. W. Watson's b. m. Miss Fidget, aged 4

A SWEPTAKES of 3 sovs. each, with 35 added; three yrs. old, 7st.; four, 8st.
 3lb.; five, 8st. 10lb.; six and aged, 9st.; m. and g. allowed 9lb.; the winner
 to be sold for 80 sovs. if demanded, &c.—Heats, one mile.

Mr. Forth's gr. f. by Middleton, out of Jest, 3 yrs. old.—N. Farrall - - 1 1
 Mr. Jones's ch. g. named as by Rubens, out of Zuleika, 4 yrs. old. - 1 - 2
 Mr. Whitshire's b. h. Wassail, 5 yrs. old 2 - 2 3
 Mr. Hayward's b. c. Metheglin, 4 yrs. old - 2 - dr
 Mr. Gardner's ch. h. King William, 5 yrs. old (broke down) 1 dr

Mr. Messer's ch. f. Ringdove, 4 yrs. old; Mr. Cosby's br. f. Giantess, 3 yrs.
 old; Mr. Back's br. f. Ipsala, 5 yrs. old; Mr. Shackel's Pumpkin, 3 yrs. old;
 Mr. Kent's b. f. by Sultan, out of Antiope, 3 yrs. old; Mr. Pearce's Grasshopper,
 Mr. White's ch. m. Matilda, 5 yrs. old; Mr. Rush's b. h. Oatlands, 6 yrs. old;
 Mr. Pocock's b. m. Chance, aged; and Mr. Brown's b. c. Pawn, 4 yrs. old; also
 started, but were not placed.

It is a rule of racing that when three horses have each won a heat, they alone
 can start for the fourth; according to this, King William, the Rubens horse; and
 Jest filly, had alone a right to start. The owner of Wassail, however, having
 objected to Mr. Jones's horse, on the ground that he was incorrectly named,
 claimed a right to start Wassail as the winner of the third heat.

NOTTINGHAM.

WEDNESDAY, October 10.—A SWEPTAKES of 50 sovs. each, h. ft.; solds
 8st. 3lb.; fillies, 8st.—One mile and three quarters.—Five subs.

Mr. Beardsworth's br. c. Wolverhampton, by Abjer, walked over.

The SHERWOOD STAKES of 30 sovs. each, h. ft.; for three yrs. old colts, 8st. 7lb.,
 and fillies, 8st. 4lb.—Once round and a distance.—Three subs.

Mr. Houldsworth's ch. c. Trident, by Whisker, walked over.

A GOLD CUP or Piece of Plate, value 100 sovs. by subscriptions of 10 sovs. each,
 the surplus to be paid to the winner.—Two miles and a half.—Fifteen subs.

Mr. Beardsworth's b. g. Independence, by Filho, or Sherwood, aged, 8st. 12lb.
 —Calloway 1

Mr. Houldsworth's br. c. Contest, 4 yrs. old, 8st. 3lb. 2

A PLATE of 60 sovs. given by the Town of Nottingham and the Members for the
 Town, for horses that never won; the owner of the second horse to receive
 10 sovs.—Heats, two miles and a half.

Mr. Houldsworth's ch. f. Lady Barbara, by Catton, 3 yrs. old, 6st. 12lb.—
 Scaife 1 1

Mr. Platel's ch. m. by Smyrna, 6 yrs. old, 8st. 6lb. 2 2

The MACCARONI STAKES of 20 gs. each, h. ft.—Gentlemen riders.—Two miles and a half.—Six subs.

Mr. Sadler's br. g. Jocko, by Filho, aged, 12st. 5lb. walked over.

THURSDAY, 11.—SWEEPSTAKES of 30 sovs. each, 20 ft. for two yrs. old colts, 8st. 5lb., and fillies, 8st. 2lb.—T.Y.C.—About half a mile.—Five subs.

Mr. Lacey's b. f. Moselle, by Chateau Margaux, out of Ludlow's dam.—Lear 1
Mr. Walker's gr. f. Augusta..... 2
Mr. Houldsworth's b. c. Hawk 3

SWEEPSTAKES of 50 sovs. each, h. ft. for foals of 1829; colts, 8st. 7lb., fillies, 8st. 4lb.—Once round and a distance.—Four subs.

Mr. Houldsworth's b. c. David, by Catton, walked over.

The YEOMANRY CAVALRY PLATE of 50 sovs. given by the Right Hon. Lord Middleton, was won, at two heats, by Mr. Barlow's b.m. aged, 12st. beating four others.

The NOBLEMEN and GENTLEMEN'S PLATE of 50 sovs.; the owner of the second horse to receive 10 sovs.—Heats, two miles and a half.

Mr. Houldsworth's b. f. Circassian, by Sultan, 4 yrs. old, 8st. 8lb. 2 1 1
Mr. Hebden's bl. c. Tourist, 3 yrs. old, 7st. 7lb. 1 2 2

FRIDAY, 12.—Mr. Clarke's b. m. Matilda, beat Mr. Catlin's ch. m. Doubtful, 8st. each.—Two miles.—50 sovs.

The CHESTERFIELD STAKES of 25 sovs. each, 15 ft. and only 5 if declared, &c.—Two miles.—Five subs. three of whom paid only 5 sovs. each.

Mr. Houldsworth's b. h. Beagle, by Whalebone, 5 yrs. old, 8st. 10lb. 1
Mr. Walker's br. g. Roubilliac, 4 yrs. old, 8st. 1lb. 2

A SWEEPSTAKES of 30 sovs. each, 20 ft. for foals of 1829; colts, 8st. 7lb., fillies 8st. 4lb.—Once round and a distance.—Six subs.

Mr. Houldsworth's ch. c. Trident, by Whisker, walked over.

A PLATE of 60 sovs. given by the Members for the County; for three yrs. old colts, 8st. 5lb., and fillies, 8st. 2lb.; the second horse to receive 10 sovs.—Heats, once round.

Mr. Hebden's bl. c. Tourist, by Doctor Syntax 1 1
Mr. Houldsworth's ch. c. Trident 2 2
Mr. Burton's b. c. Catlap 3 3

The KING'S PLATE of 100 gs.; four yr. olds, 10st. 7lb.; five, 11st. 7lb.; six, 11st. 12lb.; and aged, 12st.—Four-mile heats.

Mr. Houldsworth's ch. h. Vanish, by Phantom, aged 1 1
Mr. Whitworth's b. c. Peru, 3 yrs. old..... - 2
Mr. Sadler's br. g. Jocko, aged 2 -
Mr. Walker's br. g. Roubilliac, 4 yrs. old, 10st. 7lb. - -

NOTHALLERTON.

THURSDAY, October 11.—A SWEEPSTAKES of 20 sovs. each; for two yrs. colts, 8st. 5lb., and fillies, 8st. 2lb.—The New Two-yrs. old Course.—Seven subs.

Sir E. Dodsworth's b. f. by Swiss, out of Fairy.—Garbutt 1
Mr. Barrow's b. f. by Whisker, out of Alecto 2
Lord Cleveland's ch. f. by Whisker, out of Pucelle; Mr. R. Stephenson's br. c. Rousseau, by Blacklock, dam by Whisker, out of Voltaire's dam; Mr. S. L. Fox's br. c. Larkspur; Mr. Dyson's b. f. by Blacklock, out of Dolly's dam; and Mr. Skipsey's bl. f. by Lottery, dam by Walton, grandam, Anticipation, by Beningbrough; also started, but were not placed.

The HORNBY CASTLE STAKES of 10 sovs. each, for all ages; weights the same as the Fitzwilliam Stakes at Doncaster.—One mile and a half.—Six subs.

Lord Cleveland's b. h. Stottforth, by Octavian, 6 yrs. old.—Lye..... 1

Mr. Watt's b. f. Nitocris, 3 yrs. old 2
 Mr. Stephenson's b. f. Variella, 3 yrs. old 3
 Mr. R. K. Dick's gr. c. Allegro, 2 yrs. old; and Mr. Attwood's gr. f. by his Grey Arabian, out of Kangaroo's dam, 2 yrs. old; also started, but were not placed.

A PLATE of 50 sovs. for maiden horses; three yr. olds, 8st. 7lb.; four, 9st.; five, 9st. 4lb.; six and aged, 9st. 7lb.; m. and g. allowed 2lb.—Two-mile heats.

Mr. Hall's b. f. Sister to Cistercian, by Catton, 3 yrs. old.—Garbutt 3 1 2 1
 Mr. S. L. Fox's ch. f. Wallflower, 3 yrs. old 2 2 1 2
 Mr. Harrison's b. f. Maid of the Oaks, 3 yrs. old 1 3 3 3
 Mr. Dawson's ch. g. Pestilence, by Cleveland, 3 yrs. old (fell) dis

FRIDAY, 12.—THE GOLD CUP, value 100 gs. by subscriptions of 10 gs. each, the surplus to be paid to the winner in specie; three yr. olds, 7st.; four, 8st.; five, 8st. 9lb.; six and aged, 9st.; m. and g. allowed 3lb.—Two miles.—Eleven subs.

Mr. Skipsey's b. c. Physician, by Brutandorf, 3 yrs. old.—R. Hesseltine 1
 Lord Cleveland's b. c. Liverpool, 4 yrs. old 2

Mr. Watt's b. f. Nitocris, 3 yrs. old; Col. Cradock's ch. h. The Barber, 5 yrs. old; and Mr. Wormald's b. g. Bullet; also started, but were not placed.

A PLATE of 50 sovs.; three yr. olds, 7st.; four, 8st. 6lb.; five, 8st. 10lb.; six and aged, 8st. 13lb.; m. and g. allowed 2lb.; a winner of 50 sovs. in plate, match, or sweepstakes, this year, to carry 3lb., of two or more, 5lb. extra; a King's Plate, 100 sovs. plate or match, 100 gs. or Gold Cup, the same as two fifties.—Two-mile heats.

Mr. Metcalfe's b. f. Myrtle, by Wanton, 3 yrs. old.—Marsden, jun. - - 0 1 1
 Mr. Wormald's b. g. Bullet, 5 yrs. old - 1 0 2 2
 Mr. Robinson's b. f. Bounce, 3 yrs. old 3 - 3
 Mr. Gardner's b. c. Mowbray Hill, by Blacklock, dam by Walton
 —Luck's All, 3 yrs. old - 2 dr
 Mr. Stephenson's b. f. Variella, 3 yrs. old (bolted) 1 3 dis
 Duke of Leeds's br. f. Lady Maud, 3 yrs. old 2 dr
 Mr. Hesseltine's b. c. Paul Clifford, 4 yrs. old - dr

SATURDAY, 13.—A SILVER CUP, value 50 sovs. by a subscription of 5 sovs. each, with 20 added by the Town, for horses, &c. that never won 100 gs. at any one time before the day of naming; three yr. olds, 7st.; four, 8st. 3lb.; five and upwards, 8st. 10lb.; m. and g. allowed 3lb.—Two-mile heats.

Mr. Brooks's b. f. Maid of Melrose, by Brutandorf, dam by Whisker, 3 yrs. old.—Lye 1 1
 Mr. Hesseltine's b. c. Paul Clifford, 4 yrs. old 4 2
 Mr. Riddell's ch. c. Favori, 3 yrs. old 2 3
 Mr. Bowser's b. g. Barrister, 6 yrs. old 3 dr

THE MEMBERS' PLATE of 50 sovs.; three yr. olds, 7st.; four, 8st. 5lb.; five, 8st. 8lb.; six and aged, 8st. 12lb.; m. and g. allowed 2lb.; a winner of 50 sovs. in plate, match, or sweepstakes, this year, to carry 3lb., of two or more, 5lb. extra; a King's Plate, 100 sovs. plate or match, 100 gs. or Gold Cup, the same as two fifties.—Three-mile heats.

Mr. Watt's b. f. Nitocris, by Whisker, 3 yrs. old.—Nicholson 1 1
 Duke of Leeds's ch. m. Jenny Mills, aged 2 2
 Mr. Brooks's b. f. Maid of Melrose, 3 yrs. old - -
 Mr. Hall's b. f. Sister to Cistercian, 3 yrs. old - -
 Mr. Dawson's ch. g. Pestilence, 3 yrs. old 3 dr
 Mr. Hesseltine's b. c. Paul Clifford, 4 yrs. old - dr

HOLYWELL HUNT.

TUESDAY, October 16.—THE CHIEFTAIN STAKES of 50 sovs. each, h. ft.; for three yrs. old colts, 8st. 5lb., and fillies, 8st. 3lb.—The Mostyn Mile.—Seven subs.

Sir R. Bulkeley's b. c. Birdcatcher, by St. Patrick.—Calloway 1
 Mr. Beardsworth's br. c. Wolverhampton 2

A PRODUCE SWEEPSTAKES of 50 sovs. each, h. ft. for three yrs. old.—Two miles.
 —Six subs.

Sir R. Bulkeley's bl. f. *Jemima*, by Count Porro, 8st. 3lb.—Darling 1
 Lord Westminster's b. f. Maid of Honour, 8st. 2
 Lord Westminster's f. *Stratagem*, 8st. 3lb. 3

THE TAFFY STAKES of 25 sovs. each; for three yrs. old colts, 8st. 6lb., and fillies,
 8st. 4lb.—One mile and three quarters.—Three subs.

Sir R. Bulkeley's b. c. Birdcatcher, walked over.—Mr. Mostyn's b. f. by Teniers,
 out of Peruviana, withdrew his stake.

A SWEEPSTAKES of 50 sovs. each, h. ft.; for three yrs. old colts, 8st. 7lb., and
 fillies, 8st. 5lb.—One mile and a half.—Four subs.

Sir R. Bulkeley's bl. f. *Jemima*.—Darling 1
 Lord Westminster's b. f. *Barcelona* 2

THE MOSTYN STAKES of 10 sovs. each; three yr. olds, 7st. 5lb.; four, 8st. 5lb.;
 five, 8st. 12lb.; six, 9st.; and aged, 9st. 2lb.—The Mostyn Mile.—Thirty-
 two subs.

Mr. Giffard's b. h. *Perseverance*, by Frolic, 6 yrs. old.—Lear 1
 Mr. Beardsworth's br. c. Colwick, 4 yrs. old. 2
 Mr. E. G. Stanley's gr. c. Falconbridge, 3 yrs. old; Sir R. Bulkeley's b. c.
 Pickpocket, 4 yrs. old; Mr. Bower's b. f. Lady Stafford, 3 yrs. old; Mr. Miles's
 b. h. The Cardinal, 5 yrs. old; Mr. Mostyn's b. f. Her Highness, 4 yrs. old; Mr.
 Mostyn's ch. g. *Mona's Pride*, 3 yrs. old; and Mr. Mostyn's ch. f. *Puss*, by
 Teniers, dam by Peruvian, 3 yrs. old; also started, but were not placed.

A SWEEPSTAKES of 50 sovs. each, h. ft.; for two yrs. old colts, 8st. 5lb., and
 fillies, 8st. 3lb.—The last half mile.—Seven subs.

Mr. Mostyn's br. c. Prince Llewellyn, by Waxy Pope, out of Princess Royal.

—Lye 1
 Sir T. Stanley's ch. f. La Grace, by Battledore, out of Maid of Milan 2
 Mr. F. R. Price's br. c. Caliban, by Camel, out of Banshee 3
 Lord Westminster's f. *Decoy*; Sir R. Bulkeley's ch. f. by Waxy Pope, out of
 Mrs. Suggs; and Mr. Charlton's b. c. by Manfred, or Master Henry, dam by
 Merlin, out of Prue; also started, but were not placed.

WEDNESDAY, 17.—Mr. F. R. Price's b. h. *Fag*, by Master Henry, 6 yrs. old,
 8st. 12lb. (Arthur), beat Mr. Charlton's b. c. The Tutor, 4 yrs. old, 8st.—
 Two miles and a distance.—100 sovs. h. ft.

THE HALKIN STAKES of 50 sovs. each, h. ft.; for three yrs. old colts, 8st. 5lb.,
 and fillies, 8st. 2lb.—One mile and three quarters; the winner of the Taffy
 Stakes carried 3lb. extra.—Four subs.

Sir R. Bulkeley's Birdcatcher.—Calloway 1
 Mr. Mostyn's b. f. by Teniers, out of Peruviana 2

THE PENGWERN STAKES, a sweepstakes of 30 sovs. each, 10 ft.; for three yr. olds,
 7st. 9lb., and four, 8st. 9lb.—One mile and three quarters.—Four subs.

Sir R. Bulkeley's b. f. Miss Maria, by Count Porro, 4 yrs. old.—Darling 1
 Mr. Mostyn's ch. f. *Puss*, 3 yrs. old 2

THE GOLD CUP, value 100 sovs. the remainder in specie, by subscriptions of 10
 sovs. each, with 50 added by the Club; three yr. olds, 7st. 5lb.; four, 8st.
 9lb.; five, 9st. 3lb.; six, 9st. 5lb.; and aged, 9st. 9lb.—Three miles.—Eight
 subs.

Sir R. Bulkeley's b. c. Pickpocket, 4 yrs. old.—Darling 1
 Mr. Mostyn's b. f. Her Highness, 4 yrs. old 2

Sir R. Bulkeley's b. c. Birdcatcher, received forfeit from Mr. Giffard's Hokee
 Pokee, 8st. 3lb. each.—One mile and a half.—100, h. ft.

THURSDAY, 18.—The **St. WINIFRED STAKES** of 25 sovs. each; for three yrs. old fillies, 8st. 5lb. each.—One mile and a quarter.

Mr. Mostyn's b. by Teniers, out of Peruviana.—Lye 1
 Lord Derby's b. Wagtail 2
 Sir R. Bulkeley's bl. Jemima 3

The **CHAMPAGNE STAKES** of 20 sovs. each, h. fl.; for four yr. olds, 8st.; five, 8st. 10lb.; m. and g. allowed 2lb.; the winner to give two dozen of Champagne to the Club.—One mile and a half.—Four subs.

Mr. Beardsworth's b. c. Colwick, by Filho, 4 yrs. old, walked over.

A **HANDICAP SWEEPSTAKES** of 20 sovs. each, h. fl. for two and three yr. olds.—Half a mile.—Five subs.

Sir T. Stanley's b. f. Miss Lytham, by Brutandorf, 3 yrs. old, 8st.—Templeman 1
 Mr. Charlton's b. f. Gazette, 2 yrs. old, 6st. 2
 Lord Derby's b. f. by Whisker, out of Loyalty, 2 yrs. old, 6st. 5lb. 3

A **FREE HANDICAP** of 20 sovs. each, 5 ft. with 20 added by the Club, for horses; at Holywell, of all ages, two yr. olds excepted.—One mile and a half.

Mr. Mostyn's b. f. Her Highness, by Moses, 4 yrs. old, 8st. 3lb.—Lye 1
 Lord Derby's b. f. Wagtail, 3 yrs. old, 6st. 2

Mr. Palin's br. g. Pluralist, 6 yrs. old, 8st. 5lb.; Mr. F. R. Price's b. h. Fag, 6 yrs. old, 8st. 8lb.; and Sir T. Stanley's b. c. Henry Masterton, by Master Henry, 3 yrs. old, 6st. 12lb.; also started, but were not placed.

The **HAWARDEN CASTLE STAKES** of 10 sovs. each; three yr. olds, 8st. 10lb.; four, 8st.; five, 8st. 10lb.; six, 8st. 12lb.; and aged, 9st.; the winner of the Mostyn Stakes to carry 5lb. extra.—Two miles.—Six subs.

Sir R. Bulkeley's b. c. Pickpocket, 4 yrs. old.—Darling 1
 Mr. Mostyn's ch. f. by Teniers, dam by Peruvian, 3 yrs. old. 2
 Mr. Beardsworth's br. c. Wolverhampton, 3 yrs. old 3

The **HOKKE POKEE STAKES** of 5 sovs. each; two yr. olds, a feather; three, 7st. 5lb.; four, 8st. 9lb.; five, 9st. 3lb.; six, 9st. 7lb.; and aged, 9st. 10lb.; the winner to be sold for 150 sovs.; the last horse to pay 5 sovs. over and above his stake to the second.—T.Y.C.—Fourteen subs.

Mr. F. R. Price's b. f. Zorilda, by Truffle, 3 yrs. old.—M. Jones. 1
 Sir R. Bulkeley's b. f. Miss Maria, 4 yrs. old. 2
 Mr. Charlton's Abel, 2 yrs. old 3
 Mr. Palin's br. g. Pluralist, 6 yrs. old 4
 Mr. Mostyn's b. f. by Teniers, out of Peruviana, 3 yrs. old 5
 Sir T. Stanley's b. f. Miss Lytham, 3 yrs. old 6

ROYAL CALEDONIAN HUNT AND FIFE MEETING.

(OVER CUPAR COURSE.)

TUESDAY, October 16.—The **CALEDONIAN St. LEGER** of 25 sovs. each, with 100 sovs. added by the Caledonian Hunt; for three yrs. old colts, 8st. 2lb., fillies, 8st.—One mile and a half.—Five subs.

Mr. Ramsay's br. g. XXX, by Jack Spigot, out of Decision, Brown Stout's dam.—Shepherd 1
 Sir J. Boswell's b. c. Vyvyan 2
 Mr. Woolmer's b. f. Lady Louisa, sister to Russell 3
 Mr. Johnstone's br. c. by Fitz-Orville (Don's), out of Eucharis 4
 Vyvyan the favourite.

The **CALEDONIAN CUP**, value 100 ga. for Scotch-bred horses.—Three miles.

Lord Elcho's b. h. Gondolier, by Fitz-Orville, 6 yrs. old, 8st. 10lb.—Nicholson 1
 Mr. Alexander's ch. c. Cadger, 3 yrs. old, 6st. 10lb. 2
 Sir J. Boswell's b. c. Vyvyan, 3 yrs. old, 6st. 10lb. 3

PLATE of 50 sovs. given by the Fife Hunt.—Heats, two miles.

Lord Elcho's br. c. Philip, by Filho, 4 yrs. old, 8st. 5lb.—Nicholson ..	3	1	1
Mr. Ker's b. f. Miss Dulwich, 4 yrs. old, 8st. 3lb.	1	2	3
Mr. Ramsay's br. f. The Widow, 3 yrs. old, 7st. 3lb.	2	3	2

WEDNESDAY, 17.—A PURSE of 70 sovs. given by the Caledonian Hunt, added to a Sweepstakes of 10 sovs each.—Two miles.

Lord Elcho's b. h. Gondolier, 6 yrs. old, 9st. 8lb.—Nicholson.....	1
Mr. Ramsay's b. h. Round Robin, 6 yrs. old, 9st. 3lb.....	2
Mr. Crompton's b. c. Prince (late Whittingham), 3 yrs. old, 7st. 10lb.	3
Mr. Montgomery's br. h. Terror, by Magistrate (H. Edwards), beat Mr. Frances's br. h. Storm, aged, 12st. each.—Three miles.—50 sovs.	

MAIDEN PLATE of 50 sovs. given by the Caledonian Hunt.—Heats, one mile and a half.

Mr. Alexander's br. f. Ebony, by Jerry, 3 yrs. old, 7st. 2lb.—Sprin- gate	0	3	1	1
Mr. King's ch. c. Sir James, by Epperstone, 4 yrs. old, 8st. 2lb.....	6	1	3	2
Mr. Gibson's b. g. by Canteen, out of British Flag, 3 yrs. old, 7st. 2lb.	4	2	2	dr
Mr. Ramsay's br. c. XXX, 3 yrs. old, 7st. 5lb.	0	dr		
Mr. Johnstone's ch. m. Guidetta, by Woful, 5 yrs. old, 8st. 4lb.	3	dr		
The first was a dead heat between Ebony and XXX.				

PLATE of 50 sovs. given by the Fife Hunt.—Heats, two miles.

Gen. Sharpe's b. g. Perlet, by Peter Lely, 4 yrs. old, 8st. 1lb.—Shepherd	3	1	1
Sir J. Boswell's b. m. Meretrix, 6 yrs. old, 8st. 12lb.	1	2	2
Mr. Gibson's ch. f. Cranberry, 4 yrs. old, 8st. 1lb.....	2	dr	

THURSDAY, 18.—A SWEEPSTAKES of 10 sovs. each, in lieu of the Cup.—Two miles.—Six subs.

Lord Elcho's b. h. Gondolier, 6 yrs. old, 9st. 1lb.—Nicholson	1
Mr. Alexander's ch. c. Cadger, by Canteen, 3 yrs. old, 7st.....	2
Mr. Montgomery's b. f. Lady Louisa, 3 yrs. old, 6st. 11lb.....	3

FIFTY POUNDS, given by the Caledonian Hunt.—Heats, two miles.

Mr. Crompton's br. c. Prince, 3 yrs. old, 7st. 4lb.—Thomson	1	1
Sir J. Boswell's b. c. Vyvyan, 3 yrs. old, 7st. 4lb.....	3	2
Mr. Jacques's br. f. Margaret, 4 yrs. old, 8st. 6lb.	4	3
Mr. Johnstone's br. c. by Fitz-Orville, 3 yrs. old, 7st. 4lb.	2	4

SWEEPSTAKES of 5 sovs. each, with 20 added by the Fife Hunt.—Gentlemen riders.—Heats, one mile and a distance.—Three subs.

Mr. Dawson's br. g. Major, aged, 12st.—Mr. Dick	1	1
Mr. Laing's ch. h. Conjuror, aged, 12st.	2	dr

FRIDAY, 19.—His MAJESTY'S PURSE of 100 gs. granted to the Hunt; three yr. olds, 8st. 4lb.; four, 9st. 4lb.; five, 9st. 10lb.; six and aged, 10st.—Four miles.

Mr. Montgomery's br. h. Terror, by Magistrate, aged.—Edwards.....	1
Lord Elcho's br. c. Philip, 4 yrs. old	2
Mr. Gray's b. g. Ballochmyle, 4 yrs. old	3
Mr. Wilson's ch. g. Taurus, aged; Mr. Ramsay's gr. g. Mr. Bish, 4 yrs. old; and Mr. Dick's b. g. Charley, aged; also started, but were not placed.	

A PLATE of 50 sovs. given by the Fife Hunt; three yr. olds, 6st. 8lb.; four, 7st. 8lb.; five, 8st. 1lb.; six and aged, 8st. 5lb.; winners once during the week to carry 3lb., twice, 5lb. extra; and horses having started and not won during the week allowed 3lb.; m. and g. allowed 2lb.—Heats, one mile and a half.

Mr. Ramsay's b. h. Round Robin, by Borodino, 6 yrs. old.—Shepherd	1	1
Mr. King's ch. c. Sir James, 4 yrs. old.....	2	dr

A SILVER WHIP, value 25 sovs. given by Major Anstruther, of Caipie, added to a subscription of 5 sovs. each, for horses carrying 12st. 7lb. each.—Gentlemen riders, members of a Racing or Fox-hunting Club.—Heats, once round. Four subs.

Mr. Dawson's b. g. Major, by Bustler, aged.—Mr. Dick	1	3	0	1
Sir J. Boswell's b. m. Meretrix, 6 yrs. old	2	1	3	3
Mr. Francis's b. h. Storm, aged.....	3	2	0	2

EDINBURGH.

THURSDAY, October 25.—A GOLD CUP, value 100 sovs. by subscription of 10 sovs. each; three yr. olds, 7st.; four, 8st. 2lb.; five, 8st. 9lb.; six and aged, 8st. 13lb.; m. and g. allowed 2lb.—Two miles.—Eight subs.

Mr. Ramsay's br. g. XXX, by Jack Spigot, out of Brown Stout's dam, 3 yrs. old.—Lye	1
Lord Elcho's b. h. Gondolier, 6 yrs. old	2
Sir J. Boswell's b. c. Craigmillar, 3 yrs. old	3
Mr. Ramsay's gr. g. Mr. Bish, 4 yrs. old	4

A PRODUCE SWEEPSTAKES of 50 sovs. each, h. ft.; for three yrs. old colts, 8st. 3lb., fillies, 8st.; 3lb. allowed, &c.—One mile.—Three subs.

Sir J. Boswell's b. c. Vyvyan, by Canteen (allowed 3lb.), walked over.

The CITY PLATE of 50 sovs. for horses that never won 50 sovs. before entry (matches excepted); three yr. olds, 6st. 12lb.; four, 8st.; five, 8st. 8lb., six and aged, 8st. 12lb.; m. and g. allowed 2lb.—Heats, two miles and a half.

Mr. Johnstone's br. c. by Fitz-Orville, out of Eucharis.—J. Quarton	1	1
Mr. Alexander's gr. f. Coila, 3 yrs. old	5	2
Mr. Ramsay's gr. c. Brother to Mr. Bish, 3 yrs. old	2	3
Mr. W. Dawson's ch. g. Coronation, 5 yrs. old	3	dis
Lord Kelburne's b. g. by Canteen, out of Sir D. Baird's Orville, 3 yrs. old	4	dis

The LOTHIAN STAKES of 7 sovs. each, with 30 added; three yr. olds, 7st. 5lb.; four, 8st. 7lb.; five, 9st.; six and aged, 9st. 4lb.; m. and g. allowed 2lb.; a winner of 50 sovs. or upwards in 1832, once previous to naming, to carry 3lb., twice, 5lb., and thrice, 7lb. extra.; a Gold Cup or King's Plate to be considered as two fifties; horses having started three times last year without winning allowed 3lb.—Two miles.—Five subs.

Mr. Dawson's b. c. Prince, late Whittingham, by Figaro, 3 yrs. old	1
Lord Elcho's b. f. Fair Witherington, 4 yrs. old	2
Mr. Alexander's ch. c. Cadger, 3 yrs. old	3
Mr. Ramsay's gr. g. Mr. Bish, 4 yrs. old	4

HIS MAJESTY'S PLATE of 100 gs; three yr. olds, 6st.; four, 7st. 4lb.; five, 8st. 2lb.; six, 8st. 10lb.; and aged, 8st. 12lb.—Four mile heats.

Mr. Greig's b. g. Ballochmyle, by Peter Lely, 4 yrs. old	1	4	1
Lord Elcho's br. c. Philip, 4 yrs. old	2	1	3
Mr. Montgomery's br. h. Terror, aged	4	2	2
Mr. Ramsay's b. h. Round Robin, 6 yrs. old	3	4	4

N.B. Soon after the race Ballochmyle broke a blood vessel and died.

Mr. T. Dawson's b. g. The Major, by Bustler, 12st. 5lb. (owner), beat at two heats Captain Copeland's b. g. Storm, 12st.—Heats, one mile.—50 sovs.

FRIDAY, 26.—The Duke of Buccleugh's PLATE of 50 sovs. for horses the property of farmers, &c. was won at two heats by Mr. Wilson's ch. g. Taurus, aged, beating two others.

A PLATE of 50 sovs. given by his Grace the Duke of Buccleugh, for horses, &c. the property of Members of the Hunt.—Two miles.

Lord Elcho's b. h. Gondolier, by Fitz-Orville, 6 yrs. old, 12st. 4lb. walked over.

A PLATE of 50 sovs given by R. A. Dundas, Esq. M.P. for the city; three yrs. olds, 6st. 10lb.; four, 7st. 12lb.; five, 8st. 7lb.; six and aged, 8st. 12lb.; m. and g. allowed 2lb.—Heats, two miles.

Mr. Dawson's b. c. Prince, 3 yrs. old.—Lye 1 1
 Mr. Peacock's br. g. Brown Stout, 4 yrs. old 2 dr
 Lord Elche's b. f. Fair Witherington, 4 yrs. old 3 dr

NEWMARKET.—THIRD OCTOBER, OR HOUGHTON MEETING.

MONDAY, October 29.—Mr. Spalding's b. f. Lady Charlotte, by Catton, out of Lady Emby, 7st. 7lb. (Pavis), beat Mrs. Thornhill's ch. c. Silly Biddy, by Bodhamite, dam by Cesario, 8st. 7lb.—T.Y.C.—50.

6 to 4 on Lady Charlotte.

Lord Cleveland's ch. c. Trustee, by Catton, 8st. 4lb. (Chifney), beat Mr. Greville's Dryad, 7st. 10lb.—D.M.—300, h. ft.—2 to 1 on Trustee.

The CRITERION STAKES of 30 sovs. each, 20 ft. for two yr. olds; the owner of the second horse to receive back his stake.—From the turn of the Lands m.—Forty-two subs.

Lord Chesterfield's b. f. Weeper, by Wofal, 8st. 3lb.—Conolly 1
 Gen. Grosvenor's b. c. Glaucus, 8st. 10lb. 2
 Duke of Grafton's b. c. Divan, 8st. 5lb. 3
 Lord Exeter's b. c. Cactus, by Sultan, out of Dahlia's dam, 8st. 3lb.; Mr. Forth's b. f. by Longwaist, out of Lacerta, 8st. 1lb.; Mr. T. Wood's br. c. by Filha da Puta, out of Mermaid, by Merlin, 8st. 3lb.; Sir S. Graham's Jason, 8st. 3lb.; Mr. Batson's f. Revelry, by Reveller, out of Harriet, by Pericles, 8st. 1lb.; also started, but were not placed.
 6 to 5 agst. Glaucus, 4 to 1 agst. Jason, 5 to 1 agst. Cactus, 7 to 1 agst. Divan, and 9 to 1 agst. Weeper.

Lord Mountcharlea's b. c. Carwell, by Filha, 8st. 3lb. (Robinson), beat Lord Wilton's Bras de Fer, 8st. 10lb.—T.Y.C.—100, h. ft.—Even betting.

Lord Exeter's b. f. Mantilla, sister to Green Mantle, by Sultan, 8st. 7lb. (Arnulf), beat Lord Worcester's b. c. by Zealot, dam by Canterbury, out of Merrythought, 8st. 4lb.—T.Y.C.—100, h. ft.—6 to 5 on the winner.

The RURAL STAKES of 100 sovs. each; for three yrs. old colts, 8st. 7lb., and fillies, 8st. 3lb.—D.L.—Five subs.

Mr. Gully's b. c. Hokee Pokee, by Muley, out of Longwaist's dam.—Robinson 1
 Lord Exeter's b. c. Byzantium 2
 Lord Lowther's b. c. by Partisan, out of Bugle's dam 3
 6 to 4 on Hokee Pokee, and 4 to 1 agst. Partisan colt.

Sir M. Wood's ch. c. Count Robinson, by Waxy Pope (Arnulf), beat Lord Worcester's ch. c. Copper Captain, 8st. 7lb. each.—D.M.—200, h. ft.
 5 to 4 on Count Robinson.

Lord Cleveland's Emancipation, by Whisker, 8st. 5lb. received forfeit from Lord Chesterfield's Priam, 9st.—T.M.M.—500 sovs. 200 ft.

Lord Exeter's Beiram, by Sultan, received forfeit from Lord Tavistock's Posthumus, 8st. 7lb. each.—R.M.—200, h. ft.

Lord Chesterfield's br. c. Whiskey, by Tiresias, 8st. 3lb. received 35 sovs. from Mr. Payne's Paddy, 8st. 7lb.—F.M.M.—100, h. ft.

Mr. Vansittart's Rubini, by St. Patrick, received forfeit from Count Matschevitz's Lawndeeves, 8st. 4lb. each.—A.F.—200, h. ft.

Mr. Gully's Carlton, by Catton, 7st. received forfeit from Mr. Thornhill's Farce, 8st. 10lb.—First half of Ab. M.—100, h. ft.

Mr. Osbaldeston's Apuntador, 10st. agst. Mr. Henry's Tam o'Shanter, 9st.—A.F.—100, h. ft.—Mr. Osbaldeston to ride.—Off by consent.

TUESDAY, 30.—FIFTY POUNDS; for two yr. olds carrying a feather; three, 7st. 5lb.; four, 8st. 9lb.; five, 9st. 3lb.; six, 9st. 7lb.; and aged, 9st. 10lb.; the winner, with his engagements, to be sold for 300 gs. if demanded, &c.—Last three miles of B. C.

Mr. W. Smith's br. f. The Witch, by Whalebone, 4 yrs. old.—Wakefield 1
Mr. Hunter's gr. c. by Gustavus, out of Young Pipylina, 3 yrs. old 2
Lord Exeter's ch. f. Deception, 2 yrs. old 3
Lord Lowther's b. f. by Truffle, out of Bizarre, 2 yrs. old; Gen. Grosvenor's ch. f. Mountain Maid, 2 yrs. old; Mr. Henry's Tam o'Shanter, 4 yrs. old; Mr. Bromley's b. f. by Muley, out of Rosanne, 3 yrs. old; and Mr. Scott Stonehewer's b. f. by Partisan, out of Emma, by Orville, 2 yrs. old; also started, but were not placed.

3 to 1 agst. the Rosanne filly, and 4 to 1 agst. The Witch.

HANDICAP SWEEPSTAKES of 10 sovs. each, for three yr. olds and upwards.
T.Y.C.

Mr. Payne's br. f. Corset, by Whalebone, 3 yrs. old, 7st.—Nat 1
Duke of Richmond's ch. h. Gondolier, 5 yrs. old, 8st. 3lb. 2
Mr. M. Stanley's Crutch, 4 yrs. old, 9st. 6lb. 3
Lord Jersey's ch. c. Blunderer, 4 yrs. old, 8st. 4
Mr. Wagstaff's Landrail, 5 yrs. old, 8st. 6lb.; Mr. Forth's Marvel, 4 yrs. old, 8st.; and Sir R. K. Dick's Miss Mary Anne, 3 yrs. old, 7st. 5lb.; also started, but were not placed.

Lord Mountcharles's Minster, 3 yrs. old, 8st.; Lord Chesterfield's Non Compos, 3 yrs. old, 7st. 9lb.; Mr. Wood's Ambrosio, 3 yrs. old, 7st. 7lb.; and Mr. M. Stanley's Blythe, 3 yrs. old, 7st. 3lb.; paid.
6 to 4 agst. Crutch, 4 to 1 agst. Corset, 5 to 1 agst. Gondolier, and 7 to 1 agst. Marvel.

Mr. Vansittart's ch. c. Rubini, 8st. 9lb. (Boyce), beat the Duke of Grafton's Oxygen, 8st. 3lb.—T.M.M.—100, h. ft.—5 to 2 on Rubini.

HANDICAP SWEEPSTAKES of 25 sovs. each, 30 ft. if declared within half an hour after the weights are fixed, for three yr. olds.—R.M.

Mr. Mills's b. f. Kate, by Lapdog, 7st. 8lb.—Pavis 1
Mr. Ferth's b. c. Gratis, 7st. 12lb. 2
Lord Lowther's b. c. Messenger, 8st. 2lb. 3
Mr. Wagstaff's Fang, 8st. 7lb. (bolted) -

The following having declared forfeit by the time prescribed, paid only 10 sovs. each:—Lord Mountcharles's Minster, 8st. 10lb., and Mr. Batson's Mixbury, 8st. 6lb.—7 to 4 each agst. Kate and Messenger.

HANDICAP PLATE of 100l. for four, five, six yr. olds, and aged horses.—D.I.

Mr. S. Stonehewer's b. m. Variation, by Bustard, 5 yrs. old, 9st. 2lb.—Robinson 1
Mr. I. Day's ch. h. Mazeppa, 5 yrs. old, 8st. 9lb. 2
Mr. W. Smith's ch. f. Zarina, 4 yrs. old, 7st. 11lb. 3
Mr. Henry's gr. c. Protocol, 4 yrs. old, 7st. 5lb. 4
Lord Orford's br. f. Naiad, 4 yrs. old, 7st. 6lb. 5
Mr. Bloss's b. m. Elizabeth, 5 yrs. old, 7st. 6
2 to 1 agst. Variation, 3 to 1 agst. Mazeppa, 4 to 1 agst. Naiad, and 5 to 1 agst. Protocol.

Mr. Henry's b. f. Margaret, by Wrangler, 8st. 5lb. received 40 sovs. from Mr. M. Stanley's Blythe, 8st. 7lb.—T.Y.C.—100, h. ft.

WEDNESDAY, 31.—Lord Chesterfield's b. f. Weeper, 6st. 13lb. (Nat), beat Mr. Batson's Mixbury, 8st. 12lb.—T.Y.C.—100, h. ft.—5 to 4 on Weeper.

Lord Mountcharles's b. c. Minster, by Catton, 8st. 7lb. (Robinson), beat Mr. Gully's Lady-fly, 8st. 2lb.—A.F.—100, h. ft.—2 to 1 on Minster.

SUBSCRIPTION PLATE of 50l.; for two yr. olds, carrying 6st. 7lb., and three, 8st. 10lb.; the winner to be sold for 350 gs. if demanded, &c.—T.Y.C.

Lord Exeter's b. f. Mantilla, 2 yrs. old.—A lad 1
Mr. Wood's ch. c. Ambrosio, 3 yrs. old 2
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Mr. Grant's b. f. Flora, 3 yrs. old; Mr. Forth's b. f. by Longwaist, out of Lacerta, 3 yrs. old; Mr. Henry's ch. f. Deva, 2 yrs. old; Mr. Ridsdale's b. f. by Comus, out of Ringdove's dam, 2 yrs. old; Mr. Greville's Dryad, 3 yrs. old; Sir S. Graham's Emery, 2 yrs. old; Mr. W. Edwards's ch. c. Master Walter, by Centaur, out of Problem, 2 yrs. old; Gen. Grosvenor's b. c. Santillane, 3 yrs. old; and Lord Wilton's f. by Reveller, out of Jenny Sutton, 2 yrs. old (carried 6st. 11lb.); also started, but were not placed.

3 to 1 agst. Ambrosio, 3 to 1 agst. Flora, 4 to 1 agst. Dryad, 5 to 1 agst. Deva, 7 to 1 agst. the winner.

HANDICAP PLATE OF 50l. for three yr. olds and upwards.—A. F.

Mr. Hunter's br. m. Volage, by Waverley, 5 yrs. old, 8st. 11lb.—Arnuff 1
Lord Clarendon's ch. f. Datura, 3 yrs. old, 7st. 5lb. 2

Mr. Osbaldeston's Apuntador, 5 yrs. old, 8st. 4lb.; Lord Warwick's b. f. Water Witch, 4 yrs. old, 8st. 4lb.; Mr. Cooke's b. c. Drover, 3 yrs. old, 7st. 11lb.; Sir R. K. Dick's Miss Mary Anne, 3 yrs. old, 6st. 12lb.; and Lord Lowther's ch. f. Mersey, 3 yrs. old, 6st. 4lb.; also started, but were not placed.

6 to 4 agst. Datura, 5 to 2 agst. Volage, 4 to 1 agst. Water Witch, 6 to 1 agst. Miss Mary Anne.

Lord Chesterfield's Weeper, 8st. 7lb. received forfeit from Lord Worcester's b. c. by Zealot, dam by Canterbury, 8st. 5lb.—T.Y.C.—50, h. ft.

Sir M. Wood's ch. c. Amesbury, by Phantom, out of Euphrasia, 8st. 11lb. received 30 sovs. forfeit from Mr. Thornhill's Farce, 9st.—T.Y.C.—100, h. ft.

Gen. Grosvenor's b. c. Glaucus, by Partisan, 8st. 9lb. received 30 sovs. ft. from Lord Tavistock's c. by Jerry, dam by Walton, 8st.—New T.Y.C.—100, h. ft.

THURSDAY, Nov. 1.—Col. Peel's br. f. Frailty, by Paul Pry or Bedlamite, 2 yrs. old, 7st. (Nat), beat Sir M. Wood's Count Robinson, 3 yrs. old, 9st.—T.Y.C.—50.—5 to 4 on Count Robinson.

Sir M. Wood's b. f. by Partisan, out of Fawn, 8st. 2lb. (Robinson), beat Mr. Thornhill's Silty Billy, 8st. 9lb.—T.Y.C.—100, h. ft.—Even betting.

Mr. Mills's b. f. Kate, 3 yrs. old, 7st. 2lb. (Pavis), beat Mr. Vaneittart's Rubini, 4 yrs. old, 8st. 7lb.—D.M.—100, h. ft.—3 to 1 on Rubini.

Lord Jersey's br. f. Alea, by Whalebone, 8st. 7lb. (Robinson), and Lord Mountcharles's Carwell, 8st. 5lb. (Pavis).—D.M.—50.—Ran a dead heat.—Even betting.

Mr. Ley's ch. f. Partiality, by Middleton (Pavis), beat Mr. M. Stanley's b. c. by Buzzard, out of Minster's dam, 8st. 4lb. each.—T.Y.C.—25.
3 to 1 on Partiality.

SWEEPSTAKES OF 10 sovs. each; for two yr. olds, 7st., and three yr. olds, 9st.; the winner to be sold for 60 sovs. if demanded, &c.—T.Y.C.

Mr. Wreford's b. f. Temperance, by Lapdog, 2 yrs. old.—E. Edwards 1
Sir M. Wood's b. f. by Partisan, out of Fawn, 2 yrs. old 2

Col. Peel's Frailty, 2 yrs. old; Mr. Thornhill's b. f. Enchantment, 2 yrs. old; Mr. Ridsdale's f. by Comus, out of Ringdove's dam, 2 yrs. old; and Mr. Clover's b. f. Chamois, 3 yrs. old; also started, but were not placed.

5 to 2 agst. the Fawn filly, 5 to 2 agst. Frailty, 4 to 1 agst. Enchantment, and 5 to 1 agst. Temperance.

Col. Peel's b. c. Sluggard, by Bobadil, 7st. 9lb. (Nat), beat Mr. Gully's b. f. Salute, 8st. 11lb.; both 3 yr. olds.—A.F.—50.—3 to 1 on Sluggard.

HANDICAP SWEEPSTAKES OF 10 sovs. each, for three yr. olds and upwards.—T.Y.C.
Mr. Yates's gr. c. Gab, by Swap, 4 yrs. old, 8st.—Pavis 1

Mr. Payne's b. f. Corset, 3 yrs. old, 7st. 7lb. 2
Mr. Forth's b. c. by Whisker, out of Scandal, 3 yrs. old, 6st. 8lb. 3

Duke of Richmond's ch. h. Gondolier, 5 yrs. old, 8st. 7lb.; Mr. M. Stanley's b. c. Blythe, 3 yrs. old, 7st. 2lb.; Mr. Pettit's Little Fanny, 4 yrs. old, 7st.; and Mr. Ridsdale's b. f. Fedora, 3 yrs. old, 6st. 8lb.; also started, but were not placed.

Lord Tavistock's Taurus, 6 yrs. old, 10st., and Lord Chesterfield's Olga, 3 yrs. old, 6st. 12lb. paid.

5 to 2 agst. Corset, 7 to 2 agst. Gondolier, 4 to 1 agst. Gab; and 4 to 1 agst. Little Fanny.

SUBSCRIPTION HANDICAP PLATE of 50l. for three yr. olds and upwards.—D.I.

Mr. Wilson's b. c. Argent, by Whalebone, 3 yrs. old, 7st. 3lb.—Chapple..... 0
Mr. Gully's b. f. Lady Fly, by Bustard, 3 yrs. old, 7st. 4lb.—Pavis 0

Lord Jersey's ch. c. Blunderer, 4 yrs. old, 8st. 8lb.; Mr. W. Smith's br. f. The Witch, 4 yrs. old, 8st. 4lb.; Col. Peel's b. c. Sluggard, 3 yrs. old, 7st. 7lb.; Lord Berners's b. c. by Emilius, out of Rotterdam, 3 yrs. old, 7st. 3lb.; and Lord Burlington's br. f. by Bizarre, out of Cat, 3 yrs. old, 7st.; also started, but were not placed.

After the dead heat Argent walked over, and Mr. Wilson and Mr. Gully divided the Plate.

2 to 1 agst. Lady Fly, 3 to 1 agst. Argent, 5 to 1 agst. Rotterdam, 6 to 1 agst. Blunderer, 6 to 1 agst. The Witch.

Mr. Pettit's Little Fanny, by Morisco, 8st. 8lb. received 20^s sovs. forfeit from Mr. Stanley's b. c. by Buzzard, 7st. 4lb.—T.Y.C.—50, h. ft.

Sir M. Wood's ch. f. Camarine, 4 yrs. old, 9st. 3lb. received forfeit from Mr. Gully's Margrave, 3 yrs. old, 7st. 12lb.—A. F.—300, h. ft.

Lord Mountcharles's Minster, 3 yrs. old, 8st. 7lb. received 30 forfeit from Mr. Henry's Tam o' Shanter, 4 yrs. old, 8st.—T.Y.C.—100, h. ft.

Lord Worcester's b. c. by Zealot, dam by Canterbury, agst. Mr. Thornhill's c. by Emilius, out of Bee-in-a-Bonnet, 8st. 7lb. each.—T.Y.C.—200, h. ft.—Off by consent.

FRIDAY, 2.—Mr. Hunter's b. c. Rouncival, by Partisan, out of Marrowfat, 7st. 7lb. (Nat), beat Sir M. Wood's ch. f. Victoire, 8st. 12lb.—T.Y.C.—50.
6 to 4 on Rouncival.

The NURSEY STAKES of 25 sovs. each, for two yr. olds.—D.M.

Mr. Forth's b. f. Marpessa, by Muley, out of Clare, 8st. 3lb.—Buckle 1
Mr. Chifney's br. c. by Swiss, out of Galena, 8st. 6lb..... 2

Mr. S. Day's b. f. Ceres, 8st. 4lb..... 3
Mr. Henry's Deva, 8st. 5lb.; Duke of Rutland's b. f. by Emilius, out of Sal, 8st. 4lb.; Duke of Grafton's Emir, 8st.; Col. Peel's Malibran, 7st. 13lb.; Mr. Sowerby's Tigress, 7st. 10lb.; and Gen. Grosvenor's Mountain Maid, 7st. 4lb.; also started, but were not placed.

6 to 5 on the Swiss colt, 4 to 1 agst. Ceres, and 10 to 1 agst. the winner.

Sir M. Wood's ch. f. Camarine, by Juniper, 8st. 5lb. (Robinson), beat Mr. M. Stanley's Crutch, 8st. 7lb.—T.Y.C.—200, h. ft.—6 to 4 on Camarine.

Sir M. Wood's br. m. Lucetta, by Reveller, 9st. 13lb. (Robinson), beat Count Matuschevitz's Lawnsleeves, 8st. 11lb.—D.I.—200, h. ft.—5 to 2 on Lucetta.

The AUDLEY END STAKES of 30 sovs. each, for horses of all ages (two yr. olds excepted).—A.E.C.

Sir M. Wood's Camarine, 4 yrs. old, 9st. 4lb.—Robinson 1

Mr. I. Day's Mazeppa, 5 yrs. old, 8st. 5lb..... 2

Mr. Gully's Hokee Pokee, 3 yrs. old, 6st. 5lb..... 3

Mr. Wagstaff's b. c. Fang, 3 yrs. old, 7st..... 4

Mr. Beardsworth's br. c. Ludlow, 3 yrs. old, 8st..... 5

The following paid 10 sovs. each:—Lord Jersey's Alea, 4 yrs. old, 8st. 11lb., and Mr. Wilson's Argent, 3 yrs. old, 6st. 5lb.

6 to 4 on Camarine, 4 to 1 agst. Hokee Pokee, and 9 to 2 agst. Mazeppa.

Mr. Forth's Marvel, 8st. 12lb. agst. Lord Mountcharles's Minster, 8st. 5lb.—T.Y.C.—25.—Off by consent.

Duke of Richmond's c. Hyder, agst. Lord Ranelagh's Doncaster, 8st. 7lb. each.—R.M.—200, h. ft.—Off by consent.

SATURDAY, 3.—**SWEEPSTAKES of 25 sovs. each, 8st. 7lb.—B.C.**

Mr. Henry's gr. c. Protocol, 4 yrs. old, by Partisan.—G. Edwards..... 1

Mr. Osbaldeston's Apuntador, 5 yrs. old..... 3
 Mr. Smith's ch. f. Zarina, 4 yrs. old 3
 Gen. Grosvenor's b. c. Glaucus (Robinson), beat Lord Orford's gr. c. Clearwell,
 by Jerry, out of Lisette, 8st. 5lb. each.—An. M.—500, h. ft.
 6 to 4 on Glaucus.

Mr. Day's b. f. Temperance (Pavis), beat Mr. Smith's br. f. by Partisan, out of
 Fawn, 7st. 10lb. each.—T.Y.C.—25.—5 to 2 on Temperance.

For this match the fillies were started by proper authority, but on passing the
 post the Judge was not in his box. The Stewards ordered the race to be run
 over again, when the owner of the Fawn filly declared that he should pay, and
 Temperance cantered over the Course.

HANDICAP SWEEPSTAKES of 10 sovs. each, for three yr. olds and upwards.—T.Y.C.

Mr. Forth's ch. c. Marvel, by Muley, 4 yrs. old, 7st. 7lb.—Nat 1
 Mr. Hunter's b. c. Royncival, 3 yrs. old, 6st. 12lb. 2
 Lord Tavistock's Taurus, 6 yrs. old, 10st. 3
 Mr. Yates's gr. g. Gab, 4 yrs. old, 8st.; Mr. Beardsworth's br. c. Ludlow,
 3 yrs. old, 7st. 10lb.; Mr. Wagstaff's b. c. Fang, 3 yrs. old, 7st. 6lb.; and Lord
 Chesterfield's ch. c. Non Compos, 3 yrs. old, 7st. 6lb.; also started, but were not
 placed.—Even betting on Taurus, and 5 to 2 agst. Marvel.

Mr. Ley's ch. f. Partiality, 8st. 5lb. (Pavis), beat Mr. Thornhill's ch. c. Silly
 Billy, 8st. 2lb.—T.Y.C.—50, h. ft.—5 to 2 on Partiality.

Lord Jersey's b. c. Fingal, by Middleton, 8st. 9lb. (Robinson), beat Mr. Hunter's
 gr. c. by Gustavus, out of Young Pipyline, 8st. 2lb.—A.F.—50, h. ft.
 6 to 4 on Fingal.

Mr. Ley's ch. f. Partiality, 2 yrs. old, 7st. 7lb. (Pavis), beat Mr. R. Pettit's b. f.
 Little Fanny, 4 yrs. old, 8st. 7lb.—T.Y.C.—25.—7 to 4 on Little Fanny.

**SWEEPSTAKES of 10 sovs. each; for two yr. olds, 6st. 10lb.; three, 8st. 8lb.; and
 four, 9st. 2lb.; the winner to be sold for 150 sovs. &c.—T.Y.C.**

Mr. Yates's gr. g. Gab, by Swap, 4 yrs. old.—Pavis 1
 Mr. Greville's Dryad, 3 yrs. old 2
 Mr. Thornhill's b. f. Enchantment, 2 yrs. old 3
 Mr. Hunter's gr. c. by Gustavus, out of Young Pipyline, 3 yrs. old 4
 Duke of Portland's Will Scarlet, 3 yrs. old 5
 Mr. Smith's f. by Partisan, out of Fawn, 2 yrs. old, and Mr. Day's Tempe-
 rance, 2 yrs. old, paid.

6 to 4 agst. Dryad, and 7 to 4 agst. Gab, who was claimed.

Mr. Payne's ch. c. by Wrangler, out of Whiteboy's dam, 8st. 7lb. (Arnall), beat
 Mr. Spalding's b. f. Lady Charlotte, 8st. 5lb.—Ab. M.—50.

Mr. Payne's br. f. Corset, 8st. 3lb. received 30 sovs. forfeit from Mr. Greville's
 Dryad, 8st. 6lb.—T.Y.C.—50.

Mr. Spalding's b. f. Lady Charlotte, 8st. 7lb. agst. Mr. Payne's ch. c. by Wrangler,
 out of Whiteboy's dam, 8st. 5lb.—Ab. M.—100, h. ft.—Off by consent.

TARPORLEY HUNT.

**THURSDAY, Nov. 1.—The ALL-AGED STAKES of 10 sovs. each.—Two miles.—
 Five subs.**

Mr. Nanney's b. c. Belmont, by Figaro, 4 yrs. old, 8st. 2lb. 1
 Mr. Bower's b. f. Lady Stafford, 3 yrs. old, 6st. 12lb. 2
 Lord Westminster's b. f. Stratagem, 3 yrs. old, 6st. 12lb. 3

HALF-BRED STAKES of 5 sovs. each, with 20 added.—Two miles.—Nineteen subs.

Mr. France's b. f. Orphan, by Sir Oliver, 3 yrs. old, 9st. 12lb. 1
 Mr. Glegg's b. g. by Astbury, 6 yrs. old, 11st. 12lb. 2
 Mr. Armitstead's b. g. by Lottery, 4 yrs. old, 11st. 2lb. 3
 Sir H. Mainwaring's br. g. by Cymro, 5 yrs. old, 11st. 8lb. 4

The FARMERS' CUP was won, at two heats, by Mr. Hignett's gr. g. Saddler
 beating seven others.

CARLISLE.

TUESDAY, Sept. 25.—SWEEPSTAKES of 20 sovs. each, with 20 sovs. added; two yrs. old colts, 8st. 5lb.; fillies, 8st. 2lb.—About three quarters of a mile.—Seven subs.

Sir R. K. Dick's gr. c. Allegro, by Jock, out of Bravura, by Outcry 1
Mr. Serjeantson's b. f. by Lottery, dam by Walton 2
Mr. Smith's b. c. by Muley, dam by Cato 3

GOLD CUP, value 100 gs. by subscription of 10 gs. each.—Three miles.—Eleven subs.

Col. Cradock's ch. h. The Barber, by Figaro, 5 yrs. old, 8st. 9lb. 1
Lord Cleveland's b. h. Stotforth, 6 yrs. old, 8st. 12lb.; Mr. W. H. Dick's b. g. Charley, aged, 8st. 9lb.; Mr. Orde's br. c. Tomboy, 3 yrs. old, 6st. 12lb.; and Mr. Healey's b. h. Flambeau, 6 yrs. old, 8st. 12lb.; also started, but were not placed.

The CITY MEMBER'S PLATE of 50l.—Two-mile heats.

Mr. Gardiner's b. c. by Blacklock, dam by Walton, 3 yrs. old, 6st. 10lb.
—Lye 3 1 1
Mr. Harrison's b. f. Maid of the Oaks, 3 yrs. old, 6st. 7lb. 1 2 2
Mr. Teasdale's ro. m. Village Maid, 4 yrs. old, 7st. 8lb. 2 3 dr
Mr. Ramshay's ch. c. Peteril, 3 yrs. old, 6st. 10lb. 4 4 dr

WEDNESDAY, 26.—His MAJESTY'S PLATE of 100 gs.—Four miles.

Mr. Jaques's h. c. Ossian, by Catton, 4 yrs. old, 10st. 7lb.—Jaques 1
Mr. Williamson's b. h. The Earl, aged, 12st. 2
Lord Cleveland's b. h. Stotforth, 6 yrs. old, 11st. 12lb. 3
Mr. W. H. Dick's b. g. Charley, aged, 12st. 4

FIFTY POUND PLATE, given by the Inhabitants of Carlisle; three yr. olds, 6st. 12lb.; four, 8st. 2lb.; five, 8st. 10lb.; six and aged, 9st. 11lb.; m. and g. allowed 3lb.; a winner of 50l. in the present year to carry 3lb., of two, 5lb. extra; a Gold Cup, Stake, or Plate, value 100 sovs. considered as two fifties.—Heats, two miles.

Mr. Gardiner's b. c. by Blacklock, dam by Walton, 3 yrs. old.—Lye .. 4 1 1
Mr. Attwood's b. m. Penthesilea, 5 yrs. old 1 4 2
Capt. Healey's b. h. Flambeau, 6 yrs. old 3 2 3
Mr. Williamson's ch. h. Doctor Fraser, 4 yrs. old 2 3 dr

The CONVIVIAL STAKES of 10 gs. each, for horses, &c. not thorough-bred.—Heats, two miles.

Mr. Wright's gr. m. Longtown Lass, aged, 9st.—Wetherill 2 1 1
Capt. Graham's ch. h. Charlie, 5 yrs. old 1 2 2
Mr. Tinning's b. h. Jeremiah, 5 yrs. old 2 3 dr

THURSDAY, 27.—The COUNTY MEMBERS' PLATE of 50l.; three yr. olds, 6st. 7lb.; four, 7st. 10lb.; five, 8st. 6lb.; six and aged, 8st. 12lb.; m. and g. allowed 2lb.; a winner of 50l. in the present year to carry 3lb., of two, 5lb. extra; a Gold Cup, Stake, or Plate, value 100l. considered as two fifties.—Heats, three miles.

Mr. Jaques's b. c. Ossian, 4 yrs. old.—Jaques 1 1
Mr. Williamson's b. h. The Earl, aged 3 2
Mr. Wilkin's b. g. Ballochmyle, 4 yrs. old 2 dr

FIFTY POUNDS; three yr. olds, 7st. 2lb.; four, 8st.; five, 8st. 7lb.; six and aged, 12st.; m. and g. allowed 2lb.; horses that have never won 50l. allowed 3lb.; the winner to be sold for 150 gs. if demanded, &c.—Heats, two miles.

Gen. Sharpe's b. g. Perlet, by Peter Lely, 4 yrs. old.—Lye 5 4 1 1
Mr. Skipsey's b. f. Bounce, 3 yrs. old 4 1 3 2
Mr. Williamson's ch. c. Doctor Fraser, 4 yrs. old 1 3 2 dr
Mr. Francis's b. g. Storm, 6 yrs. old 6 2 4 dr
Mr. Jaques's b. f. Margaret, 4 yrs. old 2 dr
Mr. Harrison's b. f. Maid of the Oaks 3 dr

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Courseing Calendar,

1832.

SWAFFHAM.

November 6, 7, 8, 9.

For the Cup.

Mr. Grout's d. d. Dart, beat Mr. D. Tyssen's f. d. Gimcrack
Lord Stradbroke's bk. b. Marchioness, beat Mr. Wilkinson's bk. b. Captive
Mr. De Burgh's r. and w. b. p. Exotic, beat Mr. Chute's r. d. Hudibras
Sir H. Bedingfield's f. d. Ulysses, beat Mr. Caldwell's bk. b. Ready
Mr. Grout's bk. and w. d. Demon, beat Lord Stradbroke's r. d. Monster
Mr. Gurney's d. d. Ajax, beat Mr. Redhead's blue d. Lupus
Mr. Bagges's bk. d. Kaled, beat Mr. Buckworth's brin. b. Bashful
Sir C. Clarke's w. b. Oglander, beat Lord C. Townshend's bk. d. Slate

First Ties.

Demon beat Kaled	Marchioness beat Ajax
Dart beat Ulysses	Exotic beat Oglander

Second Ties.

Marchioness beat Dart	Exotic beat Demon
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Deciding Course.

Exotic beat Marchioness, and won the Cup.

For the LADIES' PLATE.

Lady C. Townshend's b. b. Sophia, beat Lady Folkes's r. and w. d. Reviewer
Mrs. Bagges's f. b. Kate, beat Miss E. Hoste's bk. d. Wasp
Lady Clarke's bk. b. Oyster, beat Lady Sykes's bk. and w. b. Hyssop
Mrs. Western's r. d. Wellington, beat Mrs. Buckworth's bk. d. Beppo
Lord Stradbroke's bk. b. Margaret, beat Mr. De Burgh's r. and w. b. p. Esprit
Mr. Redhead's bk. b. Lady Fly, beat Mr. Bagges's bk. b. Kirke
Mr. Chute's bk. b. Haidee, beat Mr. Wilkinson's bk. b. Cozey
Mr. Grout's bk. d. Duke, beat Mr. Caldwell's r. d. Rufus

First Ties.

Sophia beat Kate	Oyster beat Wellington
Margaret beat Haidee	Duke beat Lady Fly

Second Ties.

Oyster beat Sophia	Duke beat Margaret
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Deciding Course.

Oyster beat Duke, and won the Plate.

HARBOROUGH PUPPY SWEEPSTAKES.

Lord Stradbroke's bk. and w. b. Michaelmas, against Mr. De Burgh's bk. b. Ellen.—Two hares
Lord C. Townshend's r. b. So-so, beat Mr. Chute's r. b. Hourie
So-so beat Michaelmas, and won the Stakes.

WESTACRE PUPPY SWEEPSTAKES.

Mr. Gurney's bk. and w. d. Andrew, beat Mr. Wilkinson's bk. d. Cantab
Mr. Caldwell's brin. d. Rattler, beat Mr. Buckworth's brin. d. Bugleman
Andrew beat Rattler, and won the Sweepstakes.

CLEY SWEEPSTAKES for puppies.

Mr. Chute's bk. and t. d. Harlequin, beat Mr. Caldwell's brin. d. Recipe
 Mr. Grout's d. d. Dubious, beat Mr. Wilkinson's bk. d. Cantab
 Dubious beat Harlequin, and won the Stakes.

CLEY SWEEPSTAKES for aged dogs.

Lord Stradbroke's bk. d. Mortimer, beat Mr. Gurney's r. d. Ambiguity
 Mr. De Burgh's blue and w. d. Exquisite, beat Mr. Chute's r. d. Herald
 Mortimer beat Exquisite, and won the Stakes.

MATCHES.

Mr. Gurney's r. d. Ambiguity, against Mr. Buckworth's r. d. Bachelor.—No Course
 Mr. De Burgh's blue and w. d. Exquisite, beat Lord C. Townshend's r. and w. b. Souvenir
 Mr. Caldwell's brin. d. p. Recompense, beat Mr. Chute's d. d. Hiero
 Lord Stradbroke's r. b. p. Maiden, against Mr. Chute's b. and t. d. p. Highlander.—Undecided
 Mr. Gurney's r. d. p. Alonzo, beat Mr. Grout's bk. d. Driver
 Mr. Buckworth's bk. b. Bohea, beat Mr. Wilkinson's bk. b. Clio
 Lord C. Townshend's bk. d. p. Sybil, beat Mr. Chute's bk. d. p. Hanno
 Mr. Chute's r. b. p. Hourii, beat Mr. Gurney's d. d. p. Abel
 Lord C. Townshend's r. b. p. So-so, beat Mr. Gurney's b. and w. b. p. Ada
 Mr. Chute's blue d. Harbinger, beat Mr. Buckworth's bk. b. Bess
 Mr. Buckworth's r. d. Bachelor, beat Lord Stradbroke's bk. b. Midnight
 Lord Stradbroke's bk. d. Mountain, against Mr. Gurney's f. d. Ajax.—Undecided
 Mr. Gurney's brin. b. p. Acca, beat Mr. Bagges's bk. b. p. Kiss
 Lord Stradbroke's bk. d. Major, against Mr. Buckworth's bk. d. Barber.—Undecided
 Mr. Chute's r. d. Hylas, beat Lord C. Townshend's bk. b. Slate
 Mr. Buckworth's brin. d. Bacchus, against Mr. Chute's f. d. Hurricane.—No Course
 Mr. Gurney's bk. d. p. Admiral, against Mr. Caldwell's brin. d. p. Ranter.—No Course
 Mr. Redhead's bk. and w. d. Lucius, against Mr. Buckworth's brin. d. Bacchus.—No Course
 Mr. Buckworth's brin. d. p. Bruce, against Mr. Chute's f. b. p. Hermia.—Undecided
 Mr. Caldwell's brin. d. p. Rustic, beat Mr. Wilkinson's, bk. d. p. Comet
 Lord Stradbroke's bk. d. Midnight, beat Mr. Redhead's blue b. Lass
 Lord C. Townshend's r. d. p. Soho, beat Lord Berners's r. d. p. Nonsense
 Mr. Gurney's bk. and w. d. p. Ada, against Mr. Caldwell's r. b. p. Rose.—No Course
 Mr. Gurney's bk. and w. b. p. Ada, beat Mr. Caldwell's r. b. p. Rose
 Mr. Gurney's d. d. p. Abel, beat Mr. Redhead's r. b. p. Lisper
 Mr. De Burgh's r. and w. b. Esprit, beat Mr. D. Tyssen's brin. b. p. No-Go
 Mr. Chute's blue d. Harbinger, beat Mr. Redhead's r. b. Lara
 Mr. Chute's r. d. Hudibras, beat Mr. Caldwell's bk. b. Ready
 Mr. Redhead's r. d. Libo, against Mr. Buckworth's bk. d. Barber.—No Course
 Mr. Buckworth's brin. d. p. Bruce, beat Mr. Tyssen's bk. d. Zachariah
 Mr. Wilkinson's bk. d. Cley, against Mr. Chute's f. d. Hurricane.—Undecided
 Mr. De Burgh's r. and w. b. Esprit, beat Mr. Grout's brin. b. Dorothy
 Lord Stradbroke's bk. d. Mountain, beat Mr. Chute's bk. d. Hannibal
 Mr. Buckworth's r. d. p. Brutus, beat Mr. Chute's bk. d. p. Hanno
 Lord Stradbroke's r. b. Merry Lass, against Mr. Caldwell's brin. b. Reel.—No Course
 Mr. Gurney's brin. b. p. Acca, beat Mr. Caldwell's brin. b. p. Recompense
 Mr. Buckworth's brin. b. Bashful, against Mr. Caldwell's bk. b. Rebecca.—No Course
 Mr. Gurney's r. d. p. Alonzo, beat Mr. De Burgh's bk. p. Rawbones
 Mr. De Burgh's bk. b. p. Ellen, beat Mr. Caldwell's brin. d. p. Merry Pegs
 Lord Stradbroke's bk. d. Major, beat Mr. D. Tyssen's bk. b. Gadfly
 Mr. Gurney's bk. d. p. Admiral, beat Mr. Caldwell's brin. d. p. Ranter

Lord Stradbroke's r. b. p. Maiden, against Mr. Chute's b. and t. d. p. Highlander.—No Course

Lord Stradbroke's r. d. Monster, against Mr. D. Tyssen's f. d. Gimcrack.—No Course.

At Leyburn Coursing Meeting the prize was won by Mr. C. Other's Rex; Mr. Thompson's Tinker second.

MALTON.

November 6, 7, 8, 9.

For the CUP.

Mr. Golden's bl. b. Pessima, beat Mr. Best's r. b. Gabrielle
Sir J. Johnstone's f. d. p. Rubini, beat Mr. G. Bower's bk. d. Reginald
Major Bower's f. b. Blue Bonnet, beat Mr. S. Fox's r. d. Regent
Mr. Golden's f. b. Myrtle, beat Mr. G. Bower's bk. d. Gondolier
Mr. Best's w. d. Topper, beat Major Bower's blue d. De Begnis
Sir J. Johnstone's bk. and w. d. Vagrant, beat Mr. S. Fox's f. d. p. Templar
Mr. Swann's r. and w. d. Sailor, beat Mr. Best's bk. b. Martin
Sir J. Johnstone's bk. and w. b. Trinket, beat Mr. Swann's blue d. Junius

First Ties.

Trinket beat Sailor	Vagrant beat Blue Bonnet
Topper beat Myrtle	Rubini beat Pessima

Second Ties.

Topper beat Rubini Vagrant against Trinket.—Drawn

Deciding Course.

Vagrant beat Topper, and won the Cup.

The GOLD CUP.

Mr. Best's r. and w. d. Tartar, beat Mr. G. Bower's brin. b. Lisette
Mr. S. Fox's w. and bk. b. Fly, beat Mr. Golden's b. b. Fly
Mr. Swann's bk. d. Lucifer, beat Major Bower's bk. and w. b. Belgrave
Mr. Swann's bk. d. Discord, beat Sir J. Johnstone's brin. d. p. Wrangler

First Ties.

Discord beat Tartar	Lucifer beat Fly
The Cup won by Mr. Swann.	

SWEEPSTAKES of 5 sovs. each, for all ages.

Mr. Best's r. d. Lubin, beat Mr. S. Fox's bk. and w. d. Granby
Mr. Golden's blue and w. d. Rocket, beat Sir J. Johnstone's bk. and w. d. Bolivar
Lubin beat Rocket, and won the Stakes.

SWEEPSTAKES of 5 sovs. each, for bitch puppies.

Sir J. Johnstone's blue b. Volage, beat Mr. Best's bk. and w. b. Barbara
Mr. Golden's bk. b. Caroline, beat Mr. Best's Triumph
Volage beat Caroline, and won the Stakes

SWEEPSTAKES of 5 sovs. each, for all ages.

Mr. Bower's w. and bk. b. Bobadilla, beat Mr. Best's bk. b. p. Mimsy
Mr. Swann's brin. and w. b. Endor, beat Mr. S. Fox's bk. and w. d. Bittern
Endor beat Bobadilla, and won the Stakes.

SWEEPSTAKES of 5 sovs. each, for dog puppies.

Mr. Swann's bk. and w. d. Laurel, beat Mr. G. Bower's y. and w. d. Richmond
Mr. Best's blue d. Magic, beat Mr. S. Fox's f. d. Memnon
Laurel beat Magic, and won the Stakes.

SWEEPSTAKES of 5 sovs. each, for all ages.

Mr. Swann's w. d. Justice, beat Sir J. Johnstone's bk. d. Rokeby
Mr. Golden's f. b. Fly, beat Major Bower's bk. d. Birmingham
Justice beat Fly and won the Stakes.

SWEEPSTAKES of 5 sovs. each, for all ages.

Mr. Golden's f. and w. d. Nimrod, beat Sir J. Johnstone's bk. and w. d. Bertram
 Major Bower's brin. d. Bullet, beat Mr. Best's bk. b. p. Mimsy
 Nimrod beat Bullet, and won the Stakes.

SWEEPSTAKES of 5 sovs. each, for dog puppies.

Mr. S. Fox's f. d. Templar, beat Mr. Golden's bk. and w. d. The Captain
 Mr. Swann's bk. d. Eclipse, beat Sir J. Johnstone's blue and w. d. Vincent
 Eclipse beat Templar, and won the Stakes.

SWEEPSTAKES of 5 sovs. each, for all ages.

Mr. Best's r. d. p. Magnet, beat Mr. Swann's w. d. Jupiter
 Mr. Fox's bk. and w. d. Granby, beat Mr. G. Bower's bk. d. Cygnet
 Magnet beat Granby, and won the Stakes.

SWEEPSTAKES of 5 sovs. each, for puppies.

Mr. Best's c. c. b. Triumph, beat Mr. Golden's bk. d. Chorister
 Sir J. Johnstone's blue and w. d. Vincent, beat Mr. S. Fox's f. d. Memnon
 Triumph beat Vincent, and won the Stakes.

SWEEPSTAKES of 5 sovs. each, for all ages.

Mr. Swann's blue d. Junius, beat Mr. Best's r. d. Gabrielle
 Mr. Golden's r. and w. d. Garrick, beat Sir J. Johnstone's brin. d. Wrangler
 Junius beat Garrick and won the Stakes.

SWEEPSTAKES of 5 sovs. each, for all ages.

Major Bower's bk. d. Birmingham, beat Mr. Fox's r. d. Regent
 Sir J. Johnstone's bk. and w. b. Sapphire, beat Mr. G. Bower's bk. d. Gondolier
 Sapphire beat Birmingham, and won the Stakes.

SWEEPSTAKES of 5 sovs. each, for all ages.

Mr. G. Bower's brin. b. Lisette, beat Mr. Fox's bk. and w. d. Bittern
 Sir J. Johnstone's bk. and w. d. Bolivar, beat Major Bower's brin. b. Brunette
 Bolivar beat Lisette, and won the Stakes.

SWEEPSTAKES of 5 sovs. each for all ages.

Mr. Swann's r. and w. d. Sailor, beat Sir J. Johnstone's r. d. Rubini
 Mr. Best's r. d. Lubin, beat Major Bower's w. and bk. b. Bobadilla
 Sailor beat Lubin, and won the Stakes.

MATCHES.

Mr. G. Bower's blue and w. b. Rachel, beat Mr. Swann's r. b. Belinda
 Major Bower's brin. b. Brunette, beat Mr. Golden's bk. and w. b. Clara
 Mr. Swann's w. d. Justice, beat Sir J. Johnstone's bk. d. Rokeby
 Sir J. Johnstone's brin. d. Wrangler, beat Mr. Best's blue d. p. Magic
 Mr. Best's bk. b. Mimsy, beat Mr. S. Fox's f. d. Memnon
 Mr. Swann's w. and br. b. Endor, beat Mr. Fox's r. d. Regent
 Sir J. Johnstone's bk. d. Rokeby, beat Major Bower's bk. and w. b. Belgrave
 Sir J. Johnstone's bk. and w. d. Bertram, beat Major Bower's blue d. De Begnis
 Mr. Fox's f. d. Templar, beat Mr. Swann's bk. d. Eclipse.

WINCHBURGH.

October 30.

For the PUPPY CUP.

Mr. Geddes's bk. and w. b. Go, beat Major H. Dundas's ch. b. Dumpy
 Mr. Duncan na. br. b. Daphne, beat Mr. Raimes's bk. and w. b. Vanish
 Mr. W. Craig na. bk. and w. d. Dart, beat Mr. Johnston na. bk. and w. d. Randy
 Sir A. Hope na. bk. and w. b. Darling, beat Mr. Kerr's bk. b. Kiss
 Mr. Brown na. brin. b. Duchess, beat Mr. G. Stirling's bl. d. Claret
 Hon. C. Hope na. y. and w. d. Doctor, beat Captain Hope na. blue d. Dutchman
 Mr. Dudgeon's w. d. Dennis, beat Mr. Mitchell's br. d. Violence

First Ties.

Daphne beat Go Dart beat Darling
Duchess beat Doctor Dennis ran a bye

Second Ties.

Dart beat Daphne Dennis beat Duchess

Deciding Course.

Dennis beat Dart, and won the Cup.

SWEEPSTAKES for dogs of all ages.

Mr. Duncan na. d. d. Dusty Miller, beat Mr. Mitchell's y. and w. d. Spring
Mr. Raimes's w. b. Comely, beat Mr. G. Stirling's bk. and w. d. Tickler
Sir J. Dalyell na. bk. d. Danger, beat Mr. Geddes's w. b. Grace
Mr. Brown's br. d. Rowton, against Mr. Sheriff's y. d. Sam.—Drawn
Major Dundas's b. d. Dummkopf, beat Mr. W. Raimes's bk. d. Marplot
Mr. Kerr's bk. b. Kitten, a bye.—Drawn

First Ties.

Dusty Miller beat Comely Danger beat Rowton
Dummkopf ran a bye

Second Ties.

Dummkopf beat Dusty Miller Danger ran a bye

Deciding Course.

Dummkopf beat Danger, and won the Stakes.

HIGHCLERE, or BEACON HILL.

October 30 and 31.

For the TEAPOT and JELLY-BOAT.

Mr. Goodlake's y. b. Gong, beat Mr. Astley's r. b. Ada
Mr. Etwall's f. d. Skyscraper, beat Mr. Astley's y. b. Adelaide
Mr. Goodlake's bl. b. Modesty, beat Hon. H. Moreton's br. b. Encore
Mr. Goodlake's w. b. Blossom, beat Mr. Astley's bk. d. Augustus
Mr. Astley's y. w. b. Amelia, beat Mr. Sivewright's bl. d. Sinbad
Mr. Etwall's bk. d. Erymies, beat Mr. Astley's bk. d. Albion

First Ties.

Gong beat Skyscraper Blossom beat Modesty
Erymies beat Amelia

Second Ties.

Gong beat Erymies Blossom, a bye

Deciding Course.

Blossom beat Gong, and won the Teapot Gong won the Jelly-boat.

WENSLEYDALE.

For the CUP.

Mr. Willis's r. d. Tinker, beat Mr. Foster's bl. b. Mouse
Mr. J. Fisher's bk. and w. b. Rosabella, beat Mr. Pratt's r. and w. d. Physician
Mr. Hutton's w. b. Venus, beat Mr. Wray's w. d. Twister
Mr. Foster's r. d. Belshazzar, beat Mr. Allen's bl. d. Marmion
Mr. Booth's r. b. Gadfly, beat Mr. Wray's bl. d. Tramp
Mr. C. Other's y. and w. d. Rex, beat Mr. C. Croft's w. d. Sam
Mr. J. B. Simpson's bk. and w. d. Tramp, beat Mr. Maclellan's r. d. Dart
Mr. C. Wright's r. b. Minx, beat Mr. Ware's r. d. Vulcan

First Ties.

Tinker beat Rosabella Belshazzar beat Venus
Rex beat Gadfly Tramp beat Minx

THE COURSING CALENDAR, 1832.

Second Ties.

Tinker beat Belshazzar Rex beat Tramp

Deciding Course.

Rex beat Tinker, and won the Cup.

EAST ILSLEY.

November 8 and 9.

For the CUP and SPOONS.

Mr. Anderson's r. d. Acorn, beat Mr. Monks's b. b. Roxy
 Mr. Webber's w. b. Wheatear, beat Mr. Williams's (Deuchworth) b. b. Warbler
 Mr. Williams's (Ilsley) b. b. Wireworm, beat Mr. Tarrant's r. d. Toby
 Mr. Webb's b. and w. d. Windsor, beat Mr. Ensworth's b. b. Elina
 Mr. Bennett's y. and w. d. Beverley, beat Mr. Elmore's f. b. Easy
 Mr. P. Blackhall's b. d. Belcher, beat Mr. Alder's y. d. Twist
 Mr. Bennett's y. b. Bounty, beat Mr. Clark's b. b. Coral
 Mr. Ensworth's b. b. Esther, beat Mr. W. Blackhall's b. b. Skip

First Ties.

Wheatear beat Acorn Beverley beat Belcher
 Windsor beat Wireworm Bounty beat Esther

Second Ties.

Windsor beat Beverley Bounty beat Wheatear

Deciding Course.

Windsor beat Bounty, and won the Cup—and Bounty the Spoons.

First Class of Stakes.

Mr. Monks's b. d. King William, beat Mr. Elmore's w. d. Eagle
 Mr. Ensworth's w. b. Ermine, beat Mr. Anderson's r. d. Active
 Ermine beat King William, and won the Stakes.

Second Class of Stakes.

Mr. P. Blackhall's b. d. Ben, beat Mr. Webb's w. d. Whirligig
 Mr. Williams's (Ilsley) b. d. Walter Scott, beat Mr. Bennett's b. d. Byron
 Walter Scott beat Ben, and won the Stakes.

Third Class of Stakes.

Mr. Williams's (Ilsley) b. b. Wireworm, beat Mr. W. Blackhall's b. b. Skip
 Mr. Elmore's f. b. Easy, beat Mr. Monks's b. b. Roxy
 Easy beat Wireworm, and won the Stakes.

MATCH.

Mr. Anderson's f. b. Agile, beat Mr. Williams's w. b. Whim.

COCKNEY.—NETHERHAVEN, WILTS.

November 14, 15, 16.

For the PUPPY CUP.

Mr. Nicholl's Nancy, beat Mr. Anderson's Archer
 Mr. Baily's Bunting, beat Mr. Patient's Polecat
 Mr. Rice's Ruby, beat Mr. Clark's Charcoal
 Mr. Elmore's Emerald, beat Mr. Seymour's Saucy

Ties.

Nancy beat Bunting Emerald beat Ruby

Deciding Course.

Nancy beat Emerald, and won the Cup.

ENFORD TANKARD.

Mr. Elmore's Easy, beat Mr. Baily's Baronet
Mr. Nicholls's Naiad, beat Mr. Seymour's Skylark
Mr. Clark's Comus, beat Mr. Patient's Priam
Mr. Rice's Rush, beat Mr. Anderson's Acorn

Ties.

Easy beat Naiad Comus beat Rush

Deciding Course.

Easy beat Comus, and won the Tankard.

NETHERHAVEN STAKES.

Mr. Patient's Prince, beat Mr. Baily's Bustard
Mr. Elmore's Belle, beat Mr. Anderson's Active

Deciding Course.

Belle beat Prince, and won the Stakes.

SIDBURY HILL STAKES.

Mr. Elmore's Eagle, beat Mr. Clark's Cant
Mr. Baily's Bella, beat Mr. Seymour's Susanna

Deciding Course.

Bella beat Eagle, and won the Stakes.

TIDWORTH STAKES.

Mr. Baily's Bustard, beat Mr. Anderson's Lad
Mr. Anderson's Active, beat Mr. Baily's Bunting
Mr. Rice's Rush, beat Mr. Patient's Polecat
Mr. Patient's Priam, beat Mr. Clark's Cant

Ties.

Bustard beat Active Priam beat Rush

Deciding Course.

Priam beat Bustard, and won the Stakes.

GRATIS STAKES.

Mr. Anderson's Quick, beat Mr. Clark's Charcoal
Mr. Rice's Ripple, beat Mr. Baily's Baronet
Mr. Patient's Polecat, beat Mr. Elmore's Belle

Ties.

Polecat beat Quick Ripple ran a bye

Deciding Course.

Ripple beat Polecat, and won the Stakes.

MATCHES.

Mr. Rice's Ruby, beat Mr. Elmore's Eagle
Mr. Anderson's Quick, beat Mr. Palmer's Colonel
Mr. Rice's Ripple, beat Mr. Baily's Bella
Mr. Elmore's Belle, beat Mr. Rice's Rant.

LANARKSHIRE AND RENFREWSHIRE.

November 15, 16, 17.

SWEEPSTAKES for dogs of all ages.

Mr. A. Graham's r. b. Mary Jane, beat Dr. Young's y. b. Fanny
Mr. W. Geddes's w. b. Grace, beat Mr. J. Pollok's bk. d. Tickler
Mr. A. Graham's w. d. Francis, beat Mr. J. Raimes's bk. d. Maypole
Mr. W. Stewart's bl. d. Snap, beat Mr. J. Freeland's, y. and w. b. Fairy
Mr. J. Pollok's br. d. Oscar, beat Mr. A. Graham's y. and w. b. Bess

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Lord Eglinton's br. b. Helen, beat Mr. W. Geddes's y. and w. d. Glory
 Mr. G. Dundas's f. d. Dusty Miller, beat Mr. C. Carnies's bk. d. Violence
 Mr. J. Raimes's br. and w. d. Major, beat Mr. J. Raimes's bk. d. Marplot
 Mr. A. Pollok's br. d. Thorn, beat Mr. G. Dundas's bk. d. Dummkopf
 Mr. W. Stewart's br. d. Tinto, beat Dr. Young's bk. and w. d. Jeremy Diddler
 Mr. W. Wilson's br. d. Walnut, beat Mr. A. Bonar's w. d. Speculation
 Mr. C. Carnies's bk. and w. b. Nettle, a bye

First Ties.

Grace beat Nettle	Major beat Snap
Dusty Miller beat Francis	Tinto beat Mary Jane
Helen beat Walnut	Thorn beat Oscar

Second Ties.

Grace beat Dusty Miller	Thorn beat Helen	Major beat Tinto
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Third Ties.

Thorn, a bye	Grace beat Major
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Deciding Course.

Thorn beat Grace, and won the Stakes.

A CUP, value 15 gs. for dogs not exceeding twenty months.

Mr. C. Carnies's y. d. The Duke, beat Mr. J. Raimes's bk. and w. d. Vanish
 Mr. G. Dundas's br. b. Daphne, beat Mr. A. Bonar's bk. and w. d. Badger
 Lord Eglinton's bl. d. Souter Johnny, beat Mr. C. Carnies's r. b. Beauty
 Mr. W. Wilson's br. and w. d. Whalebone, beat Mr. J. Meiklam's bk. and w. d.

Midge

Mr. A. Pollok's bk. d. Dando, beat Mr. J. Pollok's bk. d. Spring
 Mr. A. Graham's br. d. Gilbertfield, beat Mr. W. Geddes's bk. and w. b. Glee
 Mr. A. Graham's r. b. Poruni, beat Mr. W. Stewart's bk. b. Bess
 Mr. W. Geddes's bk. and w. d. Go, beat Mr. G. Dundas's bl. d. Dutchman
 Dr. Young's w. d. Jehu, beat Mr. W. Stewart's bk. d. Chance

First Ties.

Daphne beat Poruni	Jehu beat Whalebone
Dando beat Gilbertfield	Go, a bye
The Duke beat Souter Johnny	

Second Ties.

Daphne beat the Duke	Dando beat Jehu	Go, a bye
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Third Ties.

Daphne beat Go	Dando, a bye
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Deciding Course.

Daphne beat Dando, and won the Cup.

SWEEPSTAKES for dogs not exceeding twenty months.

Mr. A. Graham's br. b. Beardie, beat Mr. W. Geddes's bk. and w. b. Glee
 Mr. G. Dundas's bk. and w. d. Dart, beat Lord Eglinton's bl. b. Meg Merrilies
 Mr. J. Meiklam's bk. and w. d. Mark, beat Mr. W. Stewart's bk. d. Mungo
 Mr. A. Graham's bk. b. Cascade, beat Dr. Young's bk. and w. b. Gipsey
 Mr. C. Carnies's r. b. Fly, beat Mr. J. Pollok's bk. d. Vengeance
 Mr. G. Dundas's r. and w. d. Doctor, beat Mr. C. Carnies's bk. and w. d. Swallow
 Mr. W. Geddes's bk. and w. d. Go, beat Mr. C. Carnies's br. d. Snake
 Mr. W. Geddes's br. b. Gain, beat Mr. G. Dundas's ch. b. Dummy
 Mr. G. Dundas's w. d. Dennis, beat Dr. Young's r. d. Rodney
 Mr. A. Graham's w. b. Lady Mary, beat Mr. W. Wilson's br. and w. b. Wallflower
 Lord Eglinton's bl. d. Rob Roy, beat Lord Eglinton's bl. d. Tam o'Shanter

First Ties.

Beardie beat Mark	Dennis beat Fly
Dart against Gain—Drawn	Lady Mary beat Go
Cascade beat Rob Roy	Doctor a bye

Second Ties.

Dart beat Beardie Lady Mary against Cascade—Drawn
Doctor beat Dennis

Third Ties.

Lady Mary beat Doctor Dart, a bye
Deciding Course.

Lady Mary beat Dart, and won the Stakes.

MATCHES.

Mr. G. Dundas's bk. Dummkopf, beat Mr. Geddes's y. and w. d. Glory
Mr. G. Dundas's ch. d. Dumpy, beat Mr. A. Graham's br. d. Gilbertfield.

ASHDOWN PARK.

November 20, 21, 22, 23.

For the CUP and SOVS.

Mr. B. Harries's y. and w. b. Hebe, beat Mr. Astley's bk. d. Arlington
Mr. Pettat's bk. d. Paganini, beat Mr. H. Fleetwood's w. d. Furlong
Mr. Aggs's r. b. Actress, beat Mr. Capel's w. b. Jessie
Mr. Cripps's br. and w. d. Comrade, beat Mr. E. Cripps's bk. d. Elymas
Col. Newport's r. d. The Nab, beat Mr. Goodlake's bk. b. Gewgaw
Lord Molyneux's w. b. Meteora, beat Mr. Morant's r. b. Miss
Mr. Astley's bk. b. Advance, beat Mr. Vickers's bk. and w. b. Venus
Mr. H. Fleetwood's bk. b. Fountain, beat Mr. B. Harries's bk. and w. d. Huntsman

First Ties.

Meteora beat Actress Hebe beat Comrade
Fountain beat Advance Paganini beat The Nab

Second Ties.

Hebe beat Paganini Meteora beat Fountain

Deciding Course.

Hebe beat Meteora, and won the Cup—and Meteora the Sovs.

For the DERBY STAKES.

Mr. Pettat's w. d. Ploughboy, beat Mr. Harries's r. and w. d. Hudibras
Col. Newport's bk. and w. d. Noll, beat Mr. Browne's bk. d. Barrister
Mr. Astley's bk. d. Augustus, beat Mr. Cripps's bk. and w. d. Condor
Mr. Goodlake's bk. d. Gerald, beat Mr. E. Cripps's bk. d. Egham
Mr. Agg's bk. d. Achilles, beat Mr. H. Fleetwood's bk. d. Friar

*First Ties.

Achilles beat Ploughboy Noll beat Augustus Gerald, a bye

Deciding Course.

Noll beat Achilles, and won the Stakes.

THE OAKS STAKES.

Lord Molyneux's y. b. Madcap, beat Mr. Morant's r. and w. b. Minna
Mr. E. Cripps's bl. b. Eyedrop, beat Col. Newport's bk. and w. d. No Doubt
Mrs. Vickers's bk. b. Velvet, beat Mr. Astley's bk. b. Ada
Mr. H. Fleetwood's br. b. Fanatic, beat Mr. Aggs's bk. b. Agnes
Mr. Capel's bk. b. Isabel, beat Mr. Cripps's bk. b. Comet
Mr. Goodlake's bl. b. Geraldine, beat Mr. Pettat's bk. b. Procue
Mr. Browne's bk. b. Brunette, beat Mr. B. Harries's bk. b. Hop
Mr. E. Cripps's br. b. Envy, beat Mr. H. Fleetwood's bk. and w. b. Frontlet

First Ties.

Fanatic beat Geraldine Velvet beat Brunette
Isabel beat Envy Madcap beat Eyedrop

Second Ties.

Velvet beat Madcap Fanatic beat Isabel

Deciding Course.

Fanatic beat Velvet, and won the Stakes.

The St. LEGER STAKES of 5 sovs. each.

Mr. Astley's r. d. Anticipation, beat Mr. Pettat's bk. b. Pliant
 Mr. Cripps's bk. b. Comedy, beat Mr. H. Fleetwood's bk. d. Friar
 Col. Newport's r. b. No No, beat Mr. B. Harries's r. d. Hudibras
 Mr. Goodlake's bk. d. Guinea Fowl, beat Mr. E. Cripps's bl. d. Elector

Ties.

Guinea Fowl beat Comedy No No beat Anticipation

Deciding Course.

No No beat Guinea Fowl and won the Stakes.

CRAVEN ALL-AGED STAKES of 2 sovs. each.

Mrs. Vickers's bk. and w. b. Venus, beat Mr. E. Cripps's w. d. Escape
 Mr. H. Fleetwood's r. d. Fochabers, beat Mr. Cripps's w. b. Cobweb
 Mr. Astley's bk. d. Arlington, beat Mr. Pettat's bk. and w. b. Peafowl
 Mr. Capel's w. b. Jessy, beat Mr. Goodlake's r. d. Gong

Ties.

Fochabers beat Venus Jessy beat Arlington

Deciding Course.

Fochabers beat Jessy, and won the Stakes.

CRAVEN PUPPY STAKES of 2 sovs. each.

Mr. Astley's bk. b. Adelige, beat Mr. E. Cripps's bk. d. Egham
 Col. Newport's bk. and w. b. Necklace, beat Mr. Pettat's bk. b. Proene
 Mr. H. Fleetwood's bk. and w. b. Frontlet, beat Mr. Morant's r. and w. b. Minna
 Mr. Agg's r. and w. d. Actæon, beat Mr. Cripps's bk. b. Capella

Ties.

Actæon beat Adelige Frontlet beat Necklace
 Mr. Fleetwood and Mr. Agg divided the Stakes.

LAMBORN STAKES.—First Class.

Col. Newport's r. d. The Nab, beat Mr. Morant's bk. b. Huntress
 Mr. Agg's r. b. Actress, beat Mr. Astley's bk. b. Ada
 The Stakes divided.

LAMBORN STAKES.—Second Class.

Mr. Pettat's Patience, beat Mr. Cripps's Creole
 Mr. Cripps's Elector, beat Mr. Goodlake's Gewgaw
 The Stakes divided.

LAMBORN STAKES.—Third Class.

Mr. Fleetwood's br. d. Firebrand, beat Mr. Morant's Magician
 Mr. Goodlake's Gridiron (late Blossom), beat Mr. Agg's Agnes
 The Stakes divided.

MATCH.

Mr. Morant's bk. and w. d. Magician, beat Mr. Astley's bk. and w. b. Alice

LOUTH.

November 20, 21, 22, 24, 26.

The CUP, with 10 sovs. added.

Mr. Bartholomew's bk. and w. d. Bedlamite, beat Mr. Golden's f. b. Myrtle
 Mr. R. Chaplin's bk. b. Caroline, beat Mr. E. Heneage's bk. d. Leopard

Mr. Beridge's bl. b. Trictrac, beat Mr. G. Heneage's br. b. Lapwing
 Mr. R. Dawson's bk. d. Romulus, beat Mr. Hoskins's r. d. Horatio
 Mr. W. Elmhirst's bk. p. b. Wilful, beat Mr. Loft's r. and w. d. Viscount
 Sir J. Johnstone's bk. and w. b. Trinket, beat Mr. Hassall's r. p. d. Hammer
 Mr. Chaplin's f. d. Coriander, beat Mr. G. Heneage's bk. d. Larder
 Mr. G. Alington's r. and t. d. Harlequin, beat Mr. Best's w. d. Transit

First Ties.

Harlequin beat Bedlamite	Romulus beat Trictrac
Coriander beat Wilful	Trinket beat Caroline

Second Ties.

Coriander beat Trinket	Romulus beat Harlequin
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Deciding Course.

Romulus beat Coriander, and won the Cup—and Coriander the Sovs.

LOUTH ST. LEGER STAKES of 75 sovs.—Fifteen subs.—15 sovs. to the second best dog.

Mr. Hassall's bk. p. b. Handicap, beat Mr. Beridge's r. and w. d. Trumpeter
 Mr. Golden's f. and w. d. Garrick, beat Sir J. Johnstone's bk. and w. d. Vagrant
 Mr. Loft's r. d. Bustler ran a bye
 Mr. G. Alington's f. and w. d. Clifford, beat Mr. Yorke's r. and w. d. Yeoman
 Mr. R. Chaplin's f. d. Victor, beat Mr. G. Heneage's bk. d. Loadstone
 Mr. Bartholomew's bk. and t. d. Barefoot, beat Mr. Chaplin's r. d. Coriolanus
 Mr. Hoskins's br. d. Herdsman, beat Col. Elmhirst's f. d. Messenger
 Mr. Best's w. d. Tamboff, beat Mr. E. Heneage's bk. b. Lovely

First Ties.

Barefoot beat Herdsman	Handicap beat Tamboff
Victor against Bustler—Drawn lame	Clifford beat Garrick

Second Ties.

Barefoot beat Handicap	Clifford beat Victor
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Deciding Course.

Barefoot beat Clifford, and won the Stakes—and Clifford the sovs.

OAKS' STAKES of 16 sovs. for bitch puppies.

Mr. Beridge's bk. and w. b. Tempest, beat Mr. Hassall's r. b. Hecubeno
 Mr. Bartholomew's r. b. Bashful, beat Mr. Golden's bk. b. Caroline
 Sir J. Johnstone's bk. and w. b. Sapphire, beat Mr. Hoskins's r. and w. b. Horatio
 Mr. Best's r. b. Trissy, beat Mr. Loft's r. b. Flash

Ties.

Trissy beat Sapphire	Tempest beat Bashful
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Deciding Course.

Tempest beat Trissy, and won the Stakes.

The DERBY STAKES of 16 sovs. for dog puppies.

Sir J. Johnstone's f. d. Rubini, beat Mr. Chaplin's bk. d. Childers
 Mr. Golden's f. w. d. Nimrod, beat Mr. Hoskins's bk. d. Helenus
 Mr. Bartholomew's bk. and w. d. Baron, beat Mr. Hassall's bk. and w. d. Harold, jun.
 Mr. E. Heneage's bk. d. Lofty, beat Mr. G. Alington's br. d. Champion

Ties.

Baron beat Lofty	Rubini beat Nimrod
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Deciding Course.

Rubini beat Baron, and won the Stakes.

The TATHWELL ALL-AGED STAKES of 16 sovs.

Mr. Golden's bk. b. Pessima, beat Mr. Beridge's bk. b. Tabitha
 Sir J. Johnstone's bk. and w. d. Bolivar, beat Mr. Hoskins's r. b. Hermia
 Mr. Bartholomew's d. w. d. Clinker, beat Mr. R. Chaplin's r. b. Cora
 Mr. Hassall's f. w. d. Hasper, beat Mr. Best's r. d. Lubin

Ties.

Bolivar beat Hasper

Pessima beat Clinker

Deciding Course.

Pessima beat Bolivar, and won the Stakes.

The WITHCALL ALL-AGED STAKES of 16 sovs.

Mr. Best's w. d. Transit, beat Mr. Hoskins's r. b. Hermia
 Mr. Beridge's r. and w. d. Trumpeter, beat Mr. C. Heneage's br. b. Lapwing
 Mr. Hoskins's r. d. Herbert, beat Mr. E. Heneage's bk. d. Leopard
 Mr. Hassall's bk. p. b. Havoc, beat Mr. Loft's r. and w. d. Viscount

Ties.

Havoc beat Transit

Trumpeter beat Herbert

Deciding Course.

Havoc beat Trumpeter, and won the Stakes.

TATHWELL GRANGE ALL-AGED STAKES of 8 sovs.

Mr. Hassall's bk. p. b. Havoc, beat Mr. Loft's r. and w. b. Vesta
 Mr. Hoskins's bk. b. Helena, beat Mr. Golden's f. b. Fly

Deciding Course.

Havoc beat Helena, and won the Stakes.

First BITCH PUPPY STAKES of 8 sovs.

Mr. Hoskins's r. b. Helen, beat Mr. Bartholomew's bk. Bessy Bedlam
 Mr. Hassall's bl. b. Harriettena, beat Mr. Best's c. c. b. Triumph
 Mr. Hassall and Mr. Hoskins divided the Stakes.

First DOG PUPPY STAKES of 8 sovs.

Mr. Hassall's bl. d. Hyperion, beat Mr. Best's r. d. Magnet
 Mr. Beridge's br. d. Tiger, beat Sir J. Johnstone's br. d. Wranger

Deciding Course.

Hyperion beat Tiger, and won the Stakes.

Second BITCH PUPPY STAKES of 8 sovs.

Mr. Best's c. c. b. Triumph, beat Mr. Loft's r. b. Flaah
 Mr. G. Heneage's bk. b. Lovely, beat Mr. Hoskins's r. b. Horatia

Deciding Course.

Triumph beat Lovely, and won the Stakes.

Second DOG PUPPY STAKES of 8 sovs.

Mr. Bartholomew's r. d. Bowler, beat Mr. Chaplin's bk. d. Childers
 Mr. Hassall's bl. d. Hyperion, beat Mr. Best's r. d. Magnet

Deciding Course.

Bowler beat Hyperion, and won the Stakes.

The BYE STAKES of 8 sovs.

Mr. Hoskins's br. d. Hubert, beat Mr. Chaplin's f. b. Columbine
 Mr. Hassall's r. b. Hecubina, beat Mr. Best's r. d. Tartar

Deciding Course.

Hecubina beat Hubert, and won the Stakes.

MATCHES.

Mr. R. Chaplin's w. d. Racer, beat Mr. Yorke's f. d. Yankee
 Mr. Bartholomew's r. p. d. Bowler, beat Col. Elmhirat's bk. p. d. Burgundy
 Mr. Hassall's bl. p. b. Hostile, beat Mr. Best's r. b. Gabrielle
 Col. Elmhirst's bl. d. Fairplay, beat Mr. Bartholomew's bk. b. Chance.

HAREWOOD.

November 20, 21, 22.

For the CUP.

Mr. Harrison's y. d. Turk, beat Hon. H. Lascelles's y. and w. b. Venus
 Hon. H. Lascelles's bk. and w. d. Bertram, beat Mr. Benn's f. b. Sweetbriar
 Mr. Hargreave's c. c. b. Liberty, beat Mr. Anderton's bk. and w. d. Quintus
 Mr. S. Fox's r. d. Tickler, beat Hon. A. Lascelles's bk. and w. d. Mask
 Mr. Holroyd's y. and w. d. Dart, beat Mr. Teal's bk. and w. d. Claret
 Mr. Jowitt's bk. d. Jock, beat Sir C. Ibbotson's bk. and w. d. Tranby
 Mr. Gibbs's bk. and w. b. Eclipse, beat Mr. T. Gascoigne's —
 Hon. E. Lascelles's bk. d. Spring, beat Mr. Bingley's f. d. Lightfoot

First Ties.

Turk beat Bertram	Tickler beat Liberty
Dart beat Jock	Eclipse beat Spring

Second Ties.

Turk beat Tickler	Eclipse beat Dart
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Deciding Course.

Turk beat Eclipse, and won the Cup.

HAREWOOD ALL-AGED STAKES of 2 sovs. each.

Hon. W. Lascelles's bk. and t. d. Rokeby, beat Mr. Gibbs's f. d. Tarquin
 Mr. S. Fox's bk. and w. d. Fly, beat Mr. Hargreave's —
 Mr. Anderton's bk. d. Glider, beat Mr. Holroyd's f. d. Smoker
 Mr. Teal's bk. and w. d. Topper, beat Hon. E. Lascelles's w. d. Ebor

Ties.

Rokeby beat Fly	Topper beat Glider
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Deciding Course.

Rokeby beat Topper, and won the Stakes.

SWEEPSTAKES of 2 sovs. each for dog puppies.

Mr. S. Fox's f. d. Templar, beat Hon. E. Lascelles's — d. Nero
 Mr. Bingley's bk. and w. d. Rattler, beat Hon. W. Lascelles's bk. d. Traveller
 Mr. Gibbs's blue d. Butcher, beat Mr. Teal's bk. and w. d. Straggler
 Hon. W. Stanton's blue and w. d. Clinker, a bye

Ties.

Rattler beat Templar	Butcher beat Clinker
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Deciding Course.

Rattler beat Butcher, and won the Stakes.

SWEEPSTAKES of 2 sovs. each for bitch puppies.

Mr. Benn's f. b. Sweetbriar, beat Mr. S. Fox's blue b. Tipsey
 Mr. Harrison's bk. and w. b. Virgin, beat Mr. Gibbs's blue and w. b. Whiskey
 Hon. W. Stanton's blue b. Tipsey, beat Mr. Bingley's bk. and w. b. Beauty
 Mr. S. Fox's w. b. Grace, beat Mr. Teal's blue and w. b. Woodbine

Ties.

Sweetbriar beat Virgin	Tipsey beat Grace
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Deciding Course.

Sweetbriar beat Tipsey, and won the Stakes.

SWEEPSTAKES of 2 sovs. each.

Mr. S. Fox's w. b. Grace, beat Mr. Teal's bk. and w. d. Claret
Mr. Bingley's br. b. Fly, beat Mr. Hargreave's c. c. b. Liberty

Deciding Course.

Grace beat Fly, and won the Stakes.

SWEEPSTAKES of 2 sovs. each.

Mr. Benn's bk. d. Spring, beat Mr. Harrison's bk. and w. b. Virgin
Mr. Fox's r. d. Regent, beat Mr. Gibbes's blue d. Spanker

Deciding Course.

Spring beat Regent, and won the Stakes.

MATCHES.

Mr. Hargreave's w. b. Rose, beat Hon. W. Lascelles's blue d. Spanker
Mr. Binley's blue d. Bluecap, beat Mr. Anderton's bk. and w. d. Quintus
Mr. Teal's bk. and w. d. Claret, beat Mr. Gibbes's bk. d. Major
Mr. Bingley's Bluecap, beat Mr. Harrison's bk. d. Snowball
Hon. W. Stanton's bk. d. Eagle, beat Mr. Teal's blue w. b. Woodbine
Mr. S. Fox's r. d. Tickler, beat Mr. Hargreave's w. b. Rose
Mr. Harrison's blue d. Tory, beat Mr. Bingley's f. d. Lightfoot

NEWMARKET (LATE CHESTERFORD).

November 21, 22, 23.

For the Cup.

Mr. Dobede's bk. d. Deptford, beat Mr. Finch's bk. d. Gameboy
Mr. Dobede's bk. d. Diamond, beat Mr. Vipan's br. d. Victor
Mr. Inskip's y. and w. d. Index, beat Mr. S. Tharp's br. and w. d. p. Newton
Mr. Inskip's r. d. Impel, beat Mr. Fryer's br. and w. b. Catharine
Mr. Fyson's bk. and w. d. Farmer, beat Mr. J. King's bk. d. Ruler
Mr. Edwards's br. d. p. Archibald, beat Mr. Marshall's bl. d. Monarch
Mr. King's bk. d. Rubini, beat Mr. Dunn's bk. d. Bluster
Mr. Searle's r. d. Snake, beat Mr. Gillett's bk. d. Godolphin

First Ties.

Impel beat Index
Dirwood beat Farmer

Rubini beat Snake
Archibald beat Deptford

Second Ties.

Impel beat Rubini

Diamond beat Archibald

Deciding Course.

Impel beat Diamond, and won the Cup—Diamond the Goblet.

ALLINGTON HILL PUPPY SWEEPSTAKES.

Mr. Inskip's bk. b. Ink, beat Mr. Finch's br. b. Ginger
Mr. Searle's bk. b. Streamlet, beat Mr. Marshall's bk. b. Minna
Mr. Vipan's br. b. Vivid, beat Mr. Fryer's r. b. Clara
Mr. Dobede's bk. b. Daisy, beat Mr. Gillett's f. b. Giddy

Ties.

Vivid beat Daisy

Ink beat Streamlet

Deciding Course.

Vivid beat Ink, and won the Stakes.

CHIPPENHAM PUPPY SWEEPSTAKES.

Mr. Dobede's br. d. Dragon, beat Mr. Gillett's f. and w. d. Gratis
Mr. Inskip's f. d. Interlude, beat Mr. J. King's br. d. Rapid
Mr. Edwards's br. d. Arthur, beat Mr. Finch's br. d. Glory
Mr. Fyson's r. d. Fireaway, beat Mr. Vipan's bk. d. Venom

Ties.
Dragon beat Arthur Fireaway beat Interlude

Deciding Course.

Dragon beat Fireaway, and won the Stakes.

NEWMARKET PUPPY SWEEPSTAKES.

Mr. Dobede's br. b. Dance, beat Mr. Fyson's bk. b. Fanny.
Mr. Searle's bk. and w. b. Snowdrop, received ft. from Mr. Finch's r. and w. d. Glowworm
Mr. Gillett's bk. d. Gamble, beat Mr. Dunn's bk. d. Blinker

Ties.

Snowdrop beat Gamble Dance ran a bye

Deciding Course.

Dance beat Snowdrop, and won the Stakes.

PORT STAKES.

Mr. Dobede's bk. b. Darling, beat Mr. Fyson's bk. d. Fearnought
Mr. Searle's r. b. Souvenir, beat Mr. Inskip's r. d. Ivanhoe
Mr. Finch's r. b. Grisdale, beat Mr. Gillett's bl. d. Gayhurst
Mr. Marshall's bk. d. Memnon, beat Mr. Thurnall's r. d. Thunder

Ties.

Darling beat Grisdale Souvenir beat Memnon

Deciding Course.

Darling beat Souvenir, and won the Stakes.—(Souvenir broke her leg in running.)

SNAILWELL SWEEPSTAKES.

Mr. Vipan's bl. b. Victorine, beat Mr. Marshall's r. b. Myrtle
Mr. Fyson's bk. d. Fickle, beat Mr. Searle's bk. and w. d. Sovereign

Deciding Course.

Fickle beat Victorine, and won the Stakes.

MATCHES.

Mr. Searle's bk. d. p. Sultan, beat Mr. Fyson's d. d. p. Folly
Mr. Searle's r. and w. d. Sligo, beat Mr. Edwards's r. d. Accident
Mr. Marshall's bk. b. p. Minna, beat Mr. Dunn's bk. d. p. Blinker
Mr. Inskip's y. and w. d. Index, beat Mr. Dobede's bk. d. Deptford
Mr. J. King's bk. d. Ruler, against Mr. Edwards's d. d. Andrews.—No Course
Mr. Searle's bk. b. p. Streamlet, beat Mr. Dobede's bk. b. p. Daisy
Mr. Finch's br. d. p. Glory, beat Mr. J. King's f. b. p. Rivulet
Mr. Searle's bk. d. p. Sultan, beat Mr. Vipan's bk. d. p. Venom
Mr. Dunn's bk. d. Bluster, beat Mr. Vipan's br. d. Victor
Mr. Searle's bk. and w. d. p. Snowball beat Mr. Gillett's bk. d. p. Gamble
Mr. Weatherby's f. b. Wagtail, against Mr. King's bk. and w. d. Rodney.—Undecided.

BRAMPTON.

November 22, 23.

For the CUP.

Mr. J. Ramshay's Dainty, beat Mr. Swallow's Spring
Mr. Elliott's Whip, beat Mr. Carrick's Brandy
Mr. Tweddle's Lottery, beat Mr. Tirmiswood's Swallow
Mr. Richardson's Countess, beat Mr. Thompson's Teyshan
Mr. Birrill's Valiant, and Mr. Foster's Swing.—Disputed
Mr. Ewart's Burke, beat Mr. James's Blank
Mr. Benn's (of Lowther), Violet, beat Mr. Graham's Bet

First Ties.

Valiant, a bye Dainty beat Whip
Countess beat Lottery Selky beat Violet
Valiant beat Burke

Second Ties.

Countess beat Dainty Lottery beat Valiant

Deciding Course.

Countess beat Selky, and won the Cup.

LIVERPOOL.

November 24, 25.

The FLEETWOOD STAKES.

Mr. Redish's bd. d. Achilles, beat Mr. Kaye's bk. d. Warwick
 Mr. Fleetwood's bk. d. Fence, beat Mr. Horrock's bk. and w. d. Corsair
 Mr. Tatlock's f. b. Venus, beat Mr. Kirkpatrick's w. d. Musgrave
 Mr. Vianna's r. d. Vaux (late Colonel), beat Mr. Hutchinson's bd. d. Cobler

First Ties.

Achilles beat Fence Vaux beat Venus

Deciding Course.

Achilles beat Vaux, and won the Stakes.

SOUTHPORT STAKES.

Mr. Greenall's bd. d. Lightning, beat Mr. Ackers's bk. b. Mayfly
 Mr. Ashley's r. d. Nelson, beat Mr. Wood's r. and w. d. Spring
 Mr. Fleetwood's w. d. Follow, beat Mr. Horrock's bk. d. Pirate
 Mr. Pedder's f. d. Plunder, beat Mr. Houghton's w. d. Miller

First Ties.

Lightning, drawn (lame) Plunder beat Follow Nelson ran a bye

Deciding Course.

Plunder beat Nelson, and won the Stakes.

LITTLE LONDON STAKES.

Mr. Hutchinson's f. d. Miller, beat Mr. Fleetwood's w. b. Fairy
 Mr. Redish's bd. and w. b. Alice, beat Mr. Kirkpatrick's bk. and w. d. Birdcatcher
 Miller and Alice divided the Stakes.

LIVERPOOL PUPPY STAKES.

Mr. Ashley's bk. d. Grasper, beat Mr. Wood's f. b. Bess
 Mr. Ackers's bk. d. Cogniac, beat Mr. Horrock's bk. d. Smuggler
 Mr. Vianna's r. b. Vanish, beat Mr. Tatlock's r. b. Tangent
 Mr. Houghton's bd. d. Eclipse, beat Mr. Greenall's f. d. Sancho

First Ties.

Grasper beat Cogniac Vanish beat Eclipse

Deciding Course.

Grasper beat Vanish, and won the Stakes.

CHURCHTOWN PUPPY STAKES.

Mr. Kirkpatrick's bk. and w. d. Retainer, beat Mr. Fleetwood's bk. d. Field
 Mr. Hutchinson's bd. d. Hero, beat Mr. Vianna's bk. d. Viscount
 Mr. Redish's bk. and w. d. Vanish, beat Mr. Redish's r. d. Fox
 Mr. Ackers's bk. d. Fang, beat Mr. Pedder's bk. d. Percy

First Ties.

Retainer beat Hero Vanish beat Fang

Deciding Course.

Vanish beat Retainer, and won the Stakes.

BOLD STAKES.

Mr. Kaye's w. d. Kenilworth, beat Mr. Ashley's bk. d. Grasper
 Mr. Fleetwood's w. b. Fairy, beat Mr. Redish's bd. d. Achilles

Mr. Pedder's bd. d. Priam, beat Mr. Vianna's bk. d. Vanguard
Mr. Hutchinson's f. d. Miller, beat Mr. Woods's r. and w. d. Spring

First Ties.

Fairy beat Kenilworth

Miller beat Priam

Deciding Course.

Fairy and Miller divided the Stakes, in consequence of severe running.

CROSSEN'S STAKES.

Mr. Hutchinson's bd. d. Hero, beat Mr. Vianna's r. b. Vanish
Mr. W. G. Boron's bd. d. Iodine, beat Mr. Tatlock's r. b. Tangent
Mr. Redish's r. d. Fox, beat Mr. Kirkpatrick's bk. and w. d. Birdcatcher
Mr. Woods's f. b. Bess, beat Mr. Ackers's bk. d. Cogniac

First Ties.

Iodine beat Hero

Fox beat Bess

Deciding Course.

Fox beat Iodine, and won the Stakes.

BOOTLE STAKES.

Mr. Feetwood's bk. b. Fugitive, beat Mr. Vianna's r. d. Vaux
Mr. Ashley's r. d. Nelson, beat Mr. Eaye's bk. d. Warwick

METCALF STAKES.

Mr. Hutchinson's bd. and w. b. Alice, beat Mr. Ackers's bk. d. Fancy
Mr. Kirkpatrick's bk. and w. d. Retainer, beat Mr. Tatlock's f. b. Venus
Alice beat Retainer, and won the Stakes.

MATCHES.

Mr. W. G. Boron's bd. b. Matilda, beat Mr. Vianna's bk. d. Viscount
Mr. W. G. Boron's bd. b. Iodine, beat Mr. Ackers's bk. d. Figaro
Mr. Ashley's bk. d. Grasper, beat Mr. Vianna's Vanish

ANDROSSAN.

November 23.

The CUP for young dogs.

Lord Eglinton's bk. d. Souter Johnny, beat Mr. J. M'Allister's r. b. Fenella
bl. b. Meg Merrilies, beat Mr. J. M'Allister's r. b. Claret
Dr. Brown's br. and w. d. Hero, beat Major Martin's bl. d. Rapid
Lord Eglinton's bk. d. Rob Roy, beat Mr. J. M'Allister's y. d. Oscar
Captain Morris's br. d. Harry ran a bye

First Ties.

Hero beat Rob Roy

Souter Johnny beat Harry

Meg Merrilies ran a bye

Second Ties.

Hero beat Meg Merrilies

Souter Johnny, a bye

Deciding Course.

Hero beat Souter Johnny, and won the Cup.

EPSOM.

November 27, 28, 29.

For the Cup.

Mr. Ladbroke's f. d. Lottery, beat Mr. Collins's bk. and w. b. Cygnet
Mr. Wells's w. b. Wowski, beat Mr. Hope's bk. d. Hermit

Mr. Ladbroke's r. b. Legacy, beat Mr. Reeves's r. d. Romulus
 Mr. De Burgh's r. and w. b. Nonpareil, beat Sir W. Jolliffes's r. b. Ecstasy
 Mr. Hope's r. d. Hector, beat Sir W. Jolliffes's r. b. Elenor
 Mr. Knight's bk. and w. b. Coquette, beat Mr. Reid's brin. b. Rebecca

First Ties.

Nonpareil beat Coquette Hector beat Wowaki
 Lottery beat Legacy

Second Ties.

Hector beat Lottery Nonpareil ran a bye

Deciding Course.

Nonpareil beat Hector, and won the Cup—Hector won the Goblet,

THE HEADLEY STAKES.

Mr. Wells's bk. b. Whimsey, beat Mr. Pouchee's bk. d. Ploughboy
 Mr. De Burgh's r. w. b. p. Nonsuch, beat Mr. Hope's bk. b. Heroine
 Mr. Reid's f. d. Rainbow, beat Mr. Knight's bk. and w. b. Adelaide
 Sir W. Jolliffes's r. d. Meteor, beat Mr. Collins's bk. b. Clara

Ties.

Whimsey beat Meteor Nonsuch beat Rainbow

Deciding Course.

Nonsuch beat Whimsey, and won the Stakes.

UNION STAKES.

Mr. Reeves's bk. d. Rufus, beat Mr. De Burgh's bk. and w. d. Noble
 Mr. Knight's r. b. Harpy, beat Mr. Hope's r. d. Hornet
 Mr. Reid's f. d. Roger Bacon, beat Mr. Wells's bk. b. Wilhelmina
 Mr. Flend's f. b. Nettle, beat Mr. Pouchee's bk. and w. d. Pungent

Ties.

Roger Bacon beat Nettle Rufus beat Nettle

Deciding Course.

Roger Bacon beat Rufus, and won the Stakes.

EWELL PUPPY STAKES.

Mr. De Burgh's bk. b. Nell, beat Mr. Hope's bk. d. Hercules
 Mr. Collins's r. b. Crocus, beat Mr. Reeves's r. b. Rosa

Deciding Course.

Crocus beat Nell, and won the Stakes.

ASHTREAD STAKES.

Mr. Flend's bk. d. Blucher, beat Mr. Pouchee's f. d. Poltroon
 Mr. Hope's bk. d. Heron, beat Mr. Wells's bk. b. Wasp

Deciding Course.

Blucher beat Heron, and won the Stakes.

CHEAM STAKES for beaten puppies.

Mr. Hope's bk. d. Hermit, beat Sir W. Jolliffes's r. d. Ecstasy
 Mr. Wells's bk. b. Wilhelmina, beat Mr. Reeves's r. d. Romulus

Deciding Course.

Hermit beat Wilhelmina, and won the Stakes.

MATCHES.

Mr. Flend's r. d. Hero, against Mr. Collins's f. b. Countess.—Undecided
 ——— r. b. Cora, beat Mr. Reeves's bk. and w. d. Dart
 Mr. Reid's r. d. Remnant, beat Mr. Knight's r. and w. d. Cerberus
 Mr. De Burgh's Noble, beat Mr. Collins's f. b. Countess.

BOWERS.

November 29, 30.

For the CUP and GOBLET.

Mr. Jones's bk. b. Jeannie Deans, beat Mr. Kent's y. b. Kate
 Mr. King's bk. b. Kitty, beat Mr. Trinder's y. d. Tressilian
 Mr. Goodlake's b. Gong, beat Mr. Bennett's bk. b. Blush
 Mr. Wannan's bk. b. Windrush, beat Mr. Gerring's y. and w. d. Gas
 Mr. Nash's bk. and w. d. Whalebone, beat Mr. Ensworth's bk. b. Æthra
 Mr. Bowles's bk. b. Effie Deans, beat Mr. Williams's (Denchworth) bk. b. Willing
 Mr. Williams's (Ilseley), bk. b. Wireworm, beat Mr. Elmore's f. b. Endless
 Mr. Gerring's (Coleshill), f. w. b. Governess, beat Mr. Ormond's bk. d. Original

First Ties.

Jeannie Deans beat Kitty Effie Deans beat Whalebone
 Windrush beat Gong Governess beat Wireworm

Second Ties.

Effie Deans beat Jeannie Deans Windrush beat Governess

Deciding Course.

Windrush beat Effie Deans, and won the Cup—Effie Deans the Goblet.

LETCOMBE STAKES of 2 sovs. each.

Mr. Elmore's f. b. Elfin, beat Mr. Bowles's bk. b. Ester
 Mr. Williams's (Ilseley) w. b. Whim, beat Mr. Bennett's bk. b. Bashful
 Mr. Trinder's y. d. Tristram Shandy, beat Dr. Mitford's bk. b. Maria
 Mr. Ensworth's w. b. Ermine, beat Mr. Dundas's bk. b. Dora

Ties.

Elfin beat Whim Tristram Shandy beat Ermine

Deciding Course.

Tristram Shandy beat Elfin, and won the Stakes.

WANTAGE STAKES.

Mr. Williams's (Ilseley) b. b. Will, beat Mr. Elmore's bk. b. Energy
 Mr. Ensworth's bk. b. Elastic, beat Mr. Dundas's y. d. Dictator

Deciding Course.

Elastic beat Will, and won the Stakes.

RED HOUSE STAKES.

Mr. Ensworth's bk. and w. b. Ebony, beat Mr. Elmore's bk. b. Eel
 Mr. Williams's (Ilseley), bk. d. Walter Scott, beat Mr. Williams's (Denchworth) bk. and w. Why Not

Deciding Course.

Walter Scott beat Ebony, and won the Stakes.

MORFE.

November 29, 30.

For the PUPPY CUP and GOBLET.

Mr. Baches's bk. d. Brutus, beat Mr. Clarke's bk. and w. d. Clarence
 Hon. H. Hill's bk. b. Hannah, beat Mr. Parr's blue d. Paris
 Mr. J. Smith's bk. d. Spring, beat Mr. Lyster's bk. d. Leda
 Mr. Bates's y. and w. b. Bertha, beat Mr. Davenport's f. w. b. Dormouse
 Mr. Davenport's bk. and w. d. Don, beat Mr. Vickers's r. d. Victor
 Hon. H. Hill's bl. b. Havoc, beat Mr. Harries's f. w. b. Hawk
 Mr. H. Campbell's bl. b. Hairbrained, beat Mr. Stokes's r. d. Snap
 Mr. Campbell's r. d. Hidalgo, beat Col. Gatacre's bl. b. Gift

First Ties.

Hannah beat Brutus
Havoc beat Don

Bertha beat Spring
Hairbrained beat Hidalgo

Second Ties.

Bertha beat Hannah

Hairbrained beat Havoc

Deciding Course.

Bertha beat Hairbrained, and won the Cup—Hairbrained the Goblet.

PUPPY STAKES.

Mr. Bates's b. b. Barbara, beat Hon. H. Hill's bk. and w. b. Handy
Mr. Vickers's r. d. Venture, beat Mr. Harries's bk. d. Hornpipe

Deciding Course.

Barbara (who is sister to Bertha) beat Venture, and won the Stakes.

First Class of ALL-AGED STAKES.

Mr. Purton's b. b. Phoebe, beat Mr. Harries's bk. d. Hottentot
Mr. Vickers's b. b. Victoria, beat Mr. Lyster's b. b. Lydia
Hon. H. Hills, b. d. Bachelor, beat Mr. Stokes's bk. d. Snowball
Mr. Bates's r. d. Burgundy, beat Mr. Campbell's, b. b. Hellebore

Ties.

Victoria beat Phoebe

Bachelor beat Burgundy.

Deciding Course.

Bachelor beat Victoria, and won the Stakes.

Second Class of ALL-AGED STAKES.

Mr. Stokes's bl. b. Snake, beat Mr. Waterton's f. d. Lubin
Mr. Bache's bk. and w. b. Butterfly, beat Mr. Best's r. d. Brutus
Mr. Davenport's br. d. Drake, beat Mr. Clarke's bk. and w. d. Coburg
Mr. Vickers's w. d. Veppo, beat Hon. H. Hills, b. d. Hamlet

Ties.

Butterfly beat Snake

Veppo beat Drake

Deciding Course.

Butterfly beat Veppo, and won the Stakes.

ANDOVERSFORD (NEAR CHELTENHAM).

December 4, 5.

For the CUP.

Mr. Herbert's Belle, beat Mr. Giles's Giant
Mr. Cook's Swindon, beat Mr. Long's Spring
Mr. Beckett's Spring, beat Mr. Turk's Jasper
Mr. Giles's Gadfly, beat Mr. Beckett's Lady
Mr. Herbert's Hero, beat Mr. Guy's Fly
Mr. Freeman's Fancy, beat Mr. Fletcher's Flail
Mr. Hewer's Fly, and Mr. Humphries's Actress, ran byes.

First Ties.

Belle beat Swindon
Fancy beat Hero

Spring beat Gadfly
Fly beat Actress

Second Ties.

The lists omit the decision in these Ties.

Deciding Course.

Fly beat — and won the Cup.

LIVERPOOL.—NORTH MEOLS.

Oct. 26, 1832.—Jan. 31, and Feb. 1, 1833.

For the Cup.

Mr. E. G. Hornby's r. b. Happy, beat Mr. Knowly's w. b. Kate
Mr. Fleetwood's brin. b. Fanatic, beat Lord Molyneux's bk. d. Minister
Mr. Unsworth's bk. b. Urgent, beat Mr. H. Hornby's brin. b. Harmony
Mr. E. Alison's bk. d. Altcar, beat Mr. S. Horrocks' bk. d. Buccaneer

Ties.

Fanatic beat Happy

Altcar beat Urgent

Deciding Course.

Altcar beat Fanatic, and won the Cup—Fanatic the Guineas.

FLEETWOOD CUP.

Mr. E. Alison's brin. b. Aqua Vitæ, beat Mr. E. G. Hornby's f. b. Holyday
Mr. Unsworth's bl. and w. d. Upstart, beat Mr. H. Hornby's r. d. Hercules
Lord Molyneux's r. b. Madcap, beat Mr. Knowly's bk. b. Key
Mr. Horrocks' bk. d. Smuggler, beat Mr. Fleetwood's bl. b. Fenella

Ties.

Aqua Vitæ beat Upstart

Madcap beat Smuggler

Deciding Course.

Madcap beat Aqua Vitæ, and won the Cup—Aqua Vitæ the Guineas.

BOLD STAKES.

Mr. E. Alison's brin. d. Rector, beat Lord Molyneux's bk. d. Mokanna
Mr. Knowly's r. d. Knighton, beat Mr. Unsworth's bl. d. Unicorn
Mr. E. G. Hornby's brin. and w. d. Hemlock, beat Mr. Horrocks' bl. and w. d.
Corsair
Mr. Hesketh's brin. d. Firebrand ran a bye

Ties.

Rector beat Knighton

Hemlock beat Firebrand

Deciding Course.

Hemlock beat Rector, and won the Stakes.

FLEETWOOD STAKES.

Mr. E. G. Hornby's brin. b. Humming-bird, beat Lord Molyneux's r. b. Maiden
Mr. H. Hornby's f. b. Handy, beat Mr. E. Alison's r. b. Apron

Deciding Course.

Humming-bird beat Handy, and won the Stakes.

SOUTHPORT STAKES.

Mr. Fleetwood's bk. b. Frontlet, beat Lord Molyneux's bk. b. Merrythought
Mr. E. Alison's brin. d. Archibald, beat Mr. Unsworth's w. b. U. B. First

Deciding Course.

Frontlet beat Archibald, and won the Stakes.

DITCH-IN STAKES.

Mr. Fleetwood's bk. b. Frontlet, beat Mr. E. G. Hornby's r. b. Happy
Mr. E. Alison's r. b. Apron, beat Mr. Unsworth's r. b. U. B. First

Deciding Course.

Frontlet beat Apron, and won the Stakes.

NORTH MEOLS STAKES.

Mr. Horrocks' bk. and w. d. Corsair, beat Mr. Hornby's f. b. Handy
Mr. Fleetwood's bl. b. Fenella, beat Mr. Unsworth's bl. d. Unicorn

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THE COURSING CALENDAR.

Deciding Course.

Corsair beat Fenella, and won the Stakes.

The CHURCH TOWN STAKES.

Mr. Fleetwood's w. d. Follow, beat Mr. Knowly's r. d. Knighton
Mr. E. G. Hornby's bk. and w. d. Helenus, beat Mr. H. Hornby's bk. b. Hebe

Deciding Course.

Follow beat Helenus, and won the Stakes.

HESKETH STAKES.

Mr. Fleetwood's f. and w. d. Furlong, beat Mr. E. G. Hornby's f. b. Holyday
Mr. Unsworth's bk. b. Urgent ran a bye

Deciding Course.

Furlong beat Urgent, and won the Stakes.

A SILVER CUP.

Mr. Swann's f. d. Sovereign, beat Mr. Pedder's bk. d. Dart
Mr. Kaye's w. d. Margrave, agst. Mr. Kirkpatrick's b. and w. d. Pickpocket
(Pickpocket drawn, Margrave ran a bye)
Mr. Redish's brin. b. Nimble (late Humming-bird), beat Mr. Acker's bk. b. Mayfly
Mr. Redish's brin. d. Tinker (late Anglesea), beat Mr. Vianna's brin. d. Voltaire
(late Achilles)
Mr. Tatlock's f. b. Venus, beat Mr. Swann's brin. d. Sailor
Mr. Swann's w. b. Swann, beat Mr. Vianna's r. d. Vaux
Mr. Kirkpatrick's bk. and w. d. Retainer, beat Mr. Horrocks' bk. and w. d. Corsair
Mr. Pedder's w. b. Duchess, beat Mr. Houghton's brin. d. Eclipse

First Ties.

Margrave beat Sovereign
Tinker beat Nimble

Venus beat Swann
Retainer beat Duchess

Second Ties.

Margrave beat Tinker

Venus beat Retainer

Deciding Course.

Margrave beat Venus, and won the Cup.

A SILVER TANKARD.

Mr. Pedder's f. d. Plunder, beat Mr. Tatlock's bk. d. Templar
Mr. Swann's bk. d. Senator, beat Mr. Ackers's bk. d. Cogniac
Mr. Vianna's brin. and w. b. Vapour (late Alice), beat Mr. Horrocks' r. d. Banditt
Mr. Redish's f. d. Miller, beat Mr. Kirkpatrick's bk. and w. d. Pickpocket

Ties.

Plunder beat Senator

Vapour drawn lame

Miller ran a bye

Deciding Course.

Miller beat Plunder, and won the Tankard.

The FLEETWOOD STAKES.

Mr. Redish's r. d. Fox, beat Mr. Pedder's r. d. Pilot
Mr. Tatlock's brin. b. Telltale, beat Mr. Vianna's bl. and w. d. Vagabond

Deciding Course.

Fox beat Telltale, and won the Stakes.

BOOTLE STAKES.

Mr. Kaye's bk. and w. d. Vanish, beat Mr. Kirkpatrick's bk. and w. d. Pickpocket
Mr. Swann's bk. d. Senator, beat Mr. Vianna's brin. d. Voltaire

Deciding Course.

Vanish beat Senator, and won the Stakes.

The LIVERPOOL STAKES.

Mr. Swann's w. b. Swann, beat Mr. Vianna's bl. and w. d. Varney
Mr. Ackers's bk. d. Cogniac, beat Mr. Tatlock's bk. d. Templar

Deciding Course.

Swann beat Cogniac, and won the Stakes.

The SOUTHPORT STAKES.

Mr. Redish's brin. b. Nimble, beat Mr. Ackers's bk. b. Mayfly
Mr. Vianna's bl. and w. d. Vagabond, beat Mr. Swann's f. d. Sovereign

Deciding Course.

Nimble beat Vagabond, and won the Stakes.

MATCHES.

Mr. Redish's bl. and w. d. Bonaparte, beat Mr. Pedder's bk. d. Wellington
Mr. Vianna's bl. and w. d. Varney, beat Mr. Redish's r. d. Squirrel
Mr. Tatlock's brin. b. Telltale, beat Mr. Vianna's r. b. Vanish
Mr. Swann's bk. d. Senator, beat Mr. Tatlock's bk. d. Templar
Mr. Redish's brin. d. Tinker, beat Mr. Swann's w. b. Swann
Mr. Redish's bl. and w. d. Bonaparte, beat Mr. Vianna's brin. d. Voltaire.

A L T C A R.

Nov. 6 and 7, 1832.

For the Cup.

Mr. E. G. Hornby's bk. and w. d. Holyoak, beat Mr. Brockholes' bk. d. Bonus
Mr. S. Horrocks' bk. d. Smuggler, beat Mr. Fleetwood's bk. and w. b. Frontlet
Mr. Alison's bk. d. Altcar, beat Mr. Lloyd's bk. and w. b. Lovebird
Lord Molyneux's w. b. Meteora, beat Mr. Unsworth's bl. and w. d. Upstart

Ties.

Smuggler beat Holyoak

Altcar beat Meteora

Deciding Course.

Altcar beat Smuggler, and won the Cup—Smuggler the Guineas.

The RECTOR CUP.

Mr. W. Hornby's w. b. Hop, beat Mr. Alison's brin. b. Aqua Vitæ
Lord Molyneux's bk. d. Mokanna, beat Mr. Lloyd's bk. d. Lambert
Mr. Fleetwood's brin. b. Fanatic, beat Mr. Brockholes' bk. d. Blunder
Mr. E. G. Hornby's bk. and w. d. Hierarchy, beat Mr. Unsworth's brin. and w. b. Unit

Ties.

Mokanna beat Hop

Fanatic beat Hierarchy

Deciding Course.

Fanatic beat Mokanna, and won the Cup—Mokanna the Guineas.

SEFTON STAKES.

Lord Molyneux's bk. d. Minister, beat Mr. S. Horrocks' brin. d. Pirate
Mr. Unsworth's bl. d. Unicorn, beat Mr. Lloyd's r. d. Luff
Mr. Alison's brin. d. Rector, beat Mr. Lloyd's r. d. Levite
Mr. E. G. Hornby's brin. d. Hemlock, beat Mr. Fleetwood's w. d. Follow

Ties.

Unicorn beat Minister

Rector beat Hemlock

Deciding Course.

Rector beat Unicorn, and won the Stakes.

CROITETH STAKES.

Lord Molyneux's r. b. Madcap, beat Mr. Thompson's bk. and w. b. Thalia
 Mr. H. Hornby's f. b. Handy, beat Mr. Unsworth's bk. b. Urgent
 Mr. Fleetwood's bk. b. Fountain, beat Mr. Brockholes' bk. b. Bashful
 Mr. Lloyd's bk. Letitia, beat Mr. E. G. Hornby's brin. and w. b. Harpstring

Ties.

Madcap beat Handy

Letitia beat Fountain

Deciding Course.

Madcap beat Letitia, and won the Stakes.

WEST DERBY STAKES.

Mr. Alison's bk. and w. d. Augustus, beat Mr. Thompson's brin. b. Thisbe
 Mr. Lloyd's f. b. Lima, beat Mr. Fleetwood's w. b. Furlong

Deciding Course.

Lima beat Augustus, and won the Stakes.

DITCH-IN STAKES.

Mr. S. Hornby's brin. d. Pirate, beat Mr. Brockholes' bk. b. Bashful
 Mr. H. Hornby's f. b. Handy, beat Mr. Lloyd's r. d. Luff
 Mr. Thompson's bk. and w. b. Thalia, beat Mr. E. G. Hornby's brin. and w. b.
 Harpstring
 Lord Molyneux's w. b. Meteora, beat Mr. Unsworth's bk. and w. d. Ultimo

Ties.

Pirate beat Handy

Thalia beat Meteora

Pirate and Thalia divided the Stakes.

ACKERS-HOLT STAKES.

Mr. Brockholes' bk. d. Blunder, beat Mr. Unsworth's bl. and w. d. Upstart
 Mr. E. G. Hornby's r. b. Happy, beat Mr. Unsworth's bk. b. Urgent

Deciding Course.

Blunder beat Happy, and won the Stakes.

ALTCAR STAKES.

Mr. Thompson's brin. d. Thisbe, beat Mr. Alison's brin. b. Aqua Vitæ
 Mr. Lloyd's bk. and w. b. Lovebird, beat Mr. Unsworth's bk. b. Urgent

Deciding Course.

Thisbe beat Lovebird, and won the Stakes.

MATCHES.

Mr. E. G. Hornby's f. b. Holyday, beat Lord Molyneux's bk. b. Merrythought
 Mr. E. G. Hornby's r. b. Happy, beat Mr. S. Horrocks's bk. b. Gipsy
 Mr. E. G. Hornby's r. d. Hermit, beat Mr. Lloyd's bk. d. Leo
 Mr. H. Hornby's bk. d. Herdsman, beat Mr. Unsworth's bk. and w. d. Ultimo
 Mr. Lloyd's bk. d. Layman, beat Mr. Fleetwood's br. b. First Fruits
 Mr. Brockholes' bk. and w. d. Bugle, beat Mr. Lloyd's bk. d. Layman
 Mr. Thompson's f. d. Tawney, beat Mr. E. G. Hornby's bk. and w. d. Hierarch
 Mr. E. G. Hornby's f. b. Holyday, beat Mr. N. Blundell's r. d. Brewer
 Mr. Lloyd's bk. d. Lambert, beat Mr. N. Blundell's brin. d. Bonaparte

DEPTFORD.

Dec. 5 and 6.

The CUP.

Mr. Swann's bk. d. Discord, beat Mr. Heathcote's red. b. Heiress
 Mr. Astley's bk. d. Albion, beat Mr. Ludlow's f. and w. b. Gipsey
 Mr. Broncker's bk. b. Bona, beat Mr. Locker's w. d. Justice
 Mr. Goodlake's bk. b. Guinea-fowl, beat Mr. Knatchbull's red b. Keepsake
 Mr. Wyndham's bk. b. Wildfire, beat Mr. Biggs' red b. Hinda
 Mr. Goodlake's w. d. Gander, beat Mr. Astley's bk. b. Advance
 Mr. Biggs' bk. d. Bosphorus, beat Mr. Swann's red and w. d. Sailor
 Mr. Heathcote's bk. d. Heck, beat Captain Wyndham's bk. b.

First Ties.

Guinea-fowl beat Gander
 Bona beat Wildfire

Discord beat Heck
 Bosphorus beat Albion

Second Ties.

Bona beat Bosphorus

Guinea-fowl beat Discord

Deciding Course.

Guinea-fowl beat Bona, and won the Cup—Bona the Guineas.

The DERBY.

Mr. Broncker's f. d. Woden, beat Mr. Locke's bk. d. Spring
 Captain Wyndham's w. d. Wonder, beat Mr. Goodlake's bk. and w. d. Greenhorse
 Mr. Heathcote's bk. d. Hereward, beat Mr. Biggs' red d. Bloodshed
 Mr. Astley's bk. d. Augustus, beat Mr. Swann's d. Lewrel
 Mr. Knatchbull's f. d. Birdcatcher, beat Mr. Ludlow's y. d. Noble

First Ties.

Birdcatcher beat Woden

Wonder ran a bye

Augustus beat Hereward

Second Ties.

Wonder ran a bye

Birdcatcher beat Augustus

Deciding Course.

Wonder beat Birdcatcher, and won the Stakes.

The OAKS.

Mr. Goodlake's bk. b. Geraldine, beat Mr. Knatchbull's red b. Worst
 Mr. Astley's bk. b. Amorous, beat Mr. Broncker's bk. b. Sister to Birdcatcher
 Captain Wyndham's f. b. Veronica, beat Mr. Lock's bk. b. Helen
 Mr. Biggs' brin. b. Blitz, beat Mr. Heathcote's red b. Hannah
 Sir John Hawkins' w. b. Brenhilda, beat Mr. Ludlow's w. b. Lilly

First Ties.

Amorous beat Blitz

Geraldine ran a bye

Veronica beat Brenhilda

Second Ties.

Geraldine beat Veronica.

Amorous ran a blank.

Deciding Course.

Geraldine beat Amorous, and won the Stakes.

FISHERTON STAKES.—3 sovs. each.

Mr. Biggs' bl. b. Bluebird, beat Mr. Lock's brin. d. Smoker
 Mr. Broncker's y. d. Butter, beat Mr. Heathcote's red and w. d. Hobbinsol
 Mr. Astley's red d. Anticipation, beat Mr. Goodlake's y. b. Gong
 Mr. Broncker's y. and w. d. Batter, beat Mr. Heathcote's bk. and w. b. Hornpipe

Ties.

Butter beat Anticipation

Batter beat Bluebird

THE COURSING CALENDAR.

Deciding Course.

Butter beat Batter, and won the Stakes.

TILSHEAD STAKES.

Mr. Astley's bk. b. Ada, ran a bye, Mr. Knatchbull's Keepsake not on the ground

Mr. Broncker's y. b. Better, beat Mr. Lock's bk. and w. d. Lottery

Mr. Biggs' r. d. Hinda, beat Mr. Goodlake's w. d. Gander

Mr. Swann's r. and w. d. Sailor, beat Mr. Astley's bk. d. Alva

Ties.

Sailor beat Ada

Hinda beat Better

Deciding Course.

Hinda beat Sailor, and won the Stakes.

CODFORD STAKES.

Mr. Astley's bk. d. Agitator, beat Mr. Broncker's r. and w. b. Bitter

Mr. Biggs' br. and w. d. Birdswing, beat Mr. Goodlake's bk. d. Goby

Birdswing beat Agitator, and won the Stakes.

STOCKTON STAKES.

Mr. Biggs' Blitz, beat Mr. Swann's Laurel

Mr. Broncker's Sister to Birdcatcher, beat Mr. Goodlake's Gillyflower

The two winners divided.

ASHTON STAKES.

Mr. Lock's w. d. Justice, beat Mr. Goodlake's Gander

Mr. Biggs' bk. b. Baroness, beat Mr. Astley's bk. d. Alva

The two winners divided.

DERBYSHIRE.

Jan. 8, 9, 10.

For the Cups.

Mr. Bates's r. d. Burgundy, beat Mr. Bartholomew's r. d. Bowler

Mr. Hassall's r. b. Hecubina, beat Marquess of Hastings's bk. b. Lady

Mr. Davenport's bd. d. Drake, beat Mr. Kershaw's bk. d. Nelson

Mr. Hill's br. d. Bachelor, beat Mr. Clowes's bk. d. Cossack

Mr. Hoskins's bd. d. Herdsman, beat Mr. Calvert's bk. d. Tippoo

Mr. Parr's bl. b. Pastime, beat Mr. Harris's y. and w. b. Phoebe

Mr. Vickers's w. d. Veppo, beat Mr. Nixon's bl. d. Rowton

Mr. Bartholomew's bk. and w. p. d. Baron, beat the Marquess of Hastings' w. d. Snowball

First Ties.

Veppo beat Hecubina

Baron beat Bachelor

Herdsman beat Drake

Burgundy beat Pastime

Second Ties.

Baron beat Herdsman

Burgundy beat Veppo

Deciding Course.

Baron won the Cup—Burgundy the Goblet.

PUPPY CUPS.

Mr. Davenport's bk. and w. d. Diamond, beat Mr. Vickers's bk. b. Velvet

Mr. Hoskins' r. and w. b. Horatia, beat Marquess of Hastings's w. b. Nimble

Mr. Hassall's bk. d. Hero, beat Mr. Nixon's bk. d. Smoker

Mr. Bates's y. and w. b. Bertha, beat Mr. Bartholomew's cream p. b. Busy

Mr. Calvert's bk. b. Swallow, beat Mr. Hill's bk. b. Hannah

Mr. Clowes's br. and w. d. Constant, beat Mr. Harris's ticked d. Hudibras
Mr. Bates's bk. b. Barbara, beat Mr. Parr's bk. b. Pea-fowl
Mr. Hassall's w. d. Harpocrites, beat Mr. Harris's bk. d. Hornpipe

First Ties.

Bertha beat Barbara Diamond beat Contrast
Horatia beat Harpocrites Swallow beat Hero

Second Ties.

Horatia beat Diamond Bertha beat Swallow

Deciding Course.

Bertha won the Cup—Horatia the Goblet.

GREAT DOVERIDGE STAKES.

Mr. Hoskins' r. b. Horatia, beat Mr. Clowes's bk. d. Champaigne
Mr. Hill's bk. b. Brunette, beat Mr. Davenport's bl. and w. d. Don
Mr. Vickers's bk. and w. b. Victorine, beat the Marquess of Hastings' bk. b. Bess
Mr. Harris's bl. b. Housemaid, beat Mr. Kershaw's bk. d. Smolensko

Ties.

Brunette beat Horatia Housemaid beat Victorine

Deciding Course.

Housemaid won the Stakes—Brunette the Guineas.

VERNON STAKES.

Mr. Hoskins's bd. d. Hawthorn, beat Mr. Bates's bl. p. b. Blue Bonnet
Mr. Bartholomew's dun and w. d. Clinker, beat Mr. Hassall's bk. b. Handicap
Mr. Harris's b. p. b. Hop, beat Mr. Vickers's bk. p. d. Velocipede
Mr. Parr's bd. d. Pilot, beat Mr. Clowes's bl. b. Cobweb

Ties.

Pilot beat Clinker Hop beat Hawthorn

Deciding Course.

Pilot beat Hop, and won the Stakes.

BYE STAKES.

Mr. Clowes's bk. d. Cossack, beat Mr. Kershaw's bk. d. Nelson
Mr. Hoskins's r. d. Hermes, beat Mr. Hassall's r. d. Homer
Mr. Bartholomew's r. p. b. Bashful, beat Mr. Hill's bk. d. Hoyden
Mr. Harris's y. and w. b. Hebe, beat Mr. Davenport's bl. and w. d. Don

Ties.

Hebe beat Cossack Bashful beat Hermes

Deciding Course.

Bashful won the Stakes.

BYE PUPPY STAKES.

Mr. Vickers's bk. b. Velvet, beat Mr. Bartholomew's bk. p. b. Brunette
Mr. Hassall's bk. b. Hostile, beat Mr. Hoskins's r. d. Hurricane
Mr. Hill's bk. b. Hannah, beat Mr. Nixon's Smoker
Mr. Parr's bk. b. Pea-fowl, beat Mr. Calvert's bk. d. Tippoo

Ties.

Velvet beat Hostile Hannah beat Pea-fowl

Deciding Course.

Hannah won the Stakes.

SUDBURY STAKES for bitches.

First Ties.

Mr. Bates's b. b. Barbara, beat Mr. Hassall's r. b. Hecubina
Mr. Parr's bl. b. Pastime, beat Mr. Vickers's bk. and w. b. Victorine

THE COURSING CALENDAR.

Second Ties.

Mr. Clowes's b. d. Champaigne, beat Mr. Bartholomew's dun and w. d. Clinker
Mr. Hill's b. d. Bachelor, beat Mr. Kershaw's b. d. Leader

Deciding Course.

Bachelor won the Stakes.

CAVENDISH STAKES.

Ties.

Mr. Hoskins' r. d. Horatia, beat Mr. Hassall's r. d. Harmonicon
Mr. Kershaw's bl. d. Smoker, beat Mr. Clowes's y. and w. d. Coachman

Deciding Course.

Horatia won the Stakes.

MATCHES.

Mr. Nixon's Judex, beat Mr. Hill's Hoyden
Mr. Nixon's Ambo, beat Mr. Clowes's Corianna
Mr. Hoskins' r. p. b. Hurricane, agst. Mr. Hassall's bl. b. Harmonica—Undecided
Mr. Hassall's r. d. Harmon, beat Mr. Hoskins' b. d. Hajji Baba
Mr. Clowes's d. Coachman, beat Mr. Bartholomew's w. p. d. Bedlamite
Mr. Hassall's Hellespont, beat Mr. Bates's bk. b. Bellona
Mr. Vickers's r. d. Victor, beat Mr. Hassall's bk. and w. b. Hellespont
Mr. Hassall's bk. d. Hait, beat Mr. Vickers's bk. d. Velocipede
Mr. Hassall's bk. b. Harmonica, beat Mr. Bartholomew's bk. p. b. Bessy Bedlam
Mr. Kershaw's bk. d. Smoker, beat Mr. Clowes's y. and w. d. Coachman
Mr. Clowes's bk. d. Champaigne, beat Mr. Vickers's bk. and w. b. Venus
Mr. Vickers's r. d. Victor, beat Mr. Hassall's bk. d. Hait
Mr. Hassall's bk. d. Harmonicon, beat Mr. Bates's bk. d. Belisarius
Mr. Kershaw's bk. d. Nelson, beat Mr. Vickers's bk. and w. b. Venus
Mr. Hoskins's dun d. Helmet, beat Mr. Nixon's w. d. Index—Index drawn

LOWTHER.

Jan. 30, 31.

For the Cup.

Mr. Jefferson's br. b. Adelaide, beat Mr. Sark's f. b. Lark
Mr. Kirkpatrick's w. d. Farmer, beat Mr. Benn's f. w. d. Lowther
Mr. Kunbly's br. d. Blucher, beat Mr. Birkett's y. d. Brandy
Mr. Partridge's y. b. Hebe, beat Mr. H. Jefferson's br. b. Witch
Col. Lowther's y. and w. b. Countess, beat Mr. Feather's br. b. Swallow
Mr. C. Carmalt's br. and w. d. Smoker, beat Mr. J. Atkinson's bk. b. Reading
Mr. J. Atkinson's w. b. Dainty, beat Mr. Graham's d. d. Brush
Mr. Symes's br. and w. d. Strap, beat Mr. Machell's bk. d. Duke

First Ties.

Farmer beat Adelaide
Countess beat Smoker

Hebe beat Blucher
Strap beat Dainty

Second Ties.

Hebe beat Farmer

Countess beat Strap

Deciding Course.

Countess won the Cup, beating Hebe, who won the Snuffbox.

MATCHES.

Mr. Partridge's y. d. Richmond, beat Mr. Birkett's bk. d. Miller
Mr. Benn's f. w. d. Lowther, beat Mr. Machell's bk. d. Duke
Mr. Birkett's bk. d. Miller, beat Mr. Rigg's w. d. Brewer

Mr. Henderson's r. d. Valiant, beat Mr. Birrell's f. d. Ben
 Mr. Jefferson's br. b. Clyde, beat Mr. Park's f. b. Lark
 Mr. Hodgson's br. and w. d. Doctor, beat Mr. Partridge's y. d. Hero
 Mr. Benn's br. d. Smoker, beat Mr. Hodgson's w. b. Snow
 Mr. Hodgson's br. and w. d. Skin, beat Mr. Kunbley's f. d. Quaker
 Mr. Benn's bk. b. Grace, beat Mr. Dover's w. d. Shanker
 Mr. Benn's bk. b. Grace, beat Mr. Birkett's bk. d. Miller
 Mr. Hodgson's f. w. d. Dan. O'Connell, beat Mr. Pearson's bl. d. Smoker
 Mr. Graham's d. d. Brush, beat Mr. Partridge's y. d. Richmond
 Mr. Hodgson's br. and w. d. Skim, beat Mr. Carmalt's b. d. Dart
 Mr. T. Jefferson's f. d. Bravo, beat Mr. J. Atkinson's br. d. North Star
 Mr. Machell's bk. d. Duke, beat Mr. Hodgson's br. and w. d. Doctor
 Mr. Birkett's bk. d. Argus, beat Mr. Benn's br. d. Priam
 Mr. Hodgson's f. w. d. Dan. O'Connell, beat Mr. Park's blue b. Glent
 Mr. Lowden's br. b. Fly, beat Mr. Benn's bk. b. Violet
 Mr. Machell's y. and w. d. Rattler, beat Mr. J. Atkinson's y. and w. b. Cora
 Mr. Machell's w. d. Eden, beat Mr. Jefferson's w. b. Go
 Mr. Machell's w. d. Eden, beat Mr. Henderson's r. d. Valiant
 Mr. Jefferson's blue d. Nigel, beat Mr. Benn's blue and w. d. Brush
 Mr. Benn's f. d. Dart, beat Mr. Birkett's bk. d. Argus
 Mr. Benn's bk. b. Grace, beat Mr. H. Jefferson's br. b. Witch
 Mr. Heywood's y. b. Sylph, beat Mr. Longmire's bk. b. Fly.

NEWMARKET.

Jan. 30, 31, and Feb. 1.

For the Cup.

Mr. Edwards' br. d. p. Archibald, beat Mr. Vipan's bl. and w. b. Velocity
 Mr. Dobede's bk. d. Diamond, beat Mr. Finch's br. d. p. Glory
 Mr. Fyson's bk. and w. d. Farmer, beat Mr. Dunn's bk. d. Bluster
 Mr. Gillett's bk. d. Godolphin, beat Mr. Inskip's r. d. Impel
 Mr. King's bk. d. p. Racer, beat Mr. J. King's bk. d. Rubini
 Mr. Searle's r. d. Snake, beat Mr. Weatherby's bk. b. Watchful

First Ties.

Snake beat Archibald Racer beat Godolphin
 Farmer beat Diamond

Second Ties.

Snake beat Racer Farmer ran a bye

Deciding Course.

Farmer beat Snake, and won the Cup—Snake the Goblet.

ALLINGTON HILL STAKES for bitch puppies.

Mr. Dobede's br. b. Dance, beat Mr. Vipan's br. b. Vivid
 Mr. Inskip's r. b. Isabel, beat Mr. Gillett's f. b. Giddy
 Mr. Fyson's br. b. Flirt, beat Mr. Weatherby's r. b. Wamba
 Mr. Bryant's bk. b. Eaglet, beat Mr. J. King's bk. b. Rattle

Ties.

Isabel beat Eaglet Flirt beat Dance

Deciding Course.

Isabel beat Flirt, and won the Stakes.

CHIPPENHAM STAKES for dog puppies.

Mr. Dobede's br. d. Dragon, beat Mr. Vipan's bk. d. Venom
 Mr. Fyson's bk. d. Fearnought, beat Mr. Searle's bk. d. Sultan
 Mr. Edwards' br. d. Arthur, beat Mr. Finch's r. d. Glaucus
 Mr. Weatherby's d. d. Walnut, beat Mr. Gillett's f. and w. d. Gratis

Ties.

Fearnought beat Dragon Arthur beat Walnut

THE COURSING CALENDAR,

Deciding Course.

Fearnought beat Arthur, and won the Stakes.

NEWMARKET SWEEPSTAKES for aged dogs.

Mr. Inskip's r. and w. d. Index, beat Mr. Vipan's w. d. Vengeance
Mr. Searle's r. d. p. Sprat, beat Mr. Dobede's bk. b. Darling
Mr. Weatherby's r. and w. d. Whiteneck, beat Mr. Fyson's bk. d. Fickle
Mr. Gillett's f. d. Gift, beat Edwards' r. d. Accident

Ties.

Sprat beat Index Whiteneck beat Accident

Deciding Course.

Sprat beat Whiteneck, and won the Stakes.

SNAILWELL SWEEPSTAKES for puppies.

Mr. Inskip's bk. b. Ink, beat Mr. Dobede's bk. b. Daisy
Mr. Vipan's w. b. Variety, beat Mr. Fyson's r. d. Fireaway

Deciding Course.

Variety beat Ink, and won the Stakes.

MATCHES.

Mr. Vipan's w. d. Vengeance, beat Mr. Bryant's bk. b. Eleanor
Mr. Fyson's bk. d. Fickle, agst. Mr. Inskip's r. b. Ida—Undecided
Mr. Weatherby's br. d. Wizard, beat Mr. Dobede's bk. and w. b. Dainty
Mr. Dobede's bk. b. p. Daisy, agst. Mr. Vipan's hl. b. Victorine—No Course
Mr. Inskip's r. d. Impel, beat Mr. Dobede's bk. d. Deptford
Mr. Fyson's r. d. p. Fireaway, beat Mr. Weatherby's r. b. Waverley
Mr. Dobede's bk. b. Darling, beat Mr. Finch's br. d. p. Glory
Mr. Thurnall's r. d. Thunder, beat Mr. Dunn's bk. d. p. Blinker
Mr. Inskip's r. and w. d. Index, beat Mr. Dunn's bk. d. Bluster
Mr. Searle's bk. d. p. Sultan, beat Mr. Gillett's f. and w. d. p. Gratis
Mr. Gillett's f. b. p. Giddy, beat Mr. J. King's bk. b. p. Rattle
Mr. Dobede's br. b. p. Dance, beat Mr. Vipan's br. b. p. Vivid
Mr. Dobede's br. d. p. Dragon, beat Mr. Weatherby's br. d. p. Wizard
Mr. Inskip's r. b. Ida, beat Mr. Fyson's bk. d. Fickle
Mr. Dunn's bk. d. p. Blinker, beat Mr. Bryant's bk. b. Eleanor.

GISBURNE.

Jan. 31.

For the Cup.

Mr. Turner's Catch, beat Mr. Wilson's Fly
Mr. Atkinson's Dart, beat Mr. Costa's Skip
Capt. Geldert's Spinner, beat Mr. Adshead's Wing
Mr. Foales' Sligo, beat Mr. Knowles' Guido
Mr. Beattie's Venture, beat Mr. Roberts' Spot
Mr. Downing's Nimble, beat Mr. Chew's Music
Mr. Key's Smoker, beat Mr. Roylance's Pet
Mr. Hampson's Rosebud, beat Mr. Hutton's Fairy

First Ties.

Catch beat Dart Spinner beat Sligo
Venture beat Nimble Smoker beat Rosebud

Second Ties.

Spinner beat Catch Venture beat Smoker

Deciding Course.

Venture beat Spinner, and won the Cup.

M O R F E.

Jan. 31, and Feb. 1.

CUP and GOBLET.—First Class.

Mr. Bates' y. and w. b. Bertha, beat Mr. Clarke's w. d. Comical
Mr. Vickers' r. d. Victor, beat Mr. Best's r. b. Bonnylass
Mr. Davenport's bk. and w. d. Diamond, beat Hon. H. Hill's hr. d. Hottentot
Mr. Harries' br. b. Humblebee, beat Mr. Bache's r. b. Bracelet
Mr. Parr's bk. d. Paganini, beat Mr. Campbell's bk. and w. b. Haides
Hon. H. Hill's bk. d. Bachelor, beat Mr. Davenport's r. d. Defiance
Mr. Bates' r. d. Burgundy, beat Mr. Harries' bk. and w. d. Hornpipe
Mr. Parr's bk. b. Pastime, beat Hon. H. Hill's bk. b. Brunette

Second Class.

Bertha beat Victor Diamond beat Humblebee
Bachelor beat Paganini Burgundy beat Pastime

Third Class.

Bertha beat Diamond Bachelor beat Burgundy

Deciding Course.

Bachelor won the Cup—Bertha the Goblet.

PATSHULL STAKES.—First Class.

Mr. Vickers' r. b. Veppo, beat Mr. Bache's bk. and w. b. Butterfly
Hon. H. Hill's bk. d. Hoyden, beat Mr. Davenport's br. d. Drake
Mr. Best's r. d. Brutus, beat Mr. Campbell's bk. d. Hairbrained
Hon. H. Hill's bk. d. Havoc, beat Mr. Stokes' bk. d. Sultan

Second Class.

Veppo beat Hoyden Havoc beat Brutus

Deciding Course.

Veppo beat Havoc, and won the Stakes.

MORFE STAKES.—First Class.

Hon. H. Hill's bk. b. Harriet, beat Mr. Clarke's bk. and w. d. Coburg
Mr. Campbell's bk. and w. d. Hawthorn, beat Mr. Best's f. b. Bridget
Mr. Stokes' bk. b. Snake, beat Mr. Vickers' f. b. Vanity
Mr. Bache's hr. d. Blucher, beat Mr. Bates' blue b. Blue Bonnet

Second Class.

Hawthorn beat Harriet Snake beat Blucher

Deciding Course.

Hawthorn beat Snake, and won the Stakes.

COCKNEY.—NETHERHAVEN, WILTS.

Feb. 4, 5, 6.

For the CUP and Pair of GOBLETs.

Mr. Baily's r. b. Butcherbird, beat Mr. Anderson's f. d. Agile
Mr. Seymour's r. d. Lad, beat Mr. Patient's w. d. Phantom
Mr. Clarke's brin. b. Coral, beat Mr. Rice's b. d. Rush
Mr. Baily's b. b. Bella, beat Mr. Seymour's r. b. Saucy
Mr. Rice's f. b. Ringlet, beat Mr. Elmore's f. b. Mouse
Mr. Clarke's r. d. Critic, beat Mr. Elmore's f. b. Gun
Mr. Nicolls' bl. b. Nancy, beat Mr. Anderson's r. d. Acorn
Mr. Nicolls' bl. b. Needle, beat Mr. Patient's b. d. Priam

First Ties.

Lad beat Butcherbird Coral beat Bella
Critic beat Ringlet Needle beat Nancy

THE COURSING CALENDAR.

Second Ties.

Coral beat Lad Critic beat Needle

Deciding Course.

Critic won the Cup—Coral the pair of Goblets.

The JENNER STAKES.

Mr. Clarke's b. b. Cinder, beat Mr. Grimstone's r. b. Virgin
 Mr. Baily's b. d. Bustard, beat Mr. Elmore's w. b. Ether
 Mr. Rice's brin. d. Reindeer, beat Mr. Elmore's r. d. Sampson
 Mr. Grimstone's r. d. Meteor, beat Mr. Anderson's f. d. Agile

First Ties.

Cinder beat Bustard Meteor beat Reindeer

Deciding Course.

Cinder beat Meteor, and won the Stakes.

The DYKE STAKES for dogs under twenty months' old.

Mr. Rice's b. d. Rascal, beat Mr. Patient's w. d. Pastime
 Mr. Baily's b. b. Bullfinch, beat Mr. Patient's w. b. Purity

Deciding Course.

Rascal beat Bullfinch, and won the Stakes.

The ERSTFORD STAKES.

Mr. Grimstone's f. b. Vesta, beat Mr. Rice's b. d. Rush
 Mr. Elmore's bl. d. Hermit, beat Mr. Clarke's b. and w. d. Charlatan

Deciding Course.

Vesta beat Hermit, and won the Stakes.

The BATH STAKES.

Mr. Goldstone's r. d. Grasshopper, beat Mr. Elmore's w. b. Belle
 Mr. Elmore's f. b. Mouse, beat Mr. Goldstone's r. b. Gazelle

Deciding Course.

Mouse beat Gazelle, and won the Stakes.

MATCHES.

Mr. Clarke's Crutch, beat Mr. Patient's Prince
 Mr. Goldstone's Gelart, beat Mr. Elmore's Curlylocks
 Mr. Goldstone's Gazelle, beat Mr. Grimstone's Virgin
 Mr. Anderson's Agile, beat Mr. Elmore's Ether
 Mr. Goldstone's Grasshopper, beat Mr. Clarke's Comus
 Mr. Goldstone's Guido, beat Mr. Elmore's Gun
 Mr. Patient's Phantom, beat Mr. Clarke's Crutch
 Mr. Clarke's Comus, beat Mr. Patient's Wanderer
 Mr. Baily's Butcherbird, beat Mr. Clarke's Curlylocks
 Mr. Rice's Ringlet, beat Mr. Grimstone's Virgin
 Mr. Elmore's Trinket, beat Mr. Anderson's Acorn.

ASHDOWN PARK.

Feb. 5, 6, 7.

For the CUP and SOVEREIGNS.

Mr. Blythe Harries' y. and w. b. Hebe, beat Col. Newport's r. d. The Nab
 Mr. E. Cripps' bl. d. Elector, beat Mr. Goodlake's bf. b. Geraldine
 Mr. De Burgh's r. and w. b. Esprit, beat Lord Molyneux's w. b. Meteora
 Mr. Wells' bl. b. Whiskey, beat Mr. Goddard's w. and y. d. Gammon
 Hon. Mr. Moreton's y. b. Mayhap, beat Mr. Etwall's bk. d. Eau de Vie
 Mr. Agg's r. b. Actress (late Malabran), beat Mr. Pettat's bk. b. Philippa

Mr. Astley's bk. d. Ajax, beat Mr. Cripps' bk. b. Comedy
Col. Newport's w. b. Nanny ho, beat Mr. Harries' r. and w. b. Hyacinth

First Ties.

Nanny ho beat Ajax
Esprit beat Elector

Mayhap beat Hebe
Actress beat Whiskey

Second Ties.

Esprit beat Actress

Nanny ho beat Mayhap

Deciding Course.

Esprit beat Nanny ho, and won the Cup—Nanny ho the Sovereigns.

FOR THE HOGSHEAD OF CLARET.

Mr. E. Cripps' bl. b. Eyedrop, beat Mr. Pettat's w. and bk. d. Ploughboy
Mr. Etwall's r. b. Empty, beat Mr. Agg's bl. d. Achilles
Mr. Astley's r. d. Anticipation, beat Lord Molyneux's bk. d. Mokanna
Mr. Cripps' bk. b. Comet, beat Mr. Harries' bk. b. Harkaway
Mr. Goodlake's bk. b. Guinea Fowl, beat Mr. De Burgh's r. and w. b. Exotic
Col. Newport's r. b. No no ran a bye
Col. Newport's bl. and w. d. Noll, beat Mr. Agg's r. d. Apollo
Mr. B. Harries' bk. b. Hop, beat Hon. Mr. Moreton's bk. d. The Marten

First Ties.

Eyedrop beat Noll
No no beat Anticipation

Guinea Fowl beat Empty
Comet beat Hop

Second Ties.

Guinea Fowl beat No no

Eyedrop beat Comet

Deciding Course.

Eyedrop beat Guinea Fowl, and won the Claret.

CRAVEN STAKES.—3 sovs. each.

Mr. Etwall's bk. b. Erynnis, beat Col. Newport's bk. and w. b. Necklace
Mr. E. Cripps' brin. b. Envy, beat Mr. Astley's bk. b. Advance
Mr. De Burgh's bk. d. Ernest, beat Mr. Agg's bl. d. Alaric
Mr. Pettat's bk. b. Procne, beat Mr. Well's bk. b. Wilhelmina

Ties.

Envy beat Erynnis

Ernest beat Procne

The Stakes divided.

THE GONG STAKES.

Mr. Goodlake's y. b. Gong, beat Mr. Agg's y. and w. d. Acteon
Mr. Etwall's f. b. Evil Eye, beat Mr. Goddard's y. d. Giaour

Deciding Course.

Gong beat Evil Eye, and won the Stakes.

ASHDOWN STAKES.—2 sovs each.

Mr. E. Cripps' bk. d. Elymas, beat Mr. Harries' bl. b. Housemaid
Mr. Etwall's bk. d. Eau de Vie, beat Col. Newport's w. d. Narcissus*
Lord Molyneux's bk. d. Mokanna, beat Mr. Pettat's w. d. Ploughboy
Mr. De Burgh's w. and y. b. Exotic, beat Mr. Cripps' bk. b. Comedy

Ties.

Exotic beat Mokanna

Eau de Vie beat Elymas

Deciding Course.

Exotic won the Stakes—Eau de Vie withdrew his Stakes.

* The course between Eau de Vie and Narcissus was one of the severest courses on record. The hare was found near to Compton Bushes, and ascended the hill towards Uffington Castle, and after a great deal of severe work she

returned the whole width of Compton Bottom, and when she began to ascend the Weathercock Hill for the Park, Narcissus, who had the advantage through the course, fell from exhaustion, but attempted to rise and pursue the course, when he reeled a few yards and fell again. Eau de Vie ran about a hundred yards further when he fell exhausted also, and the hare slackened her pace, but ran over the hill towards the Park.

LAMBORN STAKES.

Mr. Goodlake's bl. b. Geraldine, beat Mr. Agg's r. d. Apollo
Mr. Well's bk. b. Wish, beat Mr. Astley's bk. b. Ada
Lord Molyneux's w. b. Meteora, beat Mr. Pettat's bk. b. Plumage
Mr. Harries' bk. b. Harkaway, beat Mr. E. Cripps' w. d. Escape

Ties.

Wish ran a bye Geraldine drawn lame Meteora beat Harkaway

Deciding Course.

Meteora beat Wish, and won the Stakes.

BOTLEY STAKES.

Mr. Pettat's bk. b. Pliant, beat Mr. Well's bk. b. Wilhelmina
Mr. Agg's w. d. Autocrat, beat Mr. Goodlake's bk. b. Gewgaw

Deciding Course.

Pliant beat Autocrat, and won the Stakes.

COMPTON BOTTOM STAKES.—First Class.

Mr. Goddard's y. d. Gift, beat Mr. Well's bl. b. Whiskey
Mr. Etwall's brin. d. Eurus, beat Mr. E. Cripps' bl. d. Elector

Deciding Course.

Eurus beat Gift, and won the Stakes.

Second Class.

Mr. Agg's r. d. Apollo, beat Mr. Pettat's bk. b. Philippa
Mr. Astley's brin. b. Amy, beat Mr. Etwall's r. b. Empty

Deciding Course.

Amy beat Apollo, and won the Stakes.

THE SCRUB STAKES.

Mr. Goddard's y. d. Giaour, beat Mr. Goodlake's r. d. Golden Bellows
Mr. Agg's bl. d. Achilles, beat Mr. Well's f. d. Woodmansterne

Deciding Course.

Achilles beat Giaour, and won the Stakes.

MATCHES.

Mr. Agg's bk. d. Alien, beat Mr. Harries' r. and w. b. Hyacinth
Col. Newport's bl. b. Nous, beat Mr. De Burgh's bk. b. Ellen
Mr. Etwall's bk. b. Erynnis, beat Col. Newport's r. b. No no
Mr. Etwall's f. d. Evens (late Ladbroke's Lottery), beat Mr. Astley's bk. d. Ajax
Col. Newport's bl. and w. d. Noll, beat Hon. Mr. Moreton's bk. d. The Marten.

A S K H A M.

Feb. 6.

MATCHES.

Mr. Benn's Dainty, beat Mr. Ashbridge's Solway
Mr. Benn's Countess, beat Mr. Beattie's Fly
Mr. Mounsey's Lowther, beat Mr. Kirkpatrick's Farmer
Mr. Atkinson's Cora, beat Mr. C. Carmalt's Dart

Mr. Ashbridge's Hero, beat Mr. Benn's Smoker
 Mr. Henderson's Lady, beat Mr. Beattie's Fly
 Mr. Atkinson's Cora, beat Mr. Kirkpatrick's Farmer
 Mr. Henderson's Lady, beat Mr. Ashbridge's Hector
 Mr. C. Carmalt's Smoker, beat Mr. Todd's Grace.

SWAFFHAM.

Feb. 5, 6, 7.

The Cup.

Earl of Stradbroke's bk. d. Mountain, beat Mr. Carter's brin. d. Gelert
 Mr. Chute's r. d. Hudibras, beat Mr. Burroughes' bk. b. Lillah
 Mr. Chute's bl. d. Harbinger, beat Mr. Caldwell's brin. d. Rustic
 Earl of Stradbroke's bk. d. Mortimer, beat Mr. Buckworth's r. d. Bachelor
 Ties.

Mountain beat Hudibras Mortimer beat Harbinger
 Lord Stradbroke won the Cup.

WEST-ACRE SWEEPSTAKES.

Mr. Buckworth's brin. d. Baronet, beat Mr. Chute's f. b. Hermia
 Mr. Burroughes' bk. and w. d. Lucifer, beat Earl of Stradbroke's brin. b. Mayflower

Deciding Course.

Baronet beat Lucifer, and won the Stakes.

MATCHES.

Earl of Stradbroke's r. b. Merrylass, beat Mr. Chute's bk. b. Hourie
 Mr. Burroughes' bk. b. Lady, agst. Mr. Chute's r. d. Hyppogriff—Undecided
 Mr. Buckworth's brin. d. Blunder, beat Mr. Chute's r. b. Helen
 Earl of Stradbroke's r. b. Maiden, beat Mr. Caldwell's r. b. Rose
 Mr. Buckworth's brin. b. Bashful, beat Earl of Stradbroke's bk. and w. d. Moses
 Mr. Buckworth's bk. d. Barber, beat Mr. Carter's brin. d. Gander
 Mr. Burroughes' bk. b. Lady, agst. Mr. Chute's r. d. Hyppogriff—Undecided
 Mr. Chute's f. b. Hinda, beat Mr. Buckworth's bk. b. Barbara
 Earl of Stradbroke's bk. d. Major, agst. Mr. Caldwell's r. d. Ryburgh—No Course
 Mr. Buckworth's bk. d. Beppo, agst. Mr. Burroughes' bk. b. Lillah—Undecided
 Earl of Stradbroke's bk. b. Midnight, beat Mr. Caldwell's r. b. Restless
 Mr. Buckworth's brin. d. Bruce, beat Mr. Chute's r. b. Hecla
 The First Turn and Course.—Earl of Stradbroke's brin. d. Mountebank, agst. Mr. Chute's bk. d. Hannibal—Hannibal won the First Turn—The course undecided
 Mr. Buckworth's r. d. Brutus, beat Mr. Chute's bk. b. Harebell
 Earl of Stradbroke's bk. d. p. Merlin, beat Mr. Carter's brin. d. p. Gander
 Mr. Caldwell's brin. d. Roadster, beat Mr. Chute's bk. b. Hirondelle
 Earl of Stradbroke's r. b. Merrylass, beat Mr. Carter's brin. d. Gadfly
 Earl of Stradbroke's bk. d. Major, beat Mr. Carter's d. d. Lavender
 Mr. Buckworth's bk. d. Barber, beat Mr. Burroughes' r. b. Laura
 Mr. Buckworth's brin. d. Bluster, beat Mr. Carter's r. d. Leander
 Mr. Chute's r. d. Hyppogriff, beat Mr. Burroughes' bk. b. Lady
 Mr. Chute's r. d. Hurricane, beat Mr. Caldwell's brin. d. Rustic
 The First Turn and Course.—Mr. Chute's bk. d. Hannibal, agst. Mr. Caldwell's r. d. Ryburgh—Hannibal won the First Turn—The course undecided
 Mr. Chute's brin. d. Highflyer, beat Mr. Smith's r. d. Lusty
 Mr. Carter's r. d. Gimcrack, beat Mr. Caldwell's w. d. Reviewer
 Mr. Buckworth's r. d. Bachelor, beat Mr. Chute's r. d. Hudibras
 Earl of Stradbroke's brin. b. Mayflower, beat Mr. Hall's r. b. Truth

THE COURSING CALENDAR.

Mr. Buckworth's bk. d. Beppo, beat Mr. Hall's bk. d. Tristram
 Mr. Caldwell's brin. b. Ruth, beat Mr. Smith's r. d. Bumper
 Mr. Buckworth's r. b. Blush, agst. Mr. Hall's bk. d. Andrew—Undecided
 Mr. Chute's f. b. Hinda, beat Mr. Smith's bk. d. Rector.

 GISBURNE.—SECOND MEETING.

Feb. 14, 15.

For the SOVEREIGNS.

Mr. Beattie's Venture, beat Mr. Allen's Rose
 Mr. Roylance's Julius, beat Mr. Seager's Spot
 Mr. Oddy's Mischief, beat Mr. Fowles' Smoker
 Mr. Wilkinson's Fly, beat Mr. Atkinson's Shirk
 Mr. Hargreave's Eclipse, beat Mr. Anderton's Archer
 Mr. Wilson's Wing, beat Mr. Rawling's Doctor
 Mr. Chew's Spring, beat Mr. Atkinson's Dart
 Capt. Gelder's Springer, beat Mr. Chew's Music

First Ties.

Venture beat Julius

Mischief beat Fly

Eclipse beat Wing

Springer beat Spring

Second Ties.

Venture beat Mischief

Eclipse beat Springer

Deciding Course.

Venture beat Eclipse, and won the Sovereigns.

 ANDROSSAN.

Feb. 15.

For the CUP.

Major Martin's y. d. Dandy, beat Dr. Brown's br. and w. d. Hero
 Dr. Brown's bk. b. Grace, beat Lord Eglinton's bl. b. Meg Merrilies
 Lord Eglinton's br. d. Rover, beat Dr. Brown's bk. b. Rose
 Lord Eglinton's br. b. Helen ran a bye

Ties.

Rover beat Dandy

Grace beat Helen

Deciding Course.

Rover beat Grace, and won the Cup.

 WINCHBURGH.

Feb. 20, 21.

The ALL-AGES CUP

was won by Mr. G. H. Dundas's bk. d. Dandle, beating Sir J. Dalryell na. bl. d. Dntchman.

The PUPPY STAKES

were won by Mr. G. Stirling's bk. d. Claret, beating Mr. Dundas's w. d. Dennis.

The HOPETOUN STAKES

were won by Mr. Forbes' bk. b. Fanny, beating Mr. Aitkin's br. and w. b. Duchess.

MALTON.

Feb. 19, 20, 21, 22.

For the Cup.

Sir J. Johnstone's bl. b. p. Volage, beat Mr. Golden's bl. b. Bluebell
 Mr. Lowther's bk. d. Pilgrim, beat Mr. Golden's f. d. Bravery
 Mr. Lowther's bk. b. Vesta, beat Mr. Best's w. d. Tamboff
 Mr. Swann's bl. d. Junius, beat Major Bower's br. b. Brunette
 Mr. Swann's w. and br. b. p. Blanche, beat Mr. Best's y. and w. b. Tulip
 Major Bower's w. and bk. b. Bobadilla, beat Mr. George Bower's br. and w. b. Daphne

Sir J. Johnstone's f. d. Rubini, beat Mr. Lowther's bk. b. Victress
 Mr. Golden's bk. d. Romulus, beat Mr. G. Bower's bk. d. Reginald

First Ties.

Blanche beat Rubini	Bobadilla beat Romulus
Pilgrim beat Junius	Vesta beat Volage

Second Ties.

Bobadilla beat Vesta	Pilgrim beat Blanche
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Deciding Course.

Pilgrim beat Bobadilla, and won the Cup.

For the GOLD CUP.

Major Bower's bk. d. Birmingham, beat Mr. G. Bower's bk. d. Cygnet
 Sir J. Johnstone's bl. and w. d. p. Vincent, beat Mr. Swann's bk. d. Lucifer
 Mr. Golden's f. d. p. Messenger, beat Mr. G. Bower's bk. d. p. Jasper
 Mr. Lowther's bk. d. p. Vulture, beat Mr. Best's w. d. Transit]

Ties.

Vincent beat Vulture	Messenger beat Birmingham
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Deciding Course.

Messenger beat Vincent, and won the Cup.

SWEEPSTAKES of 5 sovs. each for all-aged.

Sir J. Johnstone's bk. and w. b. Trinket, beat Mr. Swann's bk. d. Discord
 Mr. Best's w. d. Topper, beat Mr. Golden's r. d. Random

Deciding Course.

Topper beat Trinket, and won the Stakes.

SWEEPSTAKES of 5 sovs. each for puppies.

Mr. Best's bk. b. Handicap, beat Mr. Lowther's bk. b. Vestris
 Sir J. Johnstone's bl. d. Truant, beat Mr. Golden's bk. b. Caroline

Deciding Course.

Handicap beat Truant, and won the Stakes.

SWEEPSTAKES of 5 sovs. each for all-aged.

Mr. Best's cr. b. p. Triumph, beat Mr. G. Bower's bl. and w. b. Rachel
 Mr. Swann's bl. b. p. Elyssa, beat Mr. Lowther's bk. d. p. Vandyke

Deciding Course.

Elyssa beat Triumph, and won the Stakes.

A SWEEPSTAKES of 5 sovs. each.

Mr. Lowther's f. d. Valiant, beat Sir J. Johnstone's bk. and w. d. Bolivar
 Mr. Best's r. and w. b. Tulip, beat Mr. Golden's f. b. Myrtle

Deciding Course.

Tulip beat Valiant, and won the Stakes.

A SWEEPSTAKES of 5 sovs. each.

Mr. Golden's f. and w. d. Garrick, beat Mr. Lowther's bk. b. p. Vestris
Mr. Swann's w. and br. b. Euterpe, beat Mr. G. Bower's bk. d. Reginald

Deciding Course.

Garrick beat Euterpe, and won the Stakes.

SWEEPSTAKES of 5 sovs. each for all-aged.

Sir J. Johnstone's bk. and w. d. Vagrant, beat Mr. G. Bower's br. and w. b. p. Daphne

Mr. Swann's br. d. p. Monarch, beat Mr. Best's bk. and w. b. p. Baby

Deciding Course.

Vagrant beat Monarch, and won the Stakes.

SWEEPSTAKES of 5 sovs. each for all aged.

Mr. Best's r. b. Trissy, beat Mr. G. Bower's bk. d. Jasper

Mr. Swann's bk. ticked b. Sprightly, beat Mr. Lowther's bk. b. Vanity

Deciding Course.

Trissy beat Sprightly, and won the Stakes.

SWEEPSTAKES of 5 sovs. each for puppies.

Mr. Best's f. and w. b. Margery, beat Mr. Golden's bl. b. Bluebell

Mr. Swann's bk. and w. b. p. Fly, beat Mr. Lowther's bk. d. p. Violence

Deciding Course.

Margery beat Fly, and won the Stakes.

SWEEPSTAKES of 5 sovs. each for all-aged.

Mr. Swann's bk. d. Discord, beat Sir J. Johnstone's bk. d. Rokeby

Mr. Golden's bk. b. Pessima, beat Mr. Best's bk. b. Martin

SWEEPSTAKES of 5 sovs. each for all-aged.

Mr. Swann's bk. d. p. Eclipse, beat Mr. Lowther's bk. b. Victress

Mr. Best's cr. b. p. Triumph, beat Mr. Swann's bl. d. Junius

Deciding Course.

Eclipse beat Triumph, and won the Stakes.

MATCHES.

Mr. Swann's bk. d. p. Lottery, beat Mr. Lowther's bk. d. p. Vandyke

Mr. Swann's bk. d. Jack, beat Mr. Golden's r. d. Random

Mr. Swann's bk. and w. d. Claret, beat Mr. Best's bk. and w. b. Baby

Mr. Swann's bk. and w. d. p. Laurel, beat Mr. Golden's f. and w. d. p. Nimrod

Mr. Swann's bl. b. Woodbine, beat Mr. Golden's f. b. Fly

Major Bower's br. b. Brunette, beat Mr. Swann's bk. d. Spring

Mr. Swann's f. b. p. Minna, beat Major Bower's bk. d. Birmingham

Mr. Lowther's f. d. Valiant, beat Mr. Best's y. and w. b. Tulip

Mr. Swann's f. b. p. Minna, beat Mr. Best's r. d. Lubin

Mr. Swann's f. d. Spring, beat Mr. G. Bower's bl. and w. b. Rachel.

HAREWOOD.

Feb. 26, 27, 28.

For the Cup.

Mr. R. Gascoigne's f. d. Priam, beat the Hon. Henry Lascelles' bk. and w. d. Quintus

Mr. Hargreaves' bk. and w. b. Eclipse, beat the Hon. A. Lascelles' r. d. Dart

Mr. Bingley's bk. and w. d. Rattler, beat Mr. S. L. Fox's w. and r. b. Grace

Mr. Anderton's r. b. Fly, beat Mr. Holroyd's f. and w. d. Dart

Sir J. Johnstone's bl. and w. d. Vincent, beat the Hon. W. Stourton's bl. d. Blucher

Hon. W. Lascelles' w. and r. d. Gambler, beat Mr. T. Gascoigne's bk. b. Vesta

Mr. Harrison's y. d. Turk, beat Mr. Vansittart's f. b. Rachael
Hon. Edwin Lascelles' bk. d. Julius, beat Mr. Gibbs' w. and br. d. Pirate

First Ties.

Julius beat Vincent
Gambler beat Priam

Fly beat Rattler
Eclipse beat Turk

Second Ties.

Fly beat Gambler

Eclipse beat Julius

Deciding Course.

Eclipse beat Fly, and won the Cup.

HAREWOOD ALL-AGE STAKES of 2 sovs. each.

Mr. Hargreaves' w. d. Eden, beat Mr. S. L. Fox's r. d. Tickler
Mr. Bingley's bl. b. Lavender, beat Mr. Anderton's bl. d. Archer
Mr. Holroyd's r. d. Smoker, beat Mr. Vansittart's f. d. Rivers
Sir J. Johnstone's bk. and w. d. Vagrant, beat Mr. Harrison's br. and w. d. Warwick

Ties.

Vagrant beat Smoker

Lavender beat Eden

Deciding Course.

Vagrant beat Lavender, and won the Stakes.

SWEEPSTAKES of 2 sovs. each for puppies.

Mr. S. L. Fox's f. d. Templar, beat Sir J. Johnstone's bl. and w. b. Volage
Mr. Gibbs' bl. and w. b. Twist, beat Mr. Holroyd's bk. b. Pet
Mr. Bingley's f. d. Regent, beat the Hon. A. Lascelles' f. b. Ada
Mr. Vansittart's bl. d. Nimrod, beat Mr. Harrison's y. b. Lucy

Ties.

Regent beat Nimrod

Twist beat Templar

Deciding Course.

Twist beat Regent, and won the Stakes.

For the SILVER CIGAR CASE.

Mr. Holroyd's Dart, beat the Hon. W. Stourton's bk. d. Spanker
Hon. A. Lascelles' r. d. Dart, beat the Hon. E. Lascelles' bk. d. Dart
Mr. Harrison's bl. d. Tory, beat Mr. S. L. Fox's f. d. Memnon
Sir J. Johnstone's bl. d. Truant, beat Mr. Bingley's bk. and w. b. Beauty

Ties.

Dart beat Dart

Truant beat Tory

Deciding Course.

Truant beat Dart, and won the Cigar Case.

SWEEPSTAKES of 2 sovs. each for puppies.

Mr. Holroyd's bl. ticked d. Bullet, beat the Hon. A. Lascelles' bk. and w. d. Clinker

Mr. Bingley's bl. d. Bluecap, beat the Hon. E. Lascelles' f. d. Colonel

Deciding Course.

Bullet beat Bluecap, and won the Stakes.

SWEEPSTAKES of 1 sov. each.

Sir J. Johnstone's bl. and w. b. Volage, beat the Hon. H. Lascelles' bk. d. Sweeper

Mr. Holroyd's br. and w. b. Fly, beat Mr. Bingley's br. b. Fly

Deciding Course.

Volage beat Fly, and won the Stakes.

SWEETSTAKES of 1 sov. each.

Sir J. Johnstone's f. d. Rubini, beat Mr. S. L. Fox's Tickler
Hon. A. Lascelles' w. d. Pilot, beat Mr. Harrison's Turk

Deciding Course.

Pilot beat Rubini, and won the Stakes.

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ERRATUM.

At the Derbyshire Coursing Meeting Mr. Clowes' Champaign won the Second Class of the Sudbury Stakes, and not Mr. Hill's Bachelor.

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